THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DISARMAMENT

Merry Christmas! — say it with Del Monte

Are you one of that great number of conscientious givers who annually face the difficulty of finding Christmas gifts that must be as practical and useful as they are fitting to the season?

If so, the wide variety and tempting all-year-round goodness of more than a hundred DEL MONTE Products should offer you, in many instances, a most happy and appropriate solution of your problem.

Think of the many close friends and relatives to whom a specially selected assortment of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties—such as any good grocer can make up for you—would prove a most acceptable and truly worth-while remembrance of your good will and judgment.

There are very few homes, indeed, into which such a gift as this could fail to bring real cheer and honest satisfaction on Christmas morning.

Think it over. The time is short. Why not see your grocer today—and let him help you to make this a really practical Christmas with DEL MONTE?

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San Francisco, California.

The following DEL MONTE Products are especially suitable for Xmas assortments—Peaches, Pears, Pineapple, Apricots, Cherries, Plums, Berries, Asparagus, Orange Marmalade, Jellies, Jams, Preserves, Raisins, Prunes and many other varieties.

Ever-Ready

New $3 Ever-Ready "Sport" now $1.00

This flat, graceful, highly nickeled everlasting cigarette case is richly lined with velvet and satin, and is snugly fitted with Ever-Ready Razor, new hexagon handle and sheath holding supply of Radio Blades. The case alone is worth more than the price of the entire outfit. *$1.00 complete.*

New $3 Ever-Ready "Touring" now $1.00

Beautifully proportioned metal case; triple plated, highly polished nickel; richly lined with velvet and satin; fitted with an Ever-Ready Razor, new hexagon handle and nickel sheath holding supply of Radio Blades. Good for a lifetime. *$1.00 complete.*

New $3 Ever-Ready "Town" now $1.00

Beautiful white Ivoree, flat like a cigarette case, with Ivoree compartments for holding triple nickeled razor, new hexagon handle and nickel sheath containing supply of Radio Blades. The entire case can be washed and kept clean and sanitary. *$1.00 complete.*

New $3 Ever-Ready "Speedster" now $1.00

The handsome case is the highest expression of the casemaker's craft—it is of solid cabinet wood, highly polished piano finish, inside as well as outside. It has a triple nickeled razor, new hexagon handle and a supply of Radio Blades in a nickel plated sheath. *$1.00 complete.*

TRADE MARK FACE

New $3 Ever-Ready "Chummy" now $1.00

Smart, square, beveled case, with extension base and top, made of black and maroon leather effect, over solidly constructed wooden box; lined with satin and velvet, and fitted with triple nickeled razor, new hexagon handle and nickel sheath holding supply of Radio Blades. *$1.00 complete.*

Ever-Ready $3.00 marvels now $1.00

"Built Like a Watch—Encased Like a Jewel!"

For a Limited Time—

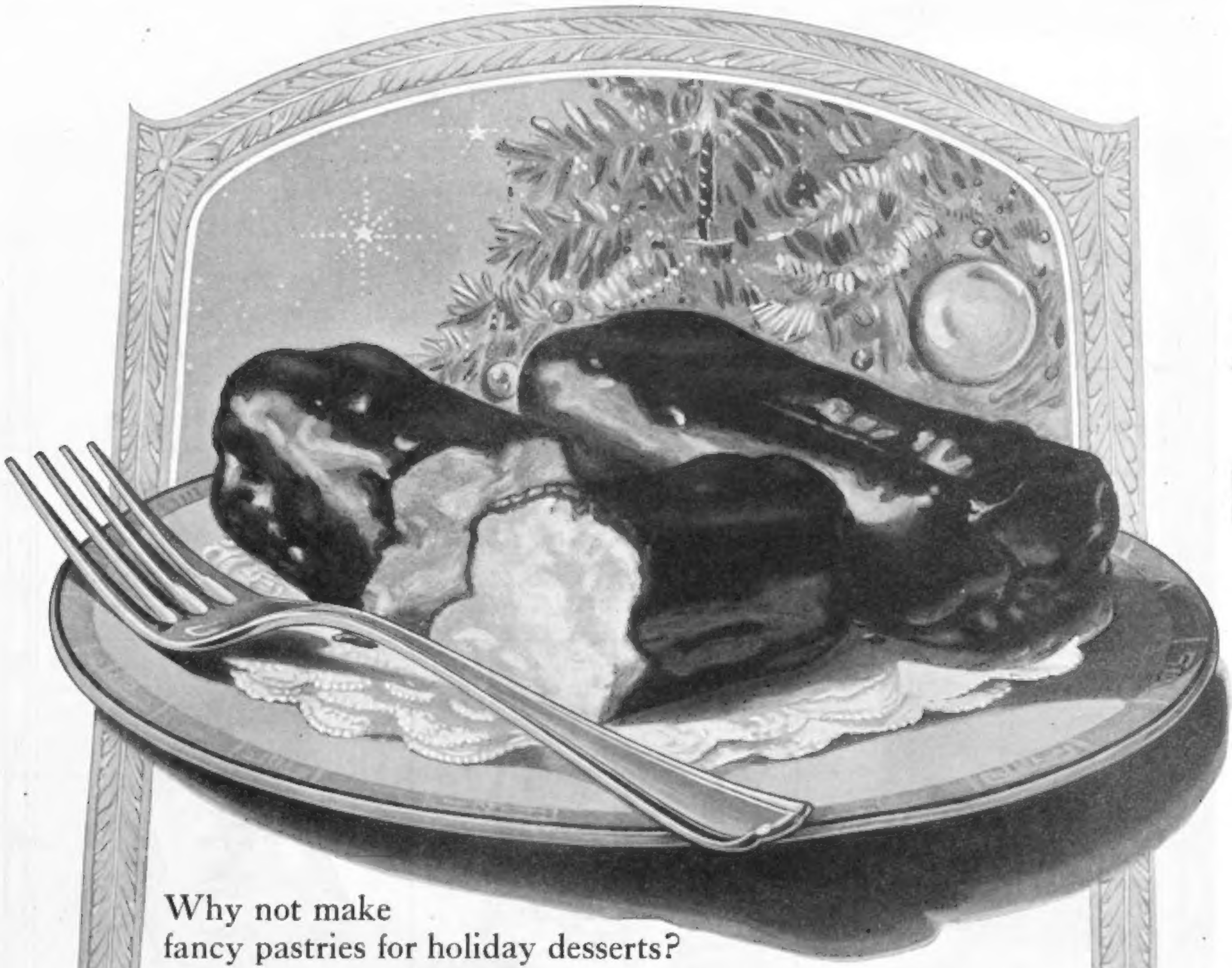
One dollar buys any one of five marvelous new Ever-Ready Razors—built to strictest $5.00 specifications—designed to sell as epoch making razor values at $3.00.

Go to your dealer's now, and examine these remarkable new Ever-Ready models. Notice the richness of the cases—the beauty of the designs—the out-and-out expensiveness of every item in every outfit. See, in short, that these are unquestionably the finest shaving outfits and the most astounding *values* ever offered. Remember, when you buy, you have our absolute guarantee that you get the cleanest, most comfortable shaves of your life—or your money will be refunded.

Solves the Gift Problem for Men

Drug, hardware, stationery, haberdashery, jewelry and specialty stores have been authorized to sell these marvelous $3.00 Ever-Ready marvels at $1.00 for a limited time only. We reserve the right to set the price back to $3.00 without notice. Act quickly! Get yours today—there's a style to suit you. Check the outfits above for your Xmas gift list.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, *Makers*
Brooklyn, New York



Why not make fancy pastries for holiday desserts?

—*they are easier to make than pie*

Do you want to avoid failure in making pastries and pies?

Would you like some new recipes for the holidays?

Then send for the cookbook "Balanced Daily Diet," which contains complete instructions for making perfect pastry every time. Also gives you 150 delicious exclusive recipes, including many equally as appropriate for the holidays as Chocolate Eclairs. 96 pages, illustrated. Sent postpaid for 10c. Address Section K-12, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW the filling gets into eclairs is as puzzling as the question of where Santa Claus comes from—and the answer is as simple, once you are let into the secret.

Eclairs are filled through a slit cut in the side, after the shells are baked. There is no danger of the crust becoming soaked, as with pie, because the custard is added to the pastry after both are cool. You can fill the shells as you use them.

The paste for eclairs is made simply by beating flour and eggs into boiling water and shortening. There are no tricks of mixing and handling and rolling to be mastered as in making pie crust.

The only thing that requires especial care in the making of eclairs and many other fine holiday pastries is the selection of the shortening. It must be rich, so that the pastry will be tender. It must be pure, odorless and tasteless, so that it will not become strong when heated and spoil the delicacy of the dessert.

Crisco is the choicest vegetable oil, hardened to a pure white cream, 100% rich. It has neither taste nor odor, and can not be detected in anything prepared with it. It makes eclair shells and all kinds of pastry tender and flaky, and leaves them entirely free from any taste that detracts from the dainty flavor of custards or fruit fillings.

Crisco is the modern fat for every cooking purpose—frying, general baking, and the finest cakes. Try it—see how much better it makes everything taste.

Get Crisco at your grocer's, in sanitary sealed cans, one pound and larger sizes. Net weights. Never sold in bulk.

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE chairman of the board of directors of the United Silk Products Company was signing letters. In doing so he violated many times in rapid succession that sterling axiom: Sign nothing you have not read. Having scrawled J. H. Beldon at the bottom of the last letter, he passed it to his secretary and looked up gloomily at that immaculate young man.

"Now what?" he demanded.

"Consultation advertising manager Never-Run brand," droned the secretary.

"I've told you that foursome leaves the tee at four o'clock sharp."

The secretary pressed a button with a dreadful imitation of a sweet smile.

"Possible, but not probable."

"Why haven't I fired you months ago?" inquired the chairman of the board.

The secretary dropped an elbow on the top of the desk, indented his brow with a middle finger and registered deep thought. "I give it up," he said at last. His manner changed abruptly as his eye took in the doorway. "Come in, Mr. Quiggly."

Mr. Quiggly came in. He did so with a mixture of awe and assurance. He owed the former to the thought that he was entering this rugged and mahoganied holy of holies for the first time in his life to confront the lofty being who ruled his lesser world.

His assurance sprang from three causes: First, he was surprisingly young; second, he had red hair; third, he was utterly absorbed in and passionately prideful of the Never-Run brand of ladies' hosiery.

The Never-Run brand was an output of the Hampton Knitting Mills. The Hampton Knitting Mills were a subsidiary of the United Silk Products Company. It followed that the chairman of the board of the latter corporation would share Mr. Quiggly's profound enthusiasm over a proposed enlightening of the magazine-reading public concerning the unparalleled beauty and utility of Never-Runs.

With this thought in mind Mr. Quiggly remembered that he had a special manner prepared for the occasion. He had rehearsed it ever since he had felt assured of the present interview. This manner was a happy blending of keen alertness and thoughtful dignity. He now called it into being.

"Billy, I Came to You—You of All People in the World. I Trusted You at This Crisis in My Life"

Striding to a long mahogany center table indicated by the secretary, Mr. Quiggly laid a sheaf of statements, estimates and memoranda thereon. These contained a fully detailed and highly interesting set of facts which he proposed to present in their proper order to the chairman of the board. Nodding gravely to that gentleman he seated himself, frowned heavily at the top sheet for a moment, lifted it from the pile and asked a brisk question.

"Are you ready, Mr. Beldon?"

The chairman of the board had been staring with a strangely feverish look at the papers stacked on the table before Mr. Quiggly.

He now noted the dignity of his bearing, and met his purposeful glance.

"I fear so," he said.

The reply was so puzzling that Mr. Quiggly forgot to clear his throat importantly as he lifted the top paper from the pile and plunged into his subject, namely: Our Competitors and What They are Doing.

Ten minutes followed in which Mr. Quiggly proved that certain hosiery, undeniably inferior to Never-Run, was, through liberal and adroit advertising, sold in regrettable quantities to an unenlightened feminine public.

"You follow me, Mr. Beldon?" he asked, when the matter had been made sufficiently clear.

"To the death," the chairman of the board assured him.

Mr. Quiggly looked slightly dubious for a moment.

"Go right ahead," said the secretary encouragingly.

"Mediums and Number of Insertions Available, as Covered by an Advertising Appropriation of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars," Mr. Quiggly read aloud. "Estimate submitted by R. N. Beckman & Co."

He paused after delivering himself of this significant title. It would have been better, he felt, could he have dropped his chin and regarded the chairman of the board over a pair of nose glasses.

The chairman of the board directed a low-toned aside to his secretary.

"God may forgive you," said he, "but I never will."

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Quiggly.

"Nothing, nothing," said the chairman of the board hastily.

"Shall I proceed?"

"Certainly. I'm at your mer—disposal."

Mr. Quiggly proceeded. Having exhausted the matter under his last-mentioned title, he worked through Estimated Reaction of the Trade to Proposed Advertising, Coöperation of Publicity and Selling Departments, Psychological Reasons for Character of Copy Adopted, and came at last to Suggestions and Estimates for Illustrations Not Yet Approved. He bore down slightly on the words "not yet approved," and fixed the chairman of the board with a stern and reproachful eye.

"Do you realize, Mr. Beldon, that there has been no appropriation whatsoever for art work?"

"Is it possible?" said the chairman of the board. He turned a horrified face to his secretray. "Do you hear what he says? No appropriation, absolutely none, for art work!"

The secretary attempted a reply but was seized with a sudden coughing spell and withdrew to a window.

Flattered by the effect of his announcement Mr. Quiggly went on.

"Without an appropriation I have been limited in what I have to submit on the subject. You can understand that, Mr. Beldon."

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly," said the chairman of the board. "One would be."

This ready sympathy had an immediate, almost startling effect on Mr. Quiggly. Placing the tips of his fingers together and pursing his lips he peered at the chairman of the board from under beetling brows.

"I don't think it will be necessary to read what I have here," he decided. "I'll simply ask you for an immediate appropriation of fifty thousand dollars."

The smile which had illuminated the face of the chairman of the board at the first sentence of Mr. Quiggly faded at his last.

"I'm Leaving for Japan To-Night. No, it's a Business Trip. I Can't Possibly Take You"

"You think fifty thousand dollars will be sufficient?" he asked anxiously.

"For the drawings—yes. Of course the plates ——"

The chairman of the board interrupted Mr. Quiggly for the first time.

"Pardon me for mentioning a small matter like five hundred thousand dollars," he apologized, "but the board seems to expect it to cover a year's advertising of this one brand. Suppose we try to worry along on it—art and all?"

The red hair now abruptly took charge of Mr. Quiggly.

"Impossible!" he said firmly, but weakened somewhat at a flicker of amusement in the eyes of the chairman of the board. "That is to say, if I—if we—if several of us do what we want to do."

"Quite so," said the chairman of the board. "But unfortunately it's not what several of us want to do that must govern the proceedings; it's what the board wants to do."

Quick anxiety loosened the heavy mantle of a patriarch of business which Mr. Quiggly had donned at his entrance.

"But it will take fifty thousand dollars off the appropriation, Mr. Beldon, and we need every cent we have for space—every cent of it. We've just got enough for ten full pages in the magazines we should cover, and we've got to have ten drawings."

"How many drawings did you say?" asked the chairman of the board.

"Ten," repeated Mr. Quiggly.

"Then you contemplate paying five thousand dollars each for them?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Quiggly.

The chairman of the board looked vaguely puzzled.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Michelangelo has been dead some time. I believe Rembrandt also is no longer with us."

Mr. Quiggly forgot himself entirely—or rather became entirely himself.

"We should worry about those birds," he said cheerfully. "The man we want is Peter Phelps. He won't touch a thing for less than five thousand, but when he does ——" Mr. Quiggly gave vent to a soft, ecstatic whistle. "You've seen his work, of course?"

"Yes; oh, yes, but I haven't really appreciated it before. I've failed to grasp the full richness of it, so to speak."

Mr. Quiggly resumed his mantle. Placing the ball of his thumb and the knuckles of one hand on the chair arm, his elbow being lifted impressively thereby, he slowly nodded his head.

"Then you agree with me that he's the man to get?" He pursed and unpursed his lips with a smacking sound.

The chairman of the board cast an imploring look in the direction of his secretary, who at once became interested in the view from his chosen window.

"Treacherous hound!" murmured the chairman of the board, and again faced Mr. Quiggly.

"Well, no, I can't say that I do. I feel that in advertising stockings we should not consider posterity. Let the art museums handle that sort of thing. Suppose we say, well—five hundred each for the drawings, a total of five thousand dollars? If you'll oblige me in this matter I'll see if we can't add that amount to the original appropriation. The rest of your plans seem to be all right," he finished hurriedly as Mr. Quiggly seemed about to speak. "Glad to have had this talk with you."

Mr. Quiggly gathered up his papers in a dignified manner at this dismissal, rose, bowed and took a step toward the door. Suddenly he turned. In some miraculous manner the weight of fifty business years dropped from his shoulders. Flinging his papers impetuously on the table, he all but wrung his hands.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "it will spoil everything! We wanted to knock 'em dead. Won't you give me five minutes more and let me tell you about it?"

The chairman of the board eyed this new ingenuous Mr. Quiggly with more approval. A faint sigh escaped him, but he sank back in his chair.

"Fire ahead," he said.

"To begin with," said Mr. Quiggly, without stopping to render thanks, "everybody likes to see a good-looking girl. Girls wear stockings—we sell 'em. Well, then, put a peach in our stockings. It looks simple, doesn't it?"

The chairman of the board nodded.

"It would seem fairly simple," he admitted.

"Well, it isn't simple," declared Mr. Quiggly. "In the first place the other fellow has beaten us to it. Eversheen ran a series of girls in stockings that were pretty good. They paid a thousand a drawing to a Frenchman for them. He used the vamp type—languid eyes, come-and-take-me—that sort of thing. You know?"

"I refer all such questions to my secretary," said the chairman of the board.

Mr. Quiggly grinned, but rushed on.

"The stuff had a wallop, all right, I'll admit that. It sold goods. Why, right in our best territory—— But never mind that now. The point is, the thing's been done. Even if it hadn't we couldn't touch it. You see we've got reenforced tops." He paused to observe the effect of the startling fact he had just disclosed.

"Er—too bad," ventured the chairman of the board. He turned to his secretary. "You see what that does to us?"

"Well, no," admitted the secretary, "that is, not exactly."

The chairman of the board, pained at such denseness, shook his head.

"I'm afraid you'll have to explain it to him," he told Mr. Quiggly.

"Why," said the latter, thus appealed to, "we've got to show the tops of the stockings. Of course we couldn't do that with anything vampy inside of 'em. We wouldn't, to begin with, and the best magazines wouldn't touch it if we did. You'd be surprised at some of these advertising managers. Just try to make your stuff a little snappy and they throw it out as fast as you can get it up and submit it."

"I see your difficulty," said the chairman of the board. "Even he sees it now, I think," he added, glancing at his secretary. "You do see it, don't you?" he inquired solicitously. "In order to exhibit the reënforced top the rest of the stocking must be painfully limp and empty."

Before the secretary could acknowledge that the point had been made clear to him Mr. Quiggly regained the floor.

"No, Mr. Beldon," he contradicted; "it isn't as bad as that. It's a ticklish thing, but it can be done."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure."

"You astonish me! How?"

"By showing the society type," said Mr. Quiggly.

"The society type?"

"Put a young society woman in 'em," explained Mr. Quiggly. "Something absolutely classy. Let her be in a natural pose that you see—I mean, that she would take every day; and you can show the whole stocking and get away with it."

"The society type in a natural pose to show the whole stocking," repeated the chairman of the board. "I'm afraid, I'm very much afraid I don't follow you—unless the smart set," he added hopefully, "has taken to standing on its head."

"What I mean is this," explained Mr. Quiggly. "You know where the skirts come to now?"

"I must again refer you to my secretary."

"Well, suppose a gust of wind comes along."

"I've supposed it," admitted the chairman of the board, "many times."

"All right—there's one drawing. Then there's getting into a motor; and playing tennis. Seashore stuff is easy, of course. And then there's on-dish-a-bill."

"On what?"

"In the bood-war."

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said the chairman of the board. "But don't you think that's a little too—too ——"

"No, sir, I don't. The underclothes people do it. It's all in the way it's handled. We can leave that to Phelps."

"At five thousand dollars a drawing?"

"Yes, sir, at five thousand dollars a drawing. Or rather, a painting. They'll be in color."

"They should be," said the chairman of the board. "In gold frames, too, I think. No, young man," he added, not without regret, "it's too much money."

"Oh, but it isn't, sir! I'm sure of it!" burst out Mr. Quiggly. "Other people pay him that. He did a series for International Motors two years ago. If they can afford him, why can't we? Here's the—the—psychology of the thing. Phelps doesn't do much commercial stuff. When he does, his work in itself is a smash. Now we're jumping into the advertising end of the game late. The other fellow has beaten us to it; but then that gives us the last word. It gives us a chance to make his copy look cheap. We can do it with Phelps. And the magazines will take something by him that they'd throw out ordinarily. His girls look like class, class, nothing but class. He's got the trick of drawing 'em that way. They make the girls of any other illustrator look like dressed-up cooks. The vamp idea was all right in its way, but you could see all there was to it with one look. It didn't have any—er—er—a ——" Mr. Quiggly waved his hands rapidly in the air and began to shuffle his feet in a most alarming manner. Before St. Vitus' dance claimed him for good and all the chairman of the board came to his rescue.

"Reserve?"

Mr. Quiggly waved this antidote aside.

"Subtlety?" offered the chairman of the board.

"That's it, that's it exactly! It was just rough stuff. But now think of this: A girl, a Phelps girl, a girl that looks like eight million dollars. She wouldn't show her le—stocking that far up for all the dough the old man's got. But she does—not realizing, of course—and millions of people get a look at it. And—it's a Never-Run!"

As he brought his peroration to a close Mr. Quiggly leveled his finger abruptly at the awed countenance of the chairman of the board within a few inches of a somewhat aristocratic nose.

The chairman of the board was still staring at the earnest face which backed up the pistol-like finger when there came a sudden and tumultuous interruption.

A heavy-set, square-jawed person flung open the door and plunged into the room.

"Jim!" he roared at the chairman of the board. "Hell's busted loose! Raw silk's going"—he plunged a stumpy forefinger at the floor in a plummetlike fashion—"to nothing."

Having to choose between two impressive forefingers the chairman of the board selected the one more recently put in action and swung his eyes definitely to the heavy-set man. He also got up from his chair and advanced toward him.

"What do you mean?"

"Dropped a dollar thirty in the last hour." The heavy-set man spread his hands palms down. "The bottom's fallen out of the market."

The chairman of the board whirled on his secretary.

"That Tokio contract mailed?"

"Yesterday."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"How much?" inquired the heavy-set man.

"Fifty million," said the chairman of the board absently. For perhaps ten seconds he stood immovable. Then: "Support the market within reason, up to, say, ten million, Frank. Have Finley call a directors' meeting to-morrow to authorize support. I'll get word to him it's O. K. I'll cable you later instructions."

"Cable?" repeated the heavy-set man dazedly.

But the chairman of the board was already shooting orders at his secretary, who had dashed for a desk.

"Reservation to Chicago to-night. Chicago-San Francisco best train. Reserve cabin first steamer Yokohama. Phone Riggs to pack me for two months—I'll look into the Chinese situation while I'm at it. Tell him to have everything at Grand Central 6:45 railroad time. Cable Fushima-Yamada that I'm coming in person to discuss our requirements and present market condition. Say I want to look over the great industry they've built up. Make it flattering. Make it damn flattering. Phone Miss Jencks' School and get my daughter on the wire. Let me have the fastest stenographer you've got in the place. That's all just now."

The secretary's flying pencil came to rest. "What about that foursome?"

"Oh, yes. Thanks. Phone Springdale Country Club. Tell 'em to tell Judge Berry I'm forced to break my engagement this afternoon. Tell 'em they'll find him around the first tee—swearing."

The secretary sped from the room.

The chairman of the board dropped into his desk chair and whirled to the desk. A stenographer rustled hurriedly through the door.

It is again necessary to make the statement that Mr. Quiggly had red hair. Before the stenographer quite reached the desk of the chairman of the board he spoke.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Beldon—but shall I get Phelps?"

The chairman of the board regarded Mr. Quiggly for an instant as though he were observing him for the first time in his life. Suddenly his brow cleared.

"Yes, get him," he said. "Get him by all means, and—get out!"

"What about the fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Beldon?"

"Heaven help me!" moaned the chairman of the board. Then over his shoulder to the heavy-set man: "Frank, put fifty thousand to the account of advertising department Hampton Mills. This young man will explain. Now both of you get out."

"But, Jim ——" began the heavy-set man.

"Get out! All right, Miss Whatever-Your-Name-Is, take this."

Safe in the outer office, the two companions in ignominious exiting confronted each other.

"Who are you?" asked the heavy-set man.

"I'm Quiggly, advertising manager Hampton Mills."

The heavy-set man detected a gleam in the eyes of Mr. Quiggly which he mistook for chagrin.

"I'm F. H. Boles, treasurer of United Silk," he said. "You mustn't mind ——" He jerked his head toward the room they had just quitted as the secretary flashed by them and reëntered it.

"Pat on the phone," announced the secretary.

The rapid dictation of the chairman of the board was cut off as though a machine gun had ceased firing.

"Pat?" he said, with lifted eyebrows.

"I mean Miss Patricia," said the secretary calmly.

"H'm," said the chairman of the board, eying his secretary and picking up the desk phone. "I don't believe you do. . . . Kitten, dad speaking. . . . I'm leaving for Japan to-night. . . . Two months. . . . No, it's a business trip. Very hurried. I can't possibly take you. . . . Now, Kitten, please don't start that. Please don't. . . . Oh, daughter, I've got so much to do. Won't you be a good girl? . . . Why, silly, you'll go to Aunt Harriet's when school's over. . . . No, I can't possibly get out there. . . . You promise not to make a scene? . . . All right, tell Miss Jencks I'd like to have you come to the station to say good-by. I'll send the motor for you. . . . No. . . . No, I can't possibly. . . . I must ring off now. . . . Good-by. . . . Good-by! . . . Good-by!!"

Mr. Quiggly and Mr. Boles had withdrawn to the latter's office. Mr. Quiggly seemed to have forgotten the rôle of a man of large affairs.

"Aw, forget it," he was saying. "He could have fired me out on my ear so long as I got the fifty thou. Now, watch old Never-Runs run."

II

MISS AMELIA JENCKS was a fair woman—this has no reference to her hair or complexion. She was fair in the sense that she strove conscientiously to give the devil his due. In addition she was convinced that the head of a fashionable school for fashionable young women could not be allowed the luxury of settled ideas. Or, rather, such ideas should not be reflected in a fixed, perhaps narrow policy for the school. Change, whether for the better or worse, she knew to be inevitable. Having been engaged in her present work for forty years she must guard against the charge that her methods were old-fashioned.

Her glance was faintly troubled, however, as she regarded a young woman dressed in a formless blue-green upper garment and an ill-fitting black skirt, who was seated at the rear of the platform in the assembly room of the Jencks School for Girls. The young woman was thin, dark, sallow, with smoldering, nearsighted eyes. Her hair had been hacked indifferently off on a line running from the base of her skull past the lobes of her ears to her flat, Slavlike cheek bones. She sat stiffly erect, grasping the seat of her chair with rigid hands. Her attitude suggested that she was being held in leash.

Noting this and reflecting that she was about to slip the leash, Miss Jencks sighed, rose and faced the school.

"We are about to have the—privilege," she began, "of hearing a lecture to the senior class by Miss Crystal Volitska. Miss Volitska is a graduate of Smith College and a postgraduate of Columbia University. She has been engaged in settlement work at the Greenwich Village Community House for several years. She is at present on the editorial staff of The New Voice." Miss Jencks hesitated slightly and went on: "I need hardly say that the senior-class lectures do not express my opinion—necessarily. The lecturers have been selected with a view to covering both sides of questions of the day. Mrs. Prescott Adams spoke to you last week. Mrs. Adams is one of the most distinguished, most influential and certainly one of the most charming women of New York. The subject of her lecture was, as I recall it, The Home and What It Means. You remember, of course, what a deep impression her beautiful words made on us all. Miss Volitska will address the senior class to-day. She is among those who believe that the franchise and other modern conditions give wider opportunities to women. The subject of her lecture will be"—Miss Jencks lifted a lorgnette and glanced at a paper in her hand—"Economic Independence." Again Miss Jencks hesitated. "What she has to say will no doubt be er—be er—interesting," she concluded somewhat lamely as she bowed to the tensely waiting figure on the platform and resumed her seat.

Miss Volitska arose, or rather shot to her feet. When she had arrived at the front of the platform in a sort of breathless rush her eyes no longer smoldered—they were ablaze.

"I bring you"—the speaker tossed her unkempt locks away from her face with an upward jerk of her head—"a message!" With one foot advanced, arms held rigidly back, and upflung chin, Miss Volitska held it. She seemed to have run, leaped, flown over crags, cañons, rivers, mountains, to burst into the assembly room of Miss Jencks' School with her message.

The school leaned forward with a gasp to receive it.

"Dear, dear," murmured Miss Jencks. It was going to be worse than she had feared.

"That message is—for the women of America, for the women of the world—economic independence."

The school relaxed. An ordinary telegraph message was always thrilling. One borne in by a panting messenger should have been more—more—well, Miss Volitska had failed them, they felt.

She recovered nobly with her next sentence:

"Why is woman the property, the chattel of man?"

The round-eyed school did not seem to know. Miss Volitska hastened to inform them.

Ruthless man had conquered and enslaved their sex, it seemed. By strength? No. By industry? No. By a superior mentality? Well, hardly. In beating the female of the species to her knees man had used neither club, hoe nor dictionary. He had swung a pocketbook.

The school nodded figuratively. In observing the drama of Miss Volitska they had failed at first to grasp the meaning of her lines. The thing was plain as day now. They were of that particular class wherein the stopping of allowances is a favorite form of duress. From this point on they were with the speaker to a woman. They thirsted for more—and got it.

"We are the givers of life! The future race is"—Miss Volitska struck her flat breast with a clenched hand—"here."

The school thrilled.

"Dear, dear!" This from the distressed Miss Jencks.

"Here, here is posterity! Think of the power we have if we will only use it! Can we use it? Shall we use it? I see a vision of the future. A glorious, glorious vision!" Miss Volitska located the vision in the ceiling. "Man is in the dust before us. He cringes—he is afraid! Do we spurn him? No. We use him for our ends!"

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"I See a Vision of the Future. Man Is in the Dust Before Us. We Use Him for Our Ends!"

LORD KITCHENER

By The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, K. C., M. P.

A FAMILIAR figure in what may be called the inner circles of history is the man who spends his time haunting the vestibules and antechambers of famous people, and on the days when he has not been able to penetrate himself to the sanctum where secrets are hatched and kept, buttonholes and cross-examines his luckier competitors. No one has drawn the type with a more masterly and malignant pencil than Mr. Disraeli in Coningsby and elsewhere. It still survives.

It would be grossly unfair to the author of the misconceived and disappointing book* which is now before me to suggest that he belongs to that class. Lord Esher has in his time done useful public service both in connection with the army and the navy; and as he was for some years a diligent member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, he has had opportunities of first-hand acquaintance with large questions of policy. During the earlier stages of the war, when he was in Paris, he more than once rendered help to the government which I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge. He tells us in his preface that he amassed while he was in France a large stock of material in the shape of journals and correspondence, which—after the example of Talleyrand and some other illustrious actors on the historic stage—he proposes to present to the British Museum, subject to the condition that the volumes shall be sealed up for sixty years. These jealously sequestered records form the basis of this essay on Lord Kitchener. We may therefore assume that we have here a foretaste of what in its fuller measure is reserved for a remote and perhaps incurious posterity.

"That Odd Ministerial Breed"

I WILL not dwell upon Lord Esher's exposition of the causes and circumstances which preceded the outbreak of the war. It is full of crude and rhetorical generalizations, and contains not a few loose and inaccurate statements of fact. He speaks of the government—indeed, of the successive governments—which held office in those days as "that odd ministerial breed generated by English faction."

"It is a tragic fact," he tells us, "that statecraft, when compressed into Cabinet form, is always lacking in that tranquil persistency and energy which great situations demand."

These particular specimens of the odd breed had, according to Lord Esher, turned deaf ears to the group to which Fisher and Roberts, Henry Wilson and Douglas Haig belonged. I may say parenthetically that I never heard of this group before; nor, I imagine, did any of its alleged members. There was not a single demand put forward by Lord Fisher, or so far as I know by those in superior command in the army in the years before the war, to which the government of the day did not give prompt consideration and in at least nine cases out of ten full and effective assent. The whole basis of Lord Roberts' scheme, which was founded on the possibility and even the probability of a German invasion, was exhaustively and impartially investigated as far back as 1907–08 by a subcommittee of the Committee of Imperial Defence under my presidency, and was rejected by them upon grounds which were abundantly justified by the actual experience of the war.

"England," he says, "was unprepared," owing, it would seem, to that "lack of tranquil persistency and energy" which is the ineradicable vice of cabinet government. And yet a few pages later we are told of the War Book, described by Lord Esher as "a striking piece of creative art," which provided every department of state with precise instruction for its action during and at the end of the precautionary period,* and prescribed every step to be taken for the coördination of the resources of the country in the event of war. Lord Esher rightly gives the credit, which is his due, to Sir Maurice Hankey, the prime author of this memorable treatise; but its compilation and development were a constant preoccupation of the Committee of Imperial Defence for years before the war, and as chairman of that committee all its most important sections came under my own personal supervision.

Nor was it a case of mere paper prevision. When the actual crisis arrived the scheme of the War Book, together with the carefully thought-out plans of the Admiralty and the General Staff, worked like an automatic machine. The most powerful navy ever seen on the high seas was at its war stations. No sooner was the order for mobilization given—as it was on Monday, August third, by Lord Haldane under my instructions, for I was then still at the head of the War Office—than the finest and best-equipped military force that has ever left our ports was assembled without hitch or delay and transported across the Channel without even the most insignificant personal or material loss. Nor was there then or at any later stage of the war the slightest ground for apprehending an invasion of our shores. The enemy never succeeded in landing a boat's crew in Great Britain, and not a single engagement, great or small, was fought in any part of the globe on British soil.

I need not enlarge on trivial but quite inexcusable misstatements on matters of which Lord Esher can have no direct knowledge; such as, for instance, that twelve of my cabinet colleagues wished England to remain neutral—a pure fiction. And it is scarcely worth while to comment on such *aperçus* into the origins of the war as this:

"The Suffragettes, no less than Sinn Fein, led the Kaiser to conclude that he had nothing to fear from England."

*The whole of this section of the War Book was carefully settled by the instructions of the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1911, and was, of course, thereafter kept up to date.

PHOTO BY "INTERNATIONAL"

Lord Kitchener on Shipboard

A Caricature

I SHOULD not, however, have taken up my pen to correct Lord Esher's history, which, after all, is not so faulty as that of Lord French, were it not that he has presented, with an air of first-hand authority, what appears to me to be a misleading and distorted picture of one of the greatest figures of the war. The sketch here given of Lord Kitchener is that of a weary, played-out man, confronted with a new situation with which he was wholly incompetent to grapple.

"His figure had grown heavy; his face had lost its outline; he was over 65 years old." He had become "bereft of the vigour which inspired the purpose . . . of the man who ordered the bones of the Mahdi to be thrown into the Nile." He was, it is suggested, suffering from "atrophy of that tense fiber so characteristic of the K. of K. of former days. The armour of his soul had rusted. His Fabian processes, mediocre reasoning, stolid approach to obvious conclusions" irritated and alienated the "sharp legal and political minds of his compeers, the dialecticians and lawyers of the cabinet of 23," Lord Esher's favorite bogy, which he imagines—without any warrant in fact—to have been for fifteen months in constant meddlesome interference with the conduct of the war. Lord Kitchener is even compared to Hamlet, the real tragedy of his life being, not its sudden end in the full flow of manifold and unexhausted activities, but his gradual "realization that the qualities of mind and character which had served him well through life were under the new conditions entirely out of place."

This is not a portrait but a caricature, and the only excuse for it is the very superficial knowledge which it is obvious the painter possessed of his subject.

It may be admitted that Lord Kitchener was not an easy man to know. My own acquaintance with him before August, 1914, was very slight. His visits to England were rare and irregular. Whenever he came it was my practice to invite him to attend the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence, where more than once we profited

PHOTO, FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

Mr. and Mrs. Asquith in 1914, When He Was Premier. Their Daughter, Violet, is Behind Them

*The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener, by Reginald Viscount Esher. London: John Murray. 1921.

by his special knowledge. On one of my official visits to the Mediterranean he came over from Egypt to Malta—strangely enough in the same cruiser, the Hampshire, in which years later he met his fate—to confer with Mr. Churchill and myself on the naval and military situation in that part of the world. It was impossible not to be impressed with his striking and formidable personality, and his actual achievements in the East and in South Africa had shown a resourcefulness and versatility which are not always at the command of even the most accomplished soldier.

At the beginning of August, 1914, I was still combining the two offices of Prime Minister and Secretary of State for War, and it was plain that I must hand over the second of those posts to another. I may repeat here the words which I subsequently used in the House of Commons, and which apparently Lord Esher has never read:

"The only person—and I should like this to be put on record—whom I ever thought of as my successor was Lord Kitchener, who happened by a stroke of good fortune to be at that moment in this country on the point of returning to Egypt."

Then, after mentioning that Lord Haldane, who had re-created our army and whom I had naturally consulted, warmly approved, I went on: "Lord Kitchener's appointment was received with universal acclamation; so much so, indeed, that it was represented as having been forced upon a reluctant cabinet by the overwhelming pressure of an intelligent and prescient press."—Official report, March 20, 1917.

From that day, for nearly two years, Lord Kitchener and I were in the closest and most intimate contact. Except during his few and brief absences in France and the Dardanelles, he came to see me every day, generally more than once, often three and four times. It is no figure of speech to say that each day brought with it a new burden of anxiety and responsibility. I therefore knew him under the most testing conditions, both of character and faculty, which it is possible to conceive. With the single exception of the devoted Fitzgerald, who perished with him, there was, I believe, no one to whom he opened his mind and heart more freely and with less reserve.

Kitchener was a great man with certain very obvious limitations; some of them congenital, others the natural, perhaps the necessary, results of the environment of his past career. He was disposed to be secretive and did not find it easy to throw his knowledge and judgment into the common stock. It is, however, an absurd travesty of the facts to say, as Lord Esher does, that at the War Office he "neither asked nor took the advice of any man."

Relations With Chief of Staff

HE WAS, to my knowledge, from the day when he took over the post, in constant communication and consultation with that great soldier, the lamented Sir John Cowans, the quartermaster-general; a man to whose genius and resource the army and the nation owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude, and whose department, with its stupendous and ever-growing burden of responsibility, during the whole course of the war, not only never broke down, but exhibited no sign of strain or stress.

Lord Kitchener had perforce in the first months to be in effect his own chief of the staff. All the men qualified by special knowledge for the post were on active service at the Front. But he attached, as I did, the greatest importance to bringing into the staff at the War Office officers who had had actual daily experience of the new methods of warfare in France and elsewhere. It was for this, among other reasons, that first Sir Archibald Murray, and after him Sir William Robertson, were given the post of chief of the General Staff. Sir William Robertson, before he would accept the office—in December, 1915—very wisely, in my opinion, insisted upon certain conditions which would define its functions and safeguard its independent authority. Lord Kitchener reluctantly acquiesced; but having accepted them, he loyally submitted to them, and from that time until his death there was between him and the chief of the staff complete and cordial coöperation.

We have now Sir William Robertson's own testimony, and there could be no more competent or authoritative witness. In his autobiography, just published,* he writes as follows:

> At the War Office and in Downing-Street I found him to be a staunch supporter of the General Staff, and his aptitude for detecting essentials enabled him to give us much constructive assistance. . . . Without quite knowing why sometimes, he had a wonderful knack in being right in the things that really mattered. . . . As to his alleged habit of overcentralization, all I can say is that it was never displayed during the 6 months that I had the privilege of working with him, and that he was as ready to listen to the advice of his departmental heads as were any of the other seven Secretaries of State under whom I have worked. . . . He was a kind and delightful chief to serve, once his ways were understood. (Pp. 287, 288.)

PHOTO BY "INTERNATIONAL"

Lord Kitchener at the Left, Carrying a Stick. The Leading Figure is King George. The Party Had Just Reviewed Canadian Troops at Salisbury Plain

Yet it was this man, unsuited—as one might have thought—by the tradition and habits of his career for his new task; "the armour of whose soul had rusted"; and upon whom—to cite another of Lord Esher's metaphors—"the miasma of Downing Street acted like a spell"; it was this man who, in the course of a few months, and largely by the inspiring force of his own name and personality, accomplished one of the greatest feats in the whole history of war.

When the war broke out in August, 1914, our army consisted at home of six regular and fourteen territorial divisions, a total of twenty; and if the regular garrisons overseas are added, of twenty-six. In less than two years that force had been increased—by voluntary recruiting from the United Kingdom—to forty-two regular and twenty-eight territorial divisions, a total—adding in the naval division—of seventy-one.† The other parts of the empire were not behindhand; there, as at home, Kitchener's name was an invaluable recruiting agent; and at the date of his death—June, 1916—they had contributed twelve more divisions of their own; a grand total of eighty-three. Speaking in the House of Commons on May 2, 1916, I estimated that "the total naval and military effort of the empire from the beginning of the war up to this moment exceeds 5,000,000 of men."

In this connection a word or two may be appropriately added upon the attack which Lord Esher makes on Kitchener's handling of the question of conscription. As he truly says, "With the exception of Lord Roberts, no one in the front ranks of Politics or the Army had in past years ventured to advocate compulsory enlistment"; nor, indeed, he might have added, did Lord Roberts himself advocate it except for service at home. This consensus of political and military opinion Lord Esher traces to the same miasma which ultimately blurred the vision and sapped the energies of Kitchener himself. "Unfortunately for England, political faction had treated these matters as part of its stock in trade."

A Great Strategist

WHEN in the second year of the war, after the results of the national registration were known, the question of the adoption of some form of compulsory service was being discussed in the cabinet, Lord Kitchener's attitude is described by such epithets as "wayward," "irresolute," "vague" and "unsteady." There is a certain amount of purely superficial truth in this allegation.

Lord Kitchener came to us with a great reputation as a man of business, but, though—as I soon found—he had a far finer flair for strategy than he was ever credited with, he was not skillful in handling figures. There were times when he perplexed and worried his civilian colleagues with the bewildering combinations and permutations of his numbers. But he came to see that when he and the other great soldiers with whom he was coöperating were asked how many men they wanted their proper answer was "All the men available." It was a matter which did not primarily concern them, how the men were to be obtained, so long as they were obtained. The problem which statesmanship had to face was how to coördinate all our national resources in men, in material and in credit for the most effective prosecution of the war both by ourselves and our allies. Compulsory enlistment, even if it could have been forced through Parliament, would have created a formidable and enfeebling breach in the national unity, unless and until the general opinion had been satisfied that the voluntary method, which had yielded such a magnificent output, had come—or was about to come—to the end of its possibilities. Lord Kitchener was wise enough to realize this and to act accordingly.* In the speech which he delivered to a gathering of members of Parliament on June 2, 1916, he explained the attitude of the War Office with clearness and cogency. These are his words:

> Why did not the War Office demand compulsory service? I think that is easily answered. The question of a social change involving the whole country, and running counter to most ancient traditions of the British people, is not a matter for a department to decide. My task and that of the War Office was to find men, clothe them, arm them and organize them. So long as sufficient men came in, it was not my duty to ask for special means of obtaining them. . . . In my opinion compulsion came at the right time and in the right way as a military necessity, and for no other reason.†

*From Private to Field Marshal. By F. M. Sir W. Robertson, Bart. London: Constable & Co., 1921.

†"The great creation of a distinguished organiser." Such is the testimony of General Ludendorff. War Memories, Vol. I, p. 141.

*Ludendorff's comment on our resort to conscription is this: "England did not extend the law to Ireland; a characteristic touch." (Vol. I, p. 177.) Two years later the characteristic touch was abandoned—with unhappy results.

†Sir G. Arthur's Life of Lord Kitchener, Vol. III, p. 335.

I may remark that this admirable exposition hardly bears out Lord Esher's general statement that "his form of speech was Cromwellian in its obscurity and incoherence."

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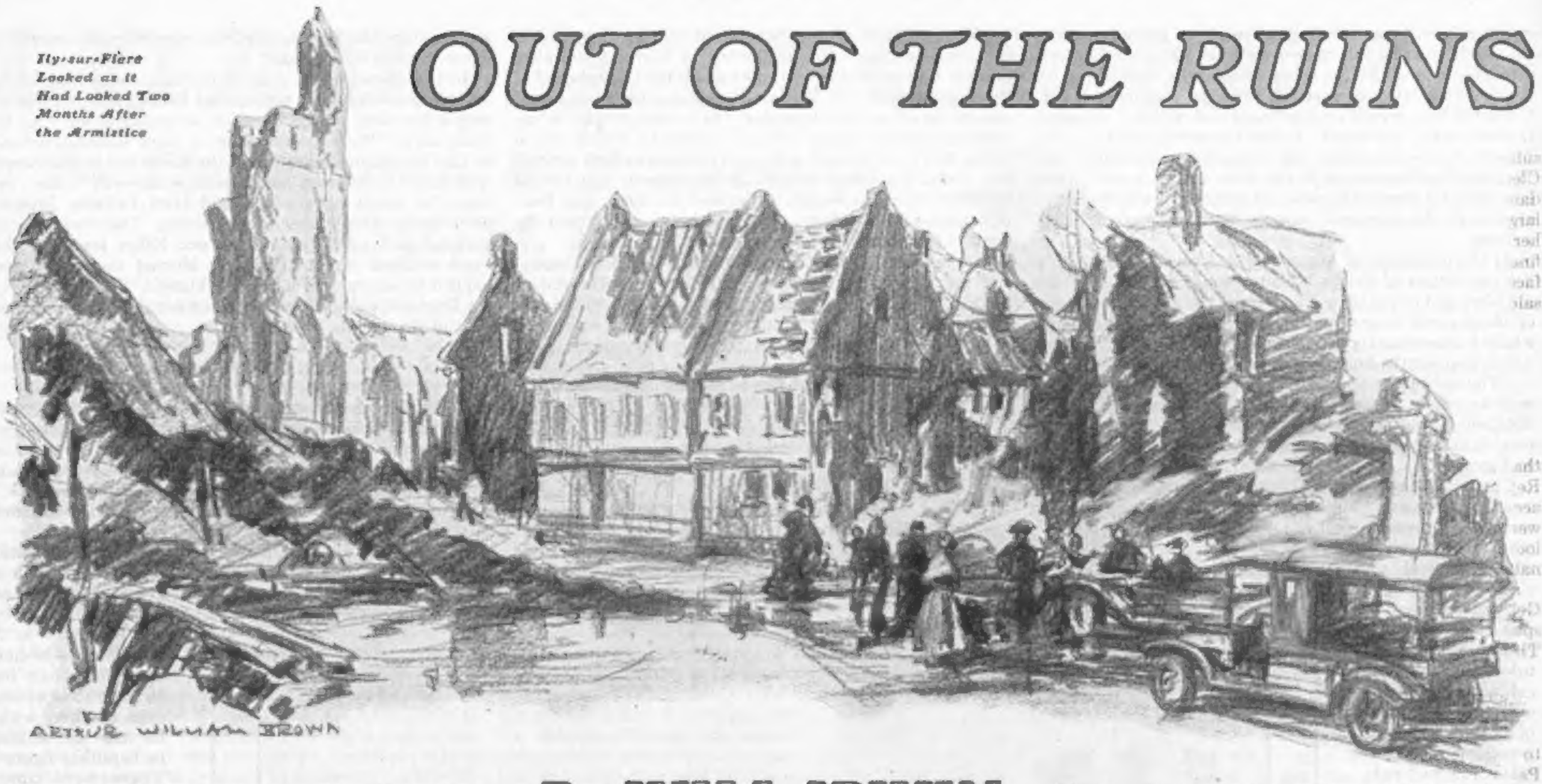
OUT OF THE RUINS



Ily-sur-Flère Looked as It Had Looked Two Months After the Armistice

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

AS HE poked a tentative arm out from beneath the feather bed into the wet, penetrating atmosphere and knocked on the partition for the necessary Pullitt, Captain Vivian Clemons-Barr, M.C., reflected moodily that peace has its horrors no less than war. To Pullitt's customary "Good morning, sir"—balanced as ever between human cordiality and proper respect—the captain returned only a grunt. Pullitt, taking the hint that conversation was not wanted on this particular morning, in silence drew back the heavy, worn, faded curtains—letting in a trickle of winter-fog light which seemed as heavy, worn and faded—spread out the folding bathtub, arranged the shaving tools. As he sped away for cold water from the yard pump, hot water from the kitchen, Pullitt gave a hinting cough. Ignoring this, the captain still lay as one who shrinks from the cold, regarding the battered architecture without and giving rein to gloomy imaginations and reflections foreign to his cheerful, unimaginative and unreflective nature.

Peace surely has its horrors no less than war. He had fought over that town of Ily-sur-Flère but little less than two years before; that made the contrast all the more poignant. How they longed in those days for peace! And now—what was lacking? Excitement, yes; but something more. The captain, stirring up those unused, almost ossified brain cells which are employed in analysis, decided that the lack was change and variety. The dismal view framed by his window was bisected by a sliver of torn wall—part of the corner of what had been a brick house. Just beyond lay the entrance to the dugout which had been his quarters during the preliminary bombardment preceding the great thrust. Every time he ventured his head outside during those harrowing days, that house had a new shape. It was roofless; it was a colander; it was a ruin; it was that ridiculous jagged toothpick which showed now. Things used to change—day by day, even hour by hour.

But now—Ily-sur-Flère looked as it had looked two months after the armistice, when a whim of the War Office set him down there to check up material. In the foreground, a street, the shell holes in the pavement rudely patched with brick rubble; beyond, the sluggish ditch which served as town sewer; farther beyond, a scrap pile of pierced helmets, broken rifles, artillery tires, rolled-up barbed wire, shattered mess tins, passé tin cans, all rusting black with waiting for the junkman. Beyond that, a row of Nissen huts, their streaked, military gray flaked off in brown patches. To their front doors from the row of broken stones which had once been a curb, ran lines of duckboards. Along the nearest, as he looked, a peasant girl with a black shawl over her head was splashing, for that frail footway gave and sank into the mud with every step. And though the night's rain had turned into a morning's mist the smell of the dust of ruins seemed still to permeate everything. Ily looked as it did when he came, the captain repeated to himself; and would look so, doubtless, a quarter of a century hence—at the present pace of the Ministry of Reconstruction.

Pullitt had reëntered, had filled the tub from the two pails, was covering the hot-water pitcher with a towel.

"Your bath is ready, sir," said Pullitt.

The captain felt a sense of illogical irritation even with Pullitt. He was another object which changed not; he had not changed even in the war. When from a civilian valet he had followed his master into the Kitchener army he had exchanged his neat black clothes for a neat brown uniform, had learned to salute with a smart army flourish instead of merely touching his blond topknot. But all through—under shellfire, on leave, in the hospital, in the front trench—he had been otherwise the same automatically serviceable, entirely undisturbed James Pullitt.

Had the war really affected him at all? Only in one respect. He had compromised with his British superiority to the extent of learning French of sorts. His system was that effective one invented in the ranks of the British Army and hereby recommended to all schools of language. By virtue of the Tommy method many a university-trained officer who had his French subjunctives down to a hair line fell back in a linguistic emergency on an unlettered private. A word is a word; it means something. Never mind grammar. It is hard enough to get English grammar; why compromise with that of foreigners? If you don't know the word you want, use one like it. But get it said. Once, early in the war, Pullitt, cleaning uniforms with petrol before the door of a French cottage, noticed that the cow had broken her tether and was making for a cabbage patch. Both his hands were occupied at the time. "*Madame,*" called Pullitt, "*le lait promenade!*" This being literally interpreted, means "The milk is taking a walk." But madame went and got the cow; which vindicates the British-army method of French at a glance.

However, the bright, unusual spot in the otherwise changeless character of Pullitt was a joke so old as to draw no more smiles from Captain Clemons-Barr, M.C. But as he gave himself a sketchy shave and splashed through his bath these thoughts on Pullitt seemed to build a bridge back from battered Ily-sur-Flère to England, lying warmly, attractively across the channel, and to the keynote of his melancholy mood.

A letter from Lady Agatha, his mother, had tied it all together, made plain the whole dismal scheme of things. There was no use of his staying in the army any longer. If he did he would have to live on his army pay. "Temporary gentleman" in the war used to accomplish that. In peace—it wasn't done, that was all. Even then he had never seriously intended the military career. His reënlistment after the armistice had been only a stop-gap intended to give him an occupation while the house of Clemons-Barr waited for something to turn up. The influence of his uncle, Sir Gerald Clemons-Barr, M.P., had arranged that; but it could not arrange for a billet at really attractive work—like Mesopotamia or Egypt or India. He had been dropped down here in Ily-sur-Flère, Pas-de-Calais, to superintend the removal of military material—his sole command Pullitt and an army clerk or two; his sole diversion sitting in a café of evenings; his sole hope Paris leave. And now—even that!

The dear mater had been quite explicit—quite boresomely explicit—with the lists of investments and just what had happened to each and all. It came to one thing—they had not survived the war. The flood of dividends had dried out to a trickle. Virtually all that remained to the house of Clemons-Barr was the revenues of Ransmere.

"And the demands are so many!" wrote Lady Agatha. First, there was Edwin, representing the might of the Foreign Office in West Africa—Edwin couldn't exist and keep the necessary state on his foreign-office pay. "And Mildred and I have to live, though sometimes I wonder if that's necessary in my case," wrote Lady Agatha. Of course, in the case of Mildred matrimony would come some day as a rescuer; though as yet Mildred showed no symptoms. "I am strongly tempted to let the manor," wrote Lady Agatha. "But you've noticed in the advertising columns of the Times how many houses of just that kind are to let. Still, I might find some Colonial or American or foreigner who would like it for its associations."

The mater always did her hinting in just that fashion. She grew frightfully, pitilessly logical, and permitted one to draw his own conclusions. He admitted to himself, disloyally, that when the mater got on her logical strain she irritated him a bit. The conclusion, as plain as the nose on one's face, was always disagreeable. In this case it was especially invidious. He would have to find something to do, as had the sons of so many county families since the war.

What? The colonies? But sheep raising in Australia or mining in South Africa took capital. That was exactly what he hadn't. Bertie Powell had gone to the States and was bull driving—wasn't that what he called it?—in an American county named Montania. A jolly good life, as Bertie described it. But—bull driving probably took capital too. You had to buy your bulls.

By now he had dried himself and Pullitt had helped him back into his sleeping suit, had punched up the pillows, tucked him back in bed. That was part of the morning ritual. As much a part was that sharp, quick knock which instantly followed, and the entrance of Madame Gemier, a steaming tray before her. The captain seldom noticed Pullitt at all, save in rare moments of introspection and meditation like the present. And never in any circumstances did he notice Pullitt's methods—the magic effects like this, by which Madame Gemier had for a year entered with breakfast exactly at the moment when he was decently back in bed.

The steam of his tea drifted agreeably to the captain's nostrils; and the smile of Madame Gemier as she uncovered his plate of eggs blew away momentarily the mists of his melancholy. Madame Gemier was of the dark, clean-cut, spare, French type, less common in the north than in the warm yet sentient midlands. A noble bony structure seemed to stretch an olive skin. Labor, which had reddened her hands even in these, her resistant twenties, had not thickened her straight, spare, lithe figure. Her expression, grave in repose, broke into lights and sparkles at the slightest emotional provocation. For the rest, she wore threadbare, decent black, relieved at throat and wrists by worn and freshly laundered white,

gave the impression of working all the time, and made a little drama out of everything—even this, the entrance of monsieur the English captain's tea.

As the tray came lightly to rest on the marble-topped bedside table, Pullitt came forward and took charge, with the air of a general assuming his command, of the subsequent pouring and buttering operations. Captain Clemons-Barr caught at that instant a full view of Madame Gemier. She had stepped back deferentially. Her large expressive black eyes were on Pullitt. And her face, her sloping shoulders, her fluttering hands, reddened yet fine, played a whole unspoken drama, as French forms and faces will. "I defer to you—I step back. I do it gladly," said her shoulders and hands. "I do it," said her eyes, whose sparkle was veiled momentarily in a mist like a purple evening on sea marshes, "because"—and at that implication the hand of Captain Clemons-Barr gave an involuntary jerk, so that he almost spilled his tea. And he looked at Pullitt.

There was as much drama in that solid British figure with its broad shoulders and its fine line of the waist, in that blond, regular, pink face, as there is in an Annual Report. And yet—something different had touched this accustomed fixture of his life. It were as though Pullitt were on his guard. This, reflected the captain, would bear looking into. The relations of the British Army with the native inhabitants must be kept regular.

All of which happened in a flash—before Madame Gemier turned back to the captain, letting her eyes sparkle again, and began her daily chronicle of gossip. There were all kinds of good service in this Widow Gemier with whom he found himself quartered—never in his life had he been so coddled, mended and darned—but very little deference. She tended him like a slave and addressed him like an equal—well, one must adapt himself to foreign ways! And always with his tea she made the Pas-de-Calais Télégramme, when it arrived, entirely out of date; her news was far fresher and much more entertainingly presented.

"Monsieur," she began, "there are Americans—American ladies in this town!" News of the peace could have been delivered no more dramatically.

"*C'est ça?*" inquired the captain.

"Truly it is so," replied madame; "my faith, but rich! Look, monsieur, they come to rebuild Coin Ste.-Marie"—the town in question was an infinitesimal appendage to this village of Ily, like a doll's doll. "Young ladies. No more in uniform, but a plain costume of promenade—very chic. With a lady most proper—the chaperon, is it not?"

"I'm sure that's very good of them," said the captain rather perfunctorily; "there's need of rebuilding."

All the French chariness and pessimism dramatized itself in Madame Gemier's eye.

"Jacques Courrière—he will be glad!" said madame cynically. "The French Work of Orphans found him out long ago, and the Ministry of Reconstruction has made his allocution to cease. He will again exist without work. And imagine what they do! I passed madame the chaperon as I came from market early this morning. She is arguing with Verne who had the café at Coin Ste.-Marie. She speaks with difficulty a French barbarous. I stop, offering to assist; for while I speak no English, as monsieur knows, the head of Verne is thick and he must be made continually to understand. But of what are they arguing? Of the bricks at Ste.-Marie, monsieur. Madame has a project. What a project! Part were cleaned by the boche prisoners while they were here. Part are not cleaned. It is that they divide the cleaned bricks. As if Verne wanted the bricks of another! I am disgusted. I turn away. Then arrive—the billionairess."

"The billionairess?" inquired Captain Clemons-Barr.

"Truly so already they call her," replied madame. "Do I not see, I, that the edging of her blouse beneath is convent made, like a wedding veil of the rich? Did she not last night give the baker's wife fifteen francs for shoes for the little Verdelie, and never stop to see if it were spent for shoes or no? Do not the rest pay her a deference especial? And one knows, monsieur," continued madame with an air of finality, "that Americans reverence nothing but money. Also, she is most chic of all. A figure very svelte. And chestnut hair with such lights!"

These morning-news conversations between Madame Gemier and the captain broke for Pullitt the ice between classes. Occasionally, the whole situation being invidiously unconventional, he volunteered a remark. He spoke up now in his own French; and I translate as it sounded to Madame Gemier.

"Three automobiles march hither enduring the night. Village speak they have much small change. Veritably." Then striking a bump of thought too high to ride over in his French he relapsed into English: "The inhabitants do say, sir, that the lady in question is very rich, sir."

"Provided they do not ruin Ily also!" said madame, pursuing her own pessimistic train of thought. "In Coronée they showed the mayor a model cottage—a thing all American, with a bathtub!" Madame might have been speaking of a sewer as she screwed up her nose and repeated, "A bathtub, grand heaven! They proposed to erect that in Coronée!"

"I am not entirely without sympathy," said the captain, putting back his empty teacup on the tray—which brought Pullitt across the room to pour another cup. Madame at this partial rebuff withdrew; as she backed out of the door the captain caught a glimpse of her over Pullitt's shoulder. Her eyes were not on him but on the back of that automatic annex to his life. They were veiled in that purple mist again; but behind that lay a glint—was it mischief?

"Might as well take hold of this thing now," thought the captain to himself. And when he spoke his tone had the gruffness of a Briton who is touching on the emotions.

"Pullitt!" he said. At the command in his tone the back of Pullitt, who was arranging toilet articles on the marble-topped bureau, stiffened to a military angle. "Pullitt, I've been noticing things."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Pullitt and ventured no further word, either of explanation or of curiosity.

"What is—er—between you and the Widow Gemier?" inquired the captain, abandoning the tact which, military manuals say, must be employed in handling men, and plunging to the heart of the matter.

"Nothing, sir," said Pullitt, but his attitude was as that of a frozen statue.

"One wouldn't think so, to study the Widow Gemier," said Captain Clemons-Barr.

The attitude of Pullitt suddenly melted. He reached for a razor, seemed somehow to miss it, reached again.

"I think she 'as hintentions, sir," said Pullitt. He had schooled himself for long years in the proper distribution of aspirates through human speech. But under stress or agitation he went back to first principles.

"Matrimonial?" jerked out the captain.

"Oh, yes, sir; strictly so, sir. At least, sir—she 'as 'inted."

The captain, perceiving that all this was verging on emotional manifestation, shifted the point of attack.

"How is the little nest here feathered?" he asked. "I should say, as the peasant class goes, she's very well off."

"Twelve hectares of farming land, sir," replied Pullitt promptly, "an' very little torn up. Beside this house—an' the stock in'."

"Her husband's been dead since 1916 or thereabouts, hasn't he?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, sir. Killed in the first attack at Verdun he was, sir. There were no children, and she got it all—Code Napoléon or wotever they call it, sir."

"I should think, Pullitt, that you'd find all this more—er—attractive than saving your money to keep a pub in your old age," said the captain. "You really couldn't do better."

"Yes, sir," said Pullitt. He added nothing further, but set himself furiously to stropping a razor twice already stropped that morning.

"I Have Hitched That Gadget to That Bazoonas, and Likewise to Yon Wasset," Said Nancy, "With Results as Stated in Ours of Even Date"

So the captain, after a pause, ventured: "No obstacle; no—er—encumbrance?"

"No, sir." There fell a silence broken only by the swish of the razor being stropped to the verge of a red heat. It was one of those silences which resolve themselves into a contest of wills as to who shall speak first. In the proper order of things the servant's will broke. Speech was preceded by a little jerk of the razor into the edge of the strop, and a reddening of the pink strip between Pullitt's military collar and the roots of his straw-colored back hair.

"I shouldn't care to leave my present billet, sir," said Pullitt.

"Oh!" said the captain—that expressive, drawling English "oh," whose very phonetics cannot be imitated by any American. And he found himself reddening in turn.

It was a grave emotional crisis; in such an upheaval of sentiment two Frenchmen, master and man though they were, would have fallen into an embrace complicated by kissing. For Pullitt had informed his master that he could never of course separate himself from the house of Clemons-Barr, to whose service he had been born; and the captain had conveyed that he was gratefully appreciative.

Pullitt closed the superheated razor.

"Think I'll empty your bath now, sir," he said in a gruff tone verging on disrespect.

He passed through the door, closing it, even in this harrowing crisis, with the proper expert gentleness. Promptly the captain heard the tones of Madame Gemier, sparkling like champagne, start up outside.

Suddenly the captain sat bolt upright in bed staring, with eyes which saw not, at the lithograph of Clemenceau beside his window. Two series of ideas, two streams of thought, started in his mind that morning, rushed together and became a torrent. The American millionairess—and matrimony! Captain Clemons-Barr fixed his eyes on the stubby but godlike features of the immortal Tiger and thought.

Why not? He had nothing against Americans really. Old Bruggie, Rhodes scholar, against whom he used to run at the Oxford-Cambridge games, had been the decentest sort. He reviewed the officers of the Thirtieth Division, with which he had been in liaison in Flanders. There had been bounders among them—but there were T. G.'s in the British Army too. The rest, he remembered, he had really liked. Peculiar in some ways; talked a little too much; but good sporting chaps who stood the gaff. Even the American accent—he couldn't say, really, that he actually disliked it when it was a gentleman speaking. An American girl ——

Here, for the second time that morning, the captain found his cheeks growing hot.

Why not? If she were pretty and a lady and good and all that! It was done right along. The French always married that way. A lot of rot was talked about marriage. Association of ideas flashed for a moment the picture of the Honorable Dorothy Rockingham, who had once snared his affections and whom on his last leave before the armistice he had found engaged elsewhere—an engagement terminated by marriage a year ago. The captain explored that ventricle of his heart to which the Honorable Dorothy had been once affixed and found not even a scar. If this American were the right sort of girl ——

Pullitt had reëntered with the folded bathtub. He put it away, started exploration in the solemn walnut wardrobe.

"Pullitt," said the captain suddenly, "I think I'll have the new uniform to-day—and the high boots."

"Yes, sir," said Pullitt. But he did not turn round; which was fortunate, because for the third time that morning Captain Clemons-Barr was blushing.

"Feel like a fool!" he was saying to himself.

II

AT ABOUT the same hour of a somber French winter morning Nancy Brastow, worker in the ranks of the Fund for Devastated France, stood half buried in the entrails of a little tin station wagon. Winter in French Flanders! The dismal skies served only to emphasize the dismal earth below. The automobile itself, a relic of the American army sales, was battered like an old tin can, flaked and rusted like an abandoned helmet. From that central point the landscape of Léon Buque's once fortified farm rolled away—a mountain range of trash heaps with foothills of oxidizing metal débris. The fortifications were now an irregular line of crushed rock and powdered plaster, which rose here and there into a peppered fragment of wall. The gateway, by a freak of bombardment, still stood, its shaky masonry propped with timber; but the gate was gone. The house itself, as temporarily repaired by the industry of Léon and his son, was a patchwork of its original stone, of secondhand brick, of boards gathered from the trenches, of sheet iron from the wreckage of Nissen huts. Through it all wandered a bedraggled black goat; having long ago eaten everything fibrous in the trash heaps, he ranged aimlessly between the house, where he seemed to have guest privileges, and the sheet-iron hut, which served as a barn.

The skirt of Nancy, her boots, the slice of leather jacket showing outside of the hood of her car were of a worn, serviceable brown as low-toned as the landscape. Presently from far within came a sharp, spitting, wholly unladylike "Damn!" and the rest of Nancy emerged, straightened up—and any competent observer would have said that the dismal landscape began at once to take on light and color. Her face, framed by a khaki army shirt below, a brown fur cap above, was itself toned in browns—but browns twinkling with illumination, like a fire among dead leaves. The cap could not wholly confine the tendrils of her hair, now curling rebelliously with the mists of morning; and those threads of light seemed undetermined whether to be chestnut or golden. Her frank and extremely clear eyes shot from tawny irises electric glimpses of irritation into the complex puzzle of greasy bolts, tangled insulated wire and meaningless masses of steel and grease forming the inside of the flivver. The expression of determined irritation which had drawn her ample mouth into a crimson thread could not eliminate two dimples shaped like crescent moons, harmonizing in their delicate line with the long, delicate curves of her face. Her complexion had tanned to the tint of a tea rose, through which flushed becomingly the heat of her labor and her rage. Her figure was supple and slim, with a suggestion of the athletic boy; but her feet, as she stood regarding her mechanized problem, assumed to each other an angle most feminine and saucy.

"Curses on all self-starters!" said Nancy aloud.

At that instant footsteps sounded from the duckboard walk outside. She looked across the hood of the car to behold an apparition, framed for a moment in the wreckage of Léon Buque's gate, and in a moment gone—but a perfect, definite picture. It was a British officer in full, dapper uniform, from the brushed top of his smart cap to the polished glory of his boots and spurs. He was strolling with his hands behind him; they held a swagger stick, which he was wagging coolly, mechanically. The leisurely pace of his stroll, the attitude of his long figure, the steady glance of his blue eye implied a sense of British impersonality. He seemed to regard this universe tolerantly. "Go on with your activities," he told the world; "I permit them." That impersonal glance swept the battered tin car, swept its mistress standing with a monkey wrench poised. She had space to note a clean-cut face, plenty of jaw, and a mouth, below the conventional cropped mustache, with an expression which somehow started a new flutter of disturbance within her. But nothing in his countenance, as his look swept over her, indicated that she was at all different from the battered landscape or Léon Buque's goat.

The apparition passed. Nancy stood for an instant stock-still; then expressed herself in pantomime. She stuck out her tongue; she made play of throwing the monkey wrench in his direction. As on a sudden afterthought, she drew the greasy gauntlet from her right hand, stepped in range of the driving mirror beside the seat. It was as she suspected—there was a smudge of grease along her left cheek. She pulled her handkerchief from her sleeve, found that all too small for the purpose, lifted the front cushion, captured a wad of waste, chose a comparatively clean spot—and finished the operation with two hasty dabs. For there were footsteps again beyond the slivered wall, footsteps whose rhythm she recognized. She threw the waste on the floor of the car; she had scarcely slipped on her gauntlet and picked up the monkey wrench when an easy and musical voice spoke from the gateway.

"Pardon me; is there anything I can do to help?"

The captain, having arrayed himself and gone forth in search of the American millionairess, had run across her when least expected. That vision rising from the hood of the battered car had struck him fair between the eyes. He had intended, on meeting her, to extend the official greetings of the British Army with just the proper balance between formality and casualness. He had even planned his introductory remark. And suddenly—there she was, perfectly recognizable by the description of Madame Gemier. It brought a catch at his heart, a wave of blood to his throat that choked all speech. And he fell back perforce on the refuge of an embarrassed Briton—that calm and slightly superior stare. He had strolled on a hundred yards and was calling himself a fool, when it occurred to him that he had funked the job. Captain Clemons-Barr thereupon made a military about-face, squared his shoulders and marched back. And now, by putting all his determination into the matter and by clearing his throat with several preliminary swallows, he managed to get out that casual preliminary remark as aforesaid.

Nancy stood balancing the monkey wrench in her gauntleted hand. Her irritation by now extended to the whole universe, including conspicuously this British officer who had the indecency to be clean as a new whistle and hadn't had the decency to stop and offer help or the greetings of the English-speaking race. Which accounted for the deliberate sauciness of her reply:

"If you can go to the particular city in the U. S. A. where Satan manufactures these contraptions, and get back again before noon with a new starting system—probably. Otherwise you cannot."

That was a deliberate slam, Nancy felt the moment she had got it out; probably he'd go away now. Her reference to Satan would even be interpreted by the British mind as a piece of unwomanly profanity. She had stepped square on the face of the only human being in Ily-sur-Flère who promised amusement and excitement; and she tried to tell herself that she didn't care. But the Britisher never even blinked. He only stood looking down into the hollow caverns of the car.

"Can't say I know this sort of automobile," he said. "Have you tried fastening that gadget there to something or other?"

"I have hitched that gadget to that bazoonas, and likewise to yon wasset," said Nancy, "with results as stated in ours of even date." Something about this Britisher seemed to raise up the worst in her, to make her slangy and impertinent and vulgar. Damming a flood of language of the same kind she held herself for the moment to the untrimmed, common tongue.

"The lights work, so it can't be the battery," she said. "Something's slipped loose in the connection with that absurd self-starter." With a rush of swift, accurate movement she closed the hood. "Have to crank her

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"If You Think I'm Afraid to Face You!" She Whipped Out

MORE ABOUT J. D.

By GEORGE D. ROGERS

J. D. Rockefeller Waiting His Turn—at the Polls

IT WILL be generally admitted that in the height of his activities Mr. Rockefeller was the financial genius of America. Yet he could never be crowded or hurried. He was so slow as to be exasperating. There was never any confusion on his desk. I never heard his voice raised above a low conversational tone but once or twice. Yet who will say that he lacked force or financial sagacity? I had my training with that man. I was with a master. I learned from him to be quiet, to have no confusion around me, to wait forever, if need be, on decisions or for the accomplishment of a purpose.

Mr. Rockefeller usually held himself well in hand regardless of the provocation to let his temper go. In fact, I doubt if he has a temper Certainly I never saw any evidence of it in my thirty years of service first as the first stenographer the Standard Oil ever had, and later as Mr. Rockefeller's financial secretary. Mr Henry M. Flagler, on the other hand, was very apt to express his dissatisfaction in no uncertain terms. I remember his secretary, Mr. W H. Beardsley, once telling me of an occasion when Mr. Flagler scored him roundly with little regard for polite speech, and then at Christmas, which followed shortly, making him a present of bonds to the value of several thousand dollars. Beardsley and I were together in the early days of the Standard Oil, and when the individual interests of its founders became so great as to necessitate distinct offices Mr. Flagler took Beardsley and Mr. Rockefeller chose me.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller had early learned that self-control was the short cut to the control of both men and events. His trait of sitting tight and apparently unconcerned unless something would be gained by letting go, was well illustrated in an important lawsuit in which not only a large sum of money was involved but a matter of vital importance was at stake.

Three well-known judges served as arbiters. Prominent attorneys were ranged on either side of the long table, and Mr. Rockefeller sat in the witness chair under cross-examination. His manner was quiet, his face inscrutable and expressionless as he answered the questions put to him in his low, slow, easy, almost drawling voice. We had reason to believe that the cross-examining attorney held personal malice against Mr. Rockefeller, and he displayed this in the manner of his questions and more especially in the acrid tones of his voice.

Why He Did Not Answer

"MR. ROCKEFELLER, I call for the production of a letter which I wrote you on such a date"

The letter in question was full of inquiries relative to Standard Oil affairs which he had had no legal right to know. It was produced, marked as an exhibit, and then read with great gusto and emphasis.

QUESTION: Mr. Rockefeller, you received that letter?

ANSWER: I think I did, judge.

QUESTION: Did you answer that letter?

ANSWER: I think not, judge.

A second and a third letter of other dates were marked for exhibit with the same procedure and identically the same questions and answers, the latter in a soft, almost purring voice. Then followed:

QUESTION: You say you received all those letters, Mr. Rockefeller?

ANSWER: I think I did, judge.

QUESTION: You say you did not answer any of those letters?

ANSWER: I don't think I did, judge.

QUESTION: Why didn't you answer those letters? You knew me, didn't you?

ANSWER: Oh, yes! I knew you!

The effect was electrical as the words snapped out with smarting emphasis behind them. The attorney grew almost apoplectic with rage. The room became as still as death. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller had not so much as moved a muscle, and sat there as though he did not know what it was all about.

So many people have an idea that Mr. Rockefeller has the characteristics of the fabled miser, counting his gold and gloating over his wealth. Quite the contrary is true. He never counted his securities, never personally received or delivered stocks or bonds that were bought or sold, and never signed checks. In fact, in the thirty years of my service with Mr. Rockefeller his securities had never been counted until the time of my resignation, and then this was done only at my request as a matter of record. Mr. Rockefeller would never do himself what he could trust another to do for him, even to the blotting of his signatures on the certificate books, which was done by the colored office messenger standing at his elbow.

At various times I have been asked as to his actual wealth—if the report of it was exaggerated, and so on. I have always appreciated that my relation to Mr. Rockefeller was in a fiduciary capacity, and that all such information was confidential. Therefore, although we made up a statement of his worth every six months, I never stated any figures to the curious-minded.

The National City Bank found its impetus in these halcyon days. I was notified one day that Mr. James Stillman was asking for me on the telephone. When I answered he was very mysterious.

"Say nothing to anyone, but come as soon as possible to me at the bank."

The National City Bank was then at 54 Wall Street, and Mr. Stillman's office was on the second floor. Everyone familiar with Wall Street in that time will remember the banking floor in the basement.

Mr. Stillman was waiting for me, and upon being shown to his room he said without more ado, "Mr. Rogers, I want you to tell John Rockefeller that I want him to deposit five million dollars in this bank and leave it here."

"The first question Mr. Rockefeller will ask will be what rate of interest you will allow him," I replied.

"You tell him I will pay him four, five, six, seven per cent—any interest. I want from him five million dollars. I expect to get five million from William Rockefeller, the same from Standard Oil, from Kuhn-Loeb, from Mr. Morgan and others. There are a number of big things coming—syndicate underwritings and the like—and he is more than likely to make ten or fifteen per cent than five. Tell him I want the money."

I telephoned Mr. Rockefeller, and a day or two later received instructions to deposit the five million.

In the Vaults

IN THE present discussion of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune it is interesting to recall the first evidence of its earliest perceptible unwieldy growth. As it kept increasing, like a snowball growing bigger and bigger every time it turned, it became a question of policy and convenience to divide his securities and not have them all in one safe-deposit vault as heretofore. It was also decided in making the change to secure ample quarters for years to come. I took the matter up with the safe builders, and together we worked out plans and specifications which finally resulted in large steel vaults built inside the regular safe-deposit vault. These inner vaults were fitted with steel shelving and small chrome-steel boxes for securities, and protected by heavy combination doors. Each vault opened out into a clear space known as our coupon room, which was protected by heavy steel bars. This room was equipped with tables, stools and coupon cutters, so that from three to six men, as occasion required, could cut coupons at one time.

I was rather proud of the thorough and systematic arrangements, and naturally desired an expression of Mr. Rockefeller's approbation, for the arrangement was not only practical but unique. I spoke of it on three or four occasions, and finally my importunities bore fruit.

"All right, Mr. Rogers," he said; "to please you I'll go and take a look at them."

This was on one of the rare occasions when he had come to the office, and we walked the few steps from the New Street entrance of 26 Broadway to the Produce Exchange vaults. The guards recognized me and swung open the door. They did not know that my little importance was completely overshadowed by my companion, whom they did not know. I motioned to Mr. Pierson, the vice president and general manager, and as he came forward I presented Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller greeted him cordially, then began in his usual way to ask questions. How many customers have you? What is your average rental? How many stockholders has your company? What dividends do you pay? and so on. Meanwhile we had advanced to the coupon room, and I had worked the combinations on two or three of the vaults. Mr. Rockefeller stepped inside and glanced around casually at the boxes, all numbered in consecutive order. I pulled two or three open to show him how the bonds were kept. After a moment or two he vouchsafed speech.

"Yes, Mr. Rogers, it's all very nice; shows a good system. I'm glad to have seen it. Let's go."

In all, he was there for possibly ten minutes, and during all the years that I had charge of his securities this was the only time that he ever entered his vaults.

My own experience of a quarter of a century confirms the statement which I have heard made that there was formerly—before the war, let us say—no place where the machinery of business ran more smoothly or with greater

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TERRIBLE EPPS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE blue prints and specifications in the case of Tidbury Epps follow:

Age: the early thirties.

Status: bachelor.

Habitat: Mrs. Kelty's Refined Boarding House, Brooklyn.

Occupation: a lesser clerk in the wholesale selling department of Spingle & Blatter, Nifty Straw Hattings. See Advts.

Appearance: that of a lesser clerk. Weight: feather. Nose: stub. Eyes: apologetic. Teeth: obvious. Figure: brief. Manner: diffident. Nature: kind. Disposition: amiable but subdued.

Conspicuous vices: none.

Conspicuous virtues: none.

Distinguishing marks: none.

Tidbury was no Napoleon. He was aware of this, and so was everybody in the hat company, including, unfortunately, Titus Spingle, the president, who felt that he knew a thing or two about Bonapartes because he had once been referred to in a straw-hat trade paper as the Napoleon of Hatdom.

Mildly, as he did everything else in life, Tidbury admired, indeed almost envied, Mr. Spingle's silk shirts, which customarily suggested an explosion in a paint factory. But such sartorial grandeur, Tidbury felt, was not for him. He stuck to plain white shirts, dark blue ties and pepper-and-salt suits. The pepper-and-salt suit was invented for Tidbury Epps.

Tidbury worked diligently and even cheerfully on a high stool and a low salary, copying neat little black figures into big black books. The salary and the stool were the same Tidbury had been given when he first came to New York from Calais, Maine, ten years before.

It probably never entered his head, as he bent over his columns of digits that crisp fall morning, that in their sanctum of real mahogany and Spanish leather his employers were discussing him.

"Whitaker has quit," announced Mr. Blatter, who acted as sales manager.

Mr. Spingle's acre of face, pink and dimpled from much good living, showed concern.

"How come you can't keep an assistant, Otto?" he inquired.

"After they've been with me for six months," explained Mr. Blatter modestly, "they get so good that they simply have to get better jobs."

"Well, got any candidates for the place?" queried the president.

"Burdette?" suggested Mr. Blatter.

Mr. Spingle eliminated Burdette with a quick flick of his finger.

"Too young," he said.

"Wessel?"

"Too old."

"Fitch?"

"Too careless."

"Hydeman?"

"Too inexperienced."

"Well," ventured Mr. Blatter, "what about Tidbury Epps?"

Mr. Spingle's shrug invariably included his shoulders, face and entire body.

"He's neither too old, too young, too careless nor too inexperienced," advanced Mr. Blatter.

"You're not serious, Otto?"

"Sure I am. Epps has been with us ten years and he's worked hard. I believe in giving our old employes a chance."

"So do I," rejoined the Napoleon of Hatdom: "but you know perfectly well, Otto, that Tidbury Epps is a dud."

"He's as conscientious as a Pilgrim father," remarked Mr. Blatter.

"That's just the trouble with him," snorted Mr. Spingle.

"He spends so much time being conscientious that he hasn't time to be anything else. Not that I object to a man having a conscience, y'understand. But Epps hasn't anything else. You know how it is in the hat trade, Otto; you've got to be a good fellow."

Mr. Spingle paused to pat his silken bosom, in hue reminiscent of sunset in the Grand Cañon. That he was a good fellow, a *bon vivant*, even, was generally admitted in the hat trade.

"You see," went on the Napoleon of Hatdom, "your assistant has to be nice to the trade. That's almost his chief job. Remember the motto of our house is 'Our business friends are our personal friends.' That's meant a lot to us, Otto. Now and then you've simply got to take a big buyer out and show him a good time—buy him a meal and take him to the Winter Garden. You and I are mostly too busy to do it, but your assistant isn't. Whitaker made us a lot of good friends, and good customers, too, because he was a regular fella and knew the ropes. But can you imagine old Epps giving a party?"

Mr. Blatter was forced to admit that he couldn't.

"But he's so willing," he argued.

"Oh, sure," agreed Mr. Spingle; "and sober and industrious, and stands without hitching and all that. But he's too much of a hermit. No more personality than a parsnip. No spirit. No nerve. No fire. No zip. Sorry I can't jump him up; he may be a good man, but he's not a good fellow."

"I suppose it will have to be Hydeman, then," remarked Mr. Blatter, rising. "He's a little too slick and flip to suit me, and we don't know much about him, but I suppose he'd know how to show a buyer Broadway."

"I'll bet he would," said Mr. Spingle. "Try him out. But watch his expense account, Otto."

So Tidbury Epps continued to enjoy his high stool and his low salary and to copy endless little figures into big black books. His shoulders drooped when he heard of Hydeman's quick promotion, but he said nothing.

Messrs. Spingle and Blatter, being interested solely in what went on outside men's heads, did not attempt to find out what was wrong with Tidbury Epps. But had a psychoanalyst peered darkly into the interior of Tidbury's small round cranium he would have instantly noted that Mr. Epps was suffering from a bad case of inferiority complex, complicated by an acute attack of Puritanical complex. If anybody was to blame for this it was not Tidbury himself but his Aunt Elvira, who, with the aid of a patented cat-o'-nine-tails she had sent all the way to Chicago for, willow switches from her own back yard, and an edged tongue that cut worse than either, had confined his juvenile steps to a very straight and exceedingly narrow path by the simple process of lambasting him roundly whenever he so much as glanced to the right or to the left.

"Well, Old Tid, I'll Bet You Wish You Were Going to be in My Shoes To-Night"

Aunt Elvira was a lean woman with no digestion to speak of, and the chief tenet of her philosophy was that whatever is enjoyable is sinful.

She impressed this creed on young Tidbury with her thin but sinewy arm, until one day while castigating him violently for laughing at a comic supplement that the groceries had come in she succumbed to an excess of virtue and a broken blood vessel.

Tidbury promptly came to New York with two suits of flannel underwear and many suppressed desires, and went soberly to work in the hat company. His subsequent life was as empty of adventure, variety, sin or success as the life of a Hubbard squash. His job wholly absorbed him. The little figures in the big books became his only world. He had never learned to play.

Yet people liked Tidbury, even while they thought him kin to the snail. He had a quiet twinkle in his eye and he took over mean jobs and night work without a peep of protest. It was his willingness to take on overtime work and his quiet competence that first attracted the approving eye of Mr. Blatter. But Mr. Blatter had to admit that Mr. Spingle had diagnosed the case of Tidbury Epps all too accurately; Tidbury was indubitably, incurably a dud; and that is worse than being a dub. If any latent fire lurked beneath that pepper-and-salt bosom no one had ever glimpsed so much as a spark of it. Tidbury never lived up to that twinkle in his eye.

One would have said that Tidbury was as inconspicuous as an oyster in a fifteen-cent stew, and yet love, mysterious, ubiquitous love, found him out and laid him violently by the heels.

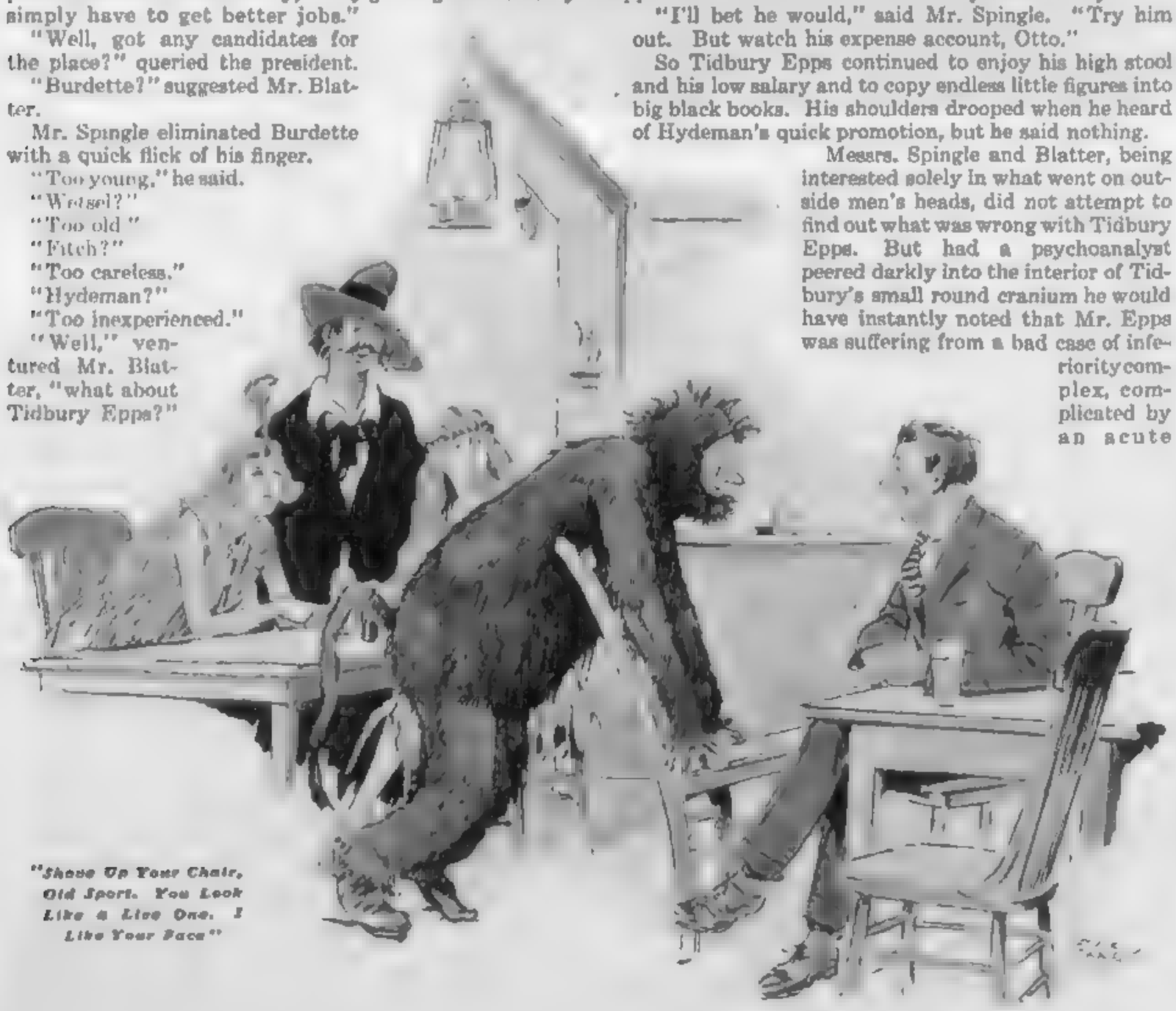
It was the round black eyes of Martha Ritter, the new girl at the information desk, and the way she cocked her head on one side when she smiled, that first brought to Tidbury the alarming realization that his heart was something more than a pump.

She was an alert little thing who would have been teaching school in her native Ohio village of Granville had not the glittering metropolitan magnet drawn her to it as every year it draws ten thousand Martha Ritters from ten thousand Granvilles.

She smiled at Tidbury one day as he registered his punctual arrival on the time clock, and a sudden strange warmth was kindled under his pepper-and-salt coat. Tidbury knew that it was wicked to feel so good, but he couldn't help it. Love laughs at complexes.

He saw her home; he called on her; he brought her salted peanuts; he took her to a concert in Central Park; he kept her picture on his washstand. But, characteristically, Tidbury as a lover was no volcano of imperious emotion. He was no aggressive bark, battling fiercely against wind and wave; he was a chip, floating with the tide. Matrimony, with Martha, was a desirable but distant shore; he would drift there in time. But Martha Ritter, who had more than a dash of romance in her, did not think much of this sort of courting.

The last time he had been with her—they had gone to the Aquarium to view the fishes—pent-up protest had burst from her, and she had exclaimed, "Oh, Tidbury, you are so—so quiet!"



"Shove Up Your Chair, Old Sport. You Look Like a Live One. I Like Your Face"

The words had jolted him; he had said them over to himself uncounted times, and had pondered over them; indeed he was trying to keep from thinking of them as he bent over his task the day they made Hydeman assistant to the sales manager. Tidbury had noticed lately that Martha talked about Mr. Hydeman a great deal; she had mentioned his polished finger nails; she had suggested that Tidbury would do well to get one of those high-lapeled, snug-waisted suits that Mr. Hydeman affected; she had quoted some of Mr. Hydeman's witticisms, and had retailed some incidents from his highly colored life. In short, she appeared to have taken a sudden acute interest in Mr. Hydeman.

Tidbury Epps could not drive from his mind the disquieting thought that Mr. Hydeman as a rival would be dangerous. In the washroom Mr. Hydeman made no secret of his finesse as a Don Juan. He was everything that Tidbury was not—dashing, worldly, confident. There was something about his smooth black hair, held in place by a shiny gummy substance, something about the angle at which he tilted his short-brimmed hat, something about the way his tight little knot of brilliant tie fitted into his modishly low collar, something about the way he filliped the ash from his cigarette so that one could see the diamond twinkle on his finger—that carried a subtle suggestion of sophistication and an adventurous nature.

That morning they had entered together—Tidbury and Mr. Hydeman—and Tidbury, with icy fingers gripping his heart, had noted that Martha bestowed on Mr. Hydeman a smile with a lingering personal note in it, while her greeting to Tidbury was a curt formal nod. His bitter cup was full, and for the first time in his life he gave way to the pangs of jealousy when, at noontime, he saw Mr. Hydeman take her to lunch. Tidbury came upon them, talking and laughing together, and Martha made not the slightest attempt to conceal her interest in the suave new assistant to the sales manager; she was open, even brazen about it.

Tidbury was moodily copying figures and trying not to heed the fact that the green-eyed monster was clutching him with torturing talons when Mr. Hydeman came up to his desk and prodded him playfully in the ribs.

"Well, old Tid," remarked Mr. Hydeman, "I'll bet you wish you were going to be in my shoes to-night."

Tidbury looked up from his work.

"Why?" he asked.

For answer Mr. Hydeman thrust two tickets beneath Tidbury's stub of nose. With only a vague comprehension Tidbury glanced at what was printed on them.

ADMIT ONE
THE PAGAN ROUT
ALL GREENWICH VILLAGE WILL BE THERE
WEBBER HALL
ONLY PERSONS IN COSTUME ADMITTED
DON'T MISS THE DARING GARDEN OF EDEN BALLET AND MASQUE AT FOUR A.M.

"Are you a Greenwich Villager?" asked Tidbury.

Mr. Hydeman smiled at the note of horror in Tidbury's voice. "Oh, I hang out down there," he admitted airily.

"And you're going to the Pagan Rout?"

Even into the seclusion of Calais, Maine, and Mrs. Kelty's, rumors of that revel had filtered.

"I never miss one," replied Mr. Hydeman grandly. "And say, I've a costume this year that's a knockout."

"You have?"

"Yes. I've got a preacher's outfit. Can you imagine me a parson?"

Weakly Tidbury said he couldn't.

"And say," went on Mr. Hydeman, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I'll have a flask or two of hip oil on me."

"Hip oil?"

"Sure. Diamond juice."

"Diamond juice?"

"Aw, hooch. For me and the gal."

"The girl?" quavered Tidbury.

"Say," demanded Mr. Hydeman, "did you think I was going to take a hippopotamus with me?"

Tidbury's small face was pathetic.

"You don't know what you're missing, Tid," Mr. Hydeman rattled on. "It's a real naughty party. Those costumes! Oh, bebe." Mr. Hydeman rolled his eyes toward the roof and blew thither a kiss. "Last year there was a Cleopatra there and she didn't have a thing on her but a pair of ——"

"The cashier's waiting for these figures," mumbled Mr. Epps. "I've got to go to him."

He heard Hydeman's sniggle of laughter behind him.

That evening the desperate Tidbury met Martha Ritter as she was leaving the hat company's building.

"May I come to see you to-night?" he asked, trying not to stammer and hoping his ears were not as red as they felt. "There's a nice band concert in Prospect Park and I thought ——"

Martha Ritter cocked her head to one side and smiled mysteriously.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Epps," she said coolly, "but I have an engagement."

"You—have—an—engagement?" He repeated the words as if they were a prison sentence.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Oh, it's a masquerade." She smiled, her head on one side.

"Who are you going with?" he blurted; he was trembling.

"That would be telling," she laughed. "Well, good night, Mr. Epps. I must hurry home and get my costume on. I'm going as a gypsy." And she disappeared into the maw of the Subway.

A masquerade! In gypsy costume! Tidbury was struck by the lightning of complete realization; he understood Hydeman's leer now.

"'Lo, Cutie," He Remarked in Accents Slightly Blurred. "Where's Cleopotter?"

Feebly he leaned against a lamp-post until his numbed brain could recover from the impact. Then he committed a sin. Deliberately he kicked the lamp-post a vicious kick. "Darn it all," he muttered. "Yes, gosh darn it all!"

Then he went wearily to his boarding house. Morosely he ate of Mrs. Kelty's boiled beef and bread pudding; morosely he sat in his lonely stall of a bedroom and glowered at a hole in the red carpet.

"I'm too quiet. Too darn quiet," he kept saying to himself in a sort of litany. "Yes, too gosh darn quiet."

And when he thought of Martha, sweet simple Martha, and so short a time ago his Martha, at the Pagan Rout with Hydeman, surrounded by indecorous and no doubt inebriate denizens of Greenwich Village, his head all but burst. That she was lost and, most poignant thought of all, lost to him, kept beating in upon his brain. He moaned.

Suddenly his spine straightened with a terrible resolve. His small guileless face was set in lines of stern decision. He leaped from his chair, dived under his brass bed, rummaged in his trunk and fished up twenty-five hard-saved dollars in a sock.

Clapping his hat on his head in emulation of the tilt of Mr. Hydeman's hat Tidbury issued forth. In the hall he passed Mrs. Kelty, who regarded him with some surprise.

"You're not going out, Mr. Epps?" she asked. "Why, it's after nine!"

"I am going out, Mrs. Kelty," announced Tidbury Epps.

"Back soon?"

"I may never come back," he answered hollowly.

"Sakes alive! Where are you going?"

"I am going," said Tidbury Epps firmly, "to the devil."

And he strode into the night.

II

NEVER having gone to the devil before, Mr. Epps was somewhat perplexed in mind as to the direction he should take. But a moment's reflection convinced him that Greenwich Village was the most promising place for such a pilgrimage. He had never been there before; he had been afraid to go there. Startling stories of the gay profligacy rampant in that angle of old New York had reached his ears. He believed firmly that if the devil has any headquarters in New York they are somewhere below Fourteenth Street and west of Washington Square.

Mr. Epps debouched from a bus in Washington Square and started westward along West Fourth Street with the cautious but determined tread of an explorer penetrating a trackless and cannibal-infested jungle. He glanced apprehensively to right and left, his eyes wide for the sight of painted sirens, his ears agape for gusts of ribald merriment. At each corner he

(Continued on Page 89)

He Followed These Masqueraders With the Wary Steps of an Indian Stalking a Moose

THUMBS DOWN

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"All Right, John. Me No Hurtee You, Savvy?" Cried the Fugitive

THEIR chance came in mid-afternoon. With his back toward the locomotive and his rifle upright beside him the guard sat on a rock, idly nursing one knee; Engineer Casey had turned to wipe his hands on some waste and the fireman was absorbed in a zippy item in the morning paper about a husband who became so disgruntled with his wife for refusing to permit him to kill her and the three children that he retired to the cellar and sulked for two days. Convicts 303 and 671 swung noiselessly up into the cab.

"The husband also complained ——" But what further grievances the wronged hero nursed the fireman never did ascertain. A pick handle descended solidly on the back of his head and Casey whirled at the sound, just in time to receive the convex side of a shovel full in the face. He pitched backward out of the cab at the precise moment the guard came to life and opened fire, plumping the very first shot into Casey's thigh with professional accuracy. The unfortunate engineer had hardly struck the ground before the gravel train began to move out of the pit, under a fusillade from the guard and a watchtower three hundred yards to the left, which had caught the alarm. Two other watchtowers opened on it as the engine poked its nose round the wall of the pit, but 303 had thrown the throttle wide, and they were making twenty-five miles an hour when the locomotive crashed the gates.

Guards were running from all directions, officials bellowed orders and warnings, but no confusion ensued among the prisoners. Neither did they make any attempt to turn the opportunity into a general delivery, but stood quietly where they were, watching.

"They couldn't hit a barn door," exulted 671, as the bullets cracked overhead and whined past them on both sides. Some struck the tender; not a few tore through the cab; but neither of the fugitives was touched. They thundered downgrade under a wild barrage, and then a curve in the line carried them to the lee side of a lumber yard, which acted as a screen.

"Slow her up at the slashing," yelled 671.

"She's slowing up on her own account—we've started to climb," bawled 303, who was leaning out to watch the track.

Next instant he jerked his head in and made a frantic dive for the step.

"Jump!" he screamed. "Derail ahead."

Both went out of the same side of the cab just as the locomotive took the siding. The embankment was of sand and gravel and sloped gradually, so they landed without real injury, rolling over and over in the tangle of weeds at the bottom. A terrific crash some distance ahead and a hissing boom of steam that made them both duck in apprehension as they scrambled to their feet; then they plunged into the brush.

"What'd you go and jump on me for?" snarled 303, whose loss of skin promised to make standing a pleasure.

"How—the hell could I—help it!" panted 671, as he struggled through the clinging huckleberries, and no further words were exchanged. As though it had been previously agreed upon they separated, 303 heading east while his confederate held northwest.

When he had run so far that every breath sent a stab through his chest 671 paused to listen. Then he flopped down and burrowed under a vine for a rest. He was now several miles from the prison and no sounds of pursuit reached him. Doubtless every available guard was scouring the countryside, aided by town and county officers and volunteers from the ranches, but they would move fearfully and with caution—in all likelihood without plan too—so he considered there was no immediate danger.

His most pressing need was a change of clothes. The question of food did not bother him—it would be easy to raid an orchard or vegetable patch—but so long as he wore prison garb he dared not stir in the sight of men.

After a while, fancying that he heard men shouting to one another far back, he crawled out and continued his flight, moving with the utmost wariness. His line of progress took him far from the main roads, and the country was so thinly settled that few detours were necessary in order to avoid the farms. Arrived at a brawling stream he waded up it for a full half mile, stepped out and walked southeast some distance, circled back and waded upstream again until well into the foothills. Satisfied at last that he had sufficiently messed his trail to throw the dogs off the scent, should they ever pick it up, he scaled the steep bank and entered the forest.

There was a cathedral gloom under the giant trees, a gloom pierced by long powdered shafts of light. The stillness made him apprehensive, and he stopped, half minded to sneak back to the brush. But he subdued the impulse and began to skirt the forest's edge. He still had the pick handle with him.

With almost two hours to wait until sundown and nothing to be gained from further flight until he had changed clothes, he hid the pick handle under a log and climbed into one of the lesser trees. The chances of anybody coming along were remote, because the lumber gangs were higher up, but 671 prided himself on providing against every conceivable contingency. Stretched comfortably in the crotch of a huge limb he waited for darkness, feeling secure for the first time since their get-away.

And while he waited he planned, carefully checking over all the possibilities and canvassing measures to meet them. First he must secure a suit somewhere, and a shirt, and hat and shoes. Without them he was a goner; given them, he felt confident of freedom.

"All I gotta do is lay low for a while," he decided, and that turned his thoughts to Beansey. "The poor boob," he muttered with a sort of savage contempt, "they'll nab him in no time."

He was convinced of that; even if Beansey succeeded in making a clean get-away he didn't have the guts to keep under cover. No; he would go snooping back to old haunts, and then they would grab him pronto.

"I bet the first thing the big stiff does'll be to make a bee line for that skirt," he told himself, as he eased his position on the limb. "If they had any sense they wouldn't even bother to hunt for him. It's soft. All they gotta do is keep tabs on the Jane—he'll show up sooner or later." A realization of the utter futility of Beansey's effort—he being what he was—made him shake his head; and he added, "They just can't keep away. A woman'll ruin a man every time—if he don't run straight."

They would never get him that way; no, sir-ree. His own plans for the future embraced a visit to a woman, but only incidentally, and his case was vastly different. They had Beansey's whole record and connections on file—why, the poor sap used to write to her, and she would bring him things!—but 671's were shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They didn't even know his right name, they didn't know he was married, and they didn't know about the kid, either. He had paid with two years of his life for that boy, born ten days before he received the news. They never found that letter, so they did not know he had tried the stickup to get some money to send home. The utmost they had been able to dig up about him amounted to this: He was a bum, with a passion for gambling, who had blown in from the north. And to this day Cora did not know what had become of him.

"It's like she don't give a damn either—by now," he decided. "But neither do I, so it's horse and horse. Maybe she's married again for all I know. But I just got to see that boy—that's all there is to it."

Far off rose the baying of dogs, but they seemed to be moving eastward and occasioned him no especial uneasiness. A little later the faint echo of two shots reached him and he grinned.

"Either Beansey or a cow," he said scornfully.

A golden glow persisted beyond the edge of the forest long after it grew dusk around him, and he remained in his perch until the stars came out. Then he descended, regained possession of the pick handle and started out of the woods.

Lights were moving at many points in the valley, and far in the distance a brilliant cluster on a hill marked the location of the prison. While he gazed a searchlight began to play, probing and stabbing the darkness as the operator explored the slopes, the valley, the dense thickets. 671 chuckled derisively.

"That's it—advertise!" Why didn't they come out with a brass band and be done with it?

He tried to count the moving lights, but gave up the task as hopeless. There were at least fifty of them. "And all scared," he said bitterly. A wave of resentment surged up in him against his pursuers. There they were, scores of men no better than himself, hunting him down with dogs and guns like a wild animal! Suddenly the searchlight described a wide arc and stopped full on him. In its appalling glare he stood rooted to the spot, unable to move a limb; a mad fear that they must surely see him, that they would shout his name and point, choked the breath in his throat; but the searchlight moved on, and he went smashing down the slopes into the sheltering broom.

He had no intention of returning to the valley and running risk of capture. There were several farmhouses not far from the edge of the forest, and he would sneak down to one of them, spy out the situation until certain that nobody stirred, and then gain entrance. All he wanted was a change of clothes and something to eat, and he hoped passionately he would not have to fight for them; but if fight he must, he had the pick handle.

In a few minutes he was stopped by a wire fence inclosing an apple orchard. The fruit hung down within reach and he pulled half a dozen, eating them on the spot. As he finished the last he became conscious of movement behind a thicket not ten yards away, and a huge blurred shape emerged slowly into view, scaring him so that his flesh pringled. He retreated swiftly, grasping his club, but almost immediately relaxed, for as the shape moved a bell clanked harshly.

"Good business," thought 671. "I can use you."

The cow went sniffing to the fence, discovered him and gave a startled snort, lumbering off as though to flee; but after a few steps it stopped to stare back. 671 picked another apple and tossed it close to her. The cow smelled all around, with a deal of blowing, found the fruit and began to munch.

With the bait swallowed his job was easier. He took an apple in his hand and advanced toward the animal, very

slowly and cautiously, murmuring soothingly "So, bossy; so, bossy!" The darkness made her suspicious, but being very gentle she permitted his approach, craning her neck in order to obtain the delicacy without allowing him to come too near. His fingers touched her muzzle—rubbed it. They were friendly and reassuring, and she did not try to run. Up, up they moved as she bit into the fruit he offered. Within two minutes 671 had unbuckled the bell strap.

"So long, old girl," he said softly. "Beat it." And holding the bell by the clapper he stole away.

It was to prove his salvation very soon. As he neared a dark blotch against the sky line which he judged to be a farmhouse in its grove of shade trees a dead stick snapped under his foot, and instantly a voice cried, "Who's there?" The flash of a gun followed the query; 671 heard the whistling of the buckshot as he threw himself flat. The bell dropped from his hand with a loud clank. He grabbed it, sprang up and dashed off noisily through the brush, whooping through his lips and jangling the bell.

"Another cow," he heard behind him. "She ain't hurt or she couldn't get such a move on."

Not wishing to let them trace his progress too far, he halted to listen.

"Let's go up on the porch and have a smoke," suggested a second voice, a trifle nervously, and he could hear them moving toward the house.

671 went the other way. He needed a suit of clothes badly, but he had no ambition to argue with a couple of shotguns for its possession.

Presently he struck an irrigation ditch on the edge of an alfalfa field, and halted irresolutely. He had come upon no such ditch or field on his downward journey, and he glanced up at the sky and the rim of the mountain in order to determine his bearings. Persuaded that he was heading in the right direction he stepped gingerly into the water, being reluctant to try a jump without knowing the width, since a splash would betray him.

And then there rose up as from the earth two shadows directly in front. They could not have been more than twenty yards distant and 671 felt positive they had discovered him. The bell was useless here where no cover existed. He cowered down—lower and lower, until the bank of the ditch hid him, then let his body sink under the water. With only his head out he waited until a beam of light shot across the field, took a deep breath and ducked under.

The owner of the flashlight played it over the field for a moment, then snapped it off.

"That's queer," he said to his companion. "I could have sworn I saw something move a minute ago."

"So did I," replied his companion, "but I've been seeing things all night. Do you reckon they'll make me pay for that mule?"

671 had come up for air when the light went off, and he heard this dialogue. They crossed the ditch on a plank not ten feet from him and he went under again, but they did not think to explore the waters.

Two minutes later he wormed out on his belly, made sure nobody was in the field, and then stood up. The water seeped from him in streams, and when he had gained the cover of some brush he stopped long enough to wring out his uniform and drain and squeeze his shoes. That done, carrying the shoes, he circled around a couple of farms and finally reached the shelter of the woods. The chase was too hot for him.

The chill of dawn broke his fitful sleep—sleep tortured by nightmares of captors springing at his throat, and he unable, through a numbness that deadened his limbs, to lift hand against them. Emitting a strangled cry he lurched to his feet and stared around him, and as he stood there with his back against a tree, the clear, bell-like note of a hound broke the solemn hush.

He drew in a long quivering breath, with a backward movement of the head almost like despair. They were after him and close at his heels. That dog was not a mile back on his trail; they must have picked it up near the last farm. He cursed the panic that had driven him to ignore the precaution of wading the stream again.

A moment's indecision, and courage and resolution returned with a rush. He headed up the mountain.

An hour later, completely exhausted from the climb, he threw himself down behind a felled tree to get his breath. A lumber gang had been busy here; while he lay with his eyes closed, listening to the tumultuous beating of his heart, some squareheads passed to work not a hundred yards from his place of concealment. They were talking and laughing; the pungent smoke of their tobacco stung his nostrils. Suddenly the baying of dogs came clear and strong, and they halted to listen, but almost immediately went on, jabbering excitedly.

Before they were out of sight and hearing 671 was again on the move. He dared not tarry longer, whatsoever the risk from the lumberjacks. A run of a quarter of a mile brought him into a clearing, and there in front of him were a bunkhouse and a mess shack, with smoke rising from their stovepipes.

He pulled up short and in that instant had an inspiration. Advancing cautiously to the mess shack he peeped through a window. At first he could discern nothing, but presently made out the figure of a Chinaman, busy at the wash pan. 671 tiptoed around to the door, grabbed a meat cleaver that was lying on a block beside the stoop, and dashed into the shack. The cook whirled in dismay and then backed toward a corner, crying out in fear and supplication, with his hands out as though to push the intruder off.

"All right, John. Me no hurtee you, savvy?" cried the fugitive hoarsely as he scanned the premises. What he sought stood on a shelf—a box of matches. He seized it, caught up an uneaten portion of fried steak from a plate on the table, and fled, taking the cleaver with him.

The meat was intended for his breakfast, but he had barely gained the trees when another use for it arose. Out of the fringe on the far side of the clearing burst a pumpkin-colored bloodhound in full cry. The hunt was still a full mile in rear; this dog had distanced the other pursuers.

According to tradition, the convict ought to have been in mortal terror of the beast. In literature, the bloodhound has always symbolized relentless, savage lust for killing its quarry. As a matter of fact, the savage bloodhound is a fairly harmless creature, with nothing to inspire terror except an unerring nose. Some are trained to be vicious—systematically tormented while on leash, with the deliberate purpose of making them dangerous to everybody except their keepers.

671 was not especially concerned about this elephant-eared dog; he knew that the "catch" dogs were far back, probably on leash; it was the men behind who worried him, and so long as the hound held his trail, that menace would persist. Therefore he waited.

Arrived close to its quarry the bloodhound stopped irresolutely. The convict spoke to it soothingly and the dog seemed at a loss whether to be hostile or wag its tail. Before it could decide the question 671 tossed the steak directly under its nose and the hound gobbled the titbit. And when 671 called to it, with outstretched hand, he approached for more. The cleaver flashed in a downward swing and with a yelp cut short in the middle the bloodhound stretched out. 671 continued his flight.

Arrived where the underbrush was dense he halted and applied a match to some dry leaves. He set fire to another tangle a hundred yards to the left, ran still farther across the front of the chase and started a third blaze. Then, returning to the central point of his fire screen, he struck straight upward over the mountain. Every few hundred paces he would set more underbrush burning, until the flames were roaring behind him. Then he lowered his head and applied himself to running. So dry was the forest that he calculated the dead timber would be a seething furnace within ten minutes, and the pursuers unable to penetrate it. What little breeze stirred was in his favor, and he trusted to keeping ahead of the flames.

It was not yet dark on the following evening when 671 issued from hiding on the other side of the mountain and approached the highway. For several hours during the afternoon he had watched from a haystack a paving gang at work near the crossroads; he had counted the motorists as they arrived and turned sharply to the west along the dirt road, sending up clouds of dust; but the laborers had long since knocked off and, so far as he could see, there wasn't a motorist in the entire length of the valley.

Maintaining a sharp lookout he advanced to the barrier the paving gang had placed across the highway leading south. A placard on the stake, topped by a red flag, carried the warning "Road Closed. Detour," and underneath was an arrow pointing to the right.

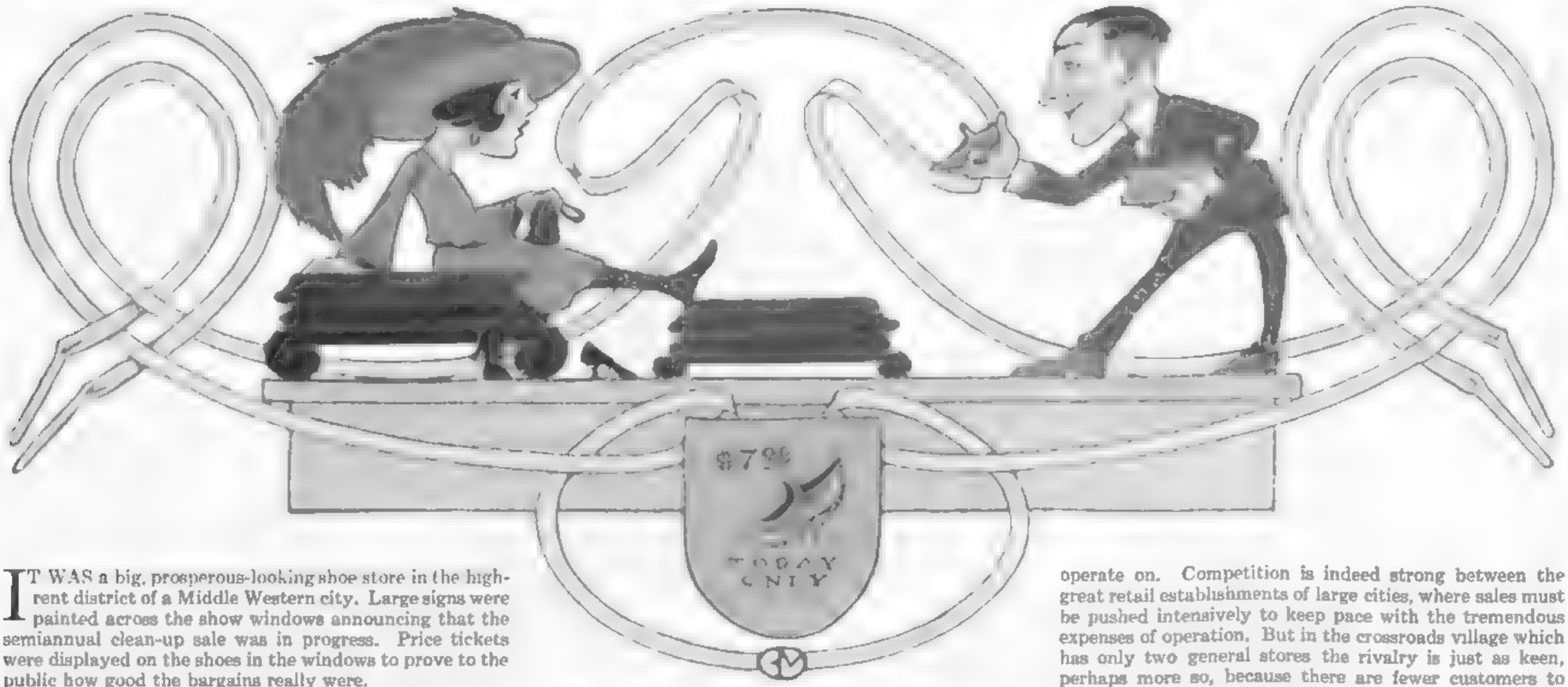
671 started to remove the barrier. He had dumped half of it into the ditch when the screech of a siren sent him scurrying into the weeds like a scared rabbit. A high-powered car came racing for the crossroads, followed by a flivver. They slowed down to thirty miles at the turn and the fugitive caught a glimpse of the man beside the driver in the lead car. It was the warden.

Divided between elation and hate the convict waved his hand at the disappearing machines and cried, "Good-by, Old Wooden Face!" adding a vile epithet as he returned to the barrier. Having carried the second plank to the ditch he tore down the stake with the flag and placard, and flung them into the grass. The newly paved highway was now open to

(Continued on Page 66)

"What'd You Try to Beat it For?" Demanded the Constable, Advancing on Him

HARD-TIMES RETAILING



By J. R. Sprague

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT WAS a big, prosperous-looking shoe store in the high-rent district of a Middle Western city. Large signs were painted across the show windows announcing that the semiannual clean-up sale was in progress. Price tickets were displayed on the shoes in the windows to prove to the public how good the bargains really were.

The interior of the store was a picture of activity. The two long rows of chairs stretching back to back down the center aisle were completely filled with customers, each busy clerk trying to serve two or three at the same time. A couple of floorwalkers went nervously up and down, soothing the people who were not being waited on and promising that their wants should be attended shortly. Every minute a little wire basket would be pulleyed to the ceiling, freighted with a pair of shoes to be shunted back to the office for wrapping. From the standpoint of merchandising it was a pleasant scene.

I expected to find the proprietor in a genial mood when I sought him out in his office at the rear and asked him how business was. He was not genial; he was decidedly gloomy as he answered my question.

"Plenty of stuff is going out of the house," he said, "so I guess I ought to say business is good. But we aren't selling shoes. We're giving them away."

The shoe man was out of sorts with things in general. He was disposing of shoes, he said, at seven dollars a pair which had cost him nine dollars a pair, wholesale. Every time one of the little wire baskets shunted back to the wrapping counter with a pair of shoes in it, he was two dollars poorer. And this was only part of the loss. His expense of doing business amounted to 25 per cent of his sales. It was costing him, therefore, nearly four dollars every time he sold a seven-dollar pair of shoes. I said it must be pretty discouraging.

Cleaning Out the Boom-Time Stocks

"YOU bet it's discouraging," the shoe man replied; "but I haven't told you the worst of it by any means."

He took me into his confidence and told me of a deal he had just put over which had nicked him still further. Lying on his desk was a check for five thousand dollars. Ordinarily a check for that amount would look good to any merchant, but the shoe man slapped his hand down on it irritably.

"That check represents exactly fifty thousand dollars' worth of shoes," he said, "which I sold in bulk to a speculator for ten cents on the dollar. The loss on that deal alone is more than I ever made in any one year since I have been in business."

Then the merchant told me how it had happened. During the two or three years of extra-good business he had plunged on merchandise, as had most of his competitors. People wanted stylish shoes and they did not mind the price. He bought right and left from any manufacturer who could promise delivery. For fear of losing an occasional sale he stocked up with all sorts of novelty footwear and in every size and shape which could possibly be called for.

Naturally, such promiscuous buying led to an accumulation of unsalable shoes. Special prices were offered on the ultra-fancy patterns and clerks were given a bonus every time they managed to sell a pair; but these methods failed to make much of an impression on the stock of passé footwear. A careful invoice at the beginning of the past summer showed fully fifty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise in the house which had to be classed as dead stock. When the speculator came along and made an offer of ten cents on the dollar for the lot, the shoe merchant accepted the offer.

The case of this Middle Western shoe dealer is not an uncommon one. During the past year the retail merchants of the country have taken losses amounting to many millions of dollars. A great deal of it has been due to the reduction of wholesale prices, but a greater loss has been due to the overoptimistic buying which the merchants did during the boom times.

The dealer who was caught at the beginning of this year with a stock of staple merchandise on which the wholesale prices had gone down has had to take a loss, certainly; but staple merchandise will always sell when it is reduced to the market price. The shoe merchant I have mentioned had no trouble in working off his conservative numbers at seven dollars a pair, because at that price they were good value. But the extra-fancy ones had to go at ten cents on the dollar.

On the surface storekeeping seems a simple business. All one has to do, it would appear, is rent a store in the retail section of some good town, buy a stock of goods, hire a couple of clerks, put some ads in the newspaper and then open up to receive the buying public. When certain articles are sold, orders are sent in to the wholesale houses for more. It seems so simple, indeed, that a good many people engage in storekeeping who are not at all fitted for it.

The cost of running a retail establishment is a great deal more than appears on the surface. In very few lines can an establishment be operated on less than 20 per cent of the total sales; in some lines the expenses go as high as 40 per cent. And, contrary to usual belief, it costs just as great a percentage to do business in a small town as in a great city. The average expense in the retail shoe business is, let us say, 25 per cent. The small-town dealer who sells twenty thousand dollars' worth of shoes in a year will pay out five thousand dollars of his receipts for expenses. The big-city dealer who sells a million dollars' worth of shoes in a year will pay out two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for expenses.

Twenty years ago it was perhaps true that merchandise cost somewhat more in communities that were remote from the great wholesale and manufacturing centers, but all that has been changed. People read magazine advertisements more than they did then and are better posted on prices. A great many nationally advertised articles are sold at fixed prices and it would be a brave merchant indeed who would venture to stick an extra profit on a piece of merchandise universally known.

For the rest local competition automatically tends to keep prices down as low as is safe for the merchants to operate on. Competition is indeed strong between the great retail establishments of large cities, where sales must be pushed intensively to keep pace with the tremendous expenses of operation. But in the crossroads village which has only two general stores the rivalry is just as keen, perhaps more so, because there are fewer customers to work on. The proprietor of a metropolitan department store need not worry so very much when he sees half a dozen people leave his establishment without purchasing: he knows that half a dozen other people will be in the next minute with whom he may have better luck. But it is no joke for a small-town merchant when a customer says she guesses she will look a little further before purchasing, and then goes out the front door heading for the competing store across the square. In such a case it is a stiff-necked merchant indeed who will not follow the lady to the door and tell her he guesses he can make a little better price rather than see a good customer go out.

Even though a merchant may have an apparent monopoly on the business of his community, he does not escape competition. Nowhere can a man fix his prices to suit himself. A few months ago I was on a day train going from Albuquerque to El Paso. The Rio Grande River had been on one of its rises, and receded, leaving a good deal of the adjacent landscape under three or four feet of sand. At one station the train had to wait a couple of hours until the sand could be shoveled off the track ahead. Having run out of talk with the brakeman, I decided to kill time by looking over the town.

Long-Distance Competition

THE place reminded one somewhat of Syracuse, New York, in that the railroad track ran right through the business quarter. The retail district was directly across the street from the depot and consisted of a general store, which had a false front to make the building look taller, and a stoop with spindly pillars. That the establishment had a good trade was evidenced by a cow pony tied to one of the spindly pillars and a couple of dusty automobiles parked alongside. Three dwelling houses comprised the residential section of the community. It did not appear a likely place for business, but the brakeman had told me that there were plenty of well-to-do farmers and ranchmen living in the valleys back of the low range of mountains to the west. The general store was the trading center for all the population within a radius of thirty miles.

Here, if anywhere, I thought, a storekeeper ought to be free from the restraining influences of competition; with no other merchant to cut in on his trade he could demand almost any prices he chose. The general store was also the post office, and as I went in the proprietor was fixing up a money order for a patron, a lanky individual with a red handkerchief round his neck and leather chaps on his legs, evidently the owner of the cow pony outside. The merchant, I noticed, did not seem very expansive toward his patron, and I set it down as added evidence that a man may be pretty independent when his nearest competitor is more than thirty miles away.

After a while I got a chance to have a little chat with him. I asked him how business was and he replied that it was just so-so.

In my next question I tried to be diplomatic.

"You ought to get pretty good prices for your stuff," I suggested, "being so far away from any big city"; then

adding hurriedly: "but of course you ought to have more profit in a place like this, where the freight is so high and everything."

"I might make a decent profit," the merchant answered earnestly, "if I wasn't up against such strong competition."

"How do you mean, competition?" I demanded. "It seems to me that you have less competition than any business man I ever knew."

The merchant stared at me as if he suspected I might be trying to put something over. His tone in replying was a shade aggressive.

"I guess you don't know much about business," he said. "Don't you suppose these farmers and ranchers round here ever take a trip? You bet they do. There's hardly a family but that goes to El Paso or Albuquerque at least once a year to buy all kinds of stuff, and then they come back here and tell me how cheap everything is in these places If my prices aren't right down to city levels I hear about it."

I said I could understand that all right, but argued that people who went to a big city only once a year or so could not possibly remember the prices of everything; and besides, they had to buy things during the year on which there was no way for them to be familiar with prices.

The merchant snorted impatiently.

"Prices!" he repeated. "Prices!" He pointed to a stack of bulky third-class mail matter lying behind the post-office partition. "There's a thousand pages of prices in every one of those parcels. Catalogues from Chicago and Kansas City mail-order houses. That's what they are. And every one of them addressed to some customer of mine!"

The situation was so painful that I could not think of anything to say and the merchant remained moodily silent. After a while I ventured to ask him if he had to meet the prices quoted in the catalogues.

"Do I?" he rasped. "You bet your bottom dollar I do!"

The Thrifty Banjo Player

HE POINTED through the open front door to the lanky individual in chaps whom I had seen buying a money order when I first entered the store. The gentleman had evidently finished his serious business in town and had gone over to the station to find out why the passenger train was staying so long.

"You see that cowpuncher there," the merchant said irritably. "He is the one I just sold a money order to. And what do you think that money order was for?" He answered his own question by reaching up and taking a banjo from a hook on the wall. It was a beautiful banjo, the round part of shiny nickel and the handle decorated with little pieces of pearl set in the wood under the strings. Any banjo lover would certainly be willing to pay a good price for such an attractive instrument.

"A couple of weeks ago that cowboy came in here," the merchant continued, "and priced this banjo. I told him it was twenty-eight dollars, and cheap at the price. He played a couple of tunes on it and I thought sure I had it sold, but after admiring it a while he said he wasn't ready to buy just then but maybe he would see about it later. I didn't think much about it at the time, but a few days later a Kansas City mail-order catalogue came addressed to him and I began to get a little suspicious."

The merchant paused a moment to reflect how well founded his suspicions had been.

"But it wasn't until to-day that the whole truth came out," he continued bitterly, "when that cowpuncher came in here and told me he wanted to buy a twenty-seven-dollar money order. My duty as a postmaster keeps me from asking anyone what he is going to buy with a money order, but it doesn't require any detective to tell what this twenty-seven dollars is for, which he is sending off to Kansas City. Besides, I looked in the catalogue myself after he had gone, and I saw where that firm had the same banjo priced a dollar less than mine."

The merchant had proved that I knew nothing about competition and there was nothing more to say. Half an hour later as my train was pulling out I saw the cowboy mount his pony and start on a lope toward the low range of mountains to the westward, doubtless dreaming of the beautiful banjo that would soon be his through the enterprise and square-deal prices of the Kansas City catalogue house.

If competition keeps prices down even in remote parts of the country, there would not seem to be much chance for a storekeeper to charge more than his fellows in cities where there are dozens of men going after the same customers. As a matter of fact it would be suicidal for one merchant to try to sell any well-known line of merchandise at a higher price than some other merchant on the next street. The big city department stores constantly employ people to go into competitors' establishments for the purpose of pricing things so as to make sure that values are about the same. One frequently hears someone say that a certain store is high priced. Such a store may handle high-priced goods, to be sure; but it can be set down as almost a truism that no merchant would dare to charge a higher percentage of profit than his competitors.

If it is customary in the men's neckwear trade, for instance, to sell neckties at 50 per cent profit, it may safely be assumed that all the necktie stores in the country will sell their goods at that profit. A tie that costs at wholesale fifty cents would be sold at seventy-five cents by practically all the necktie stores, whether they were located in Boston, Los Angeles or San Marcos, Texas. If a dealer could not run his establishment economically enough to make a living on the percentage of profit he would simply be squeezed out of the game.

These rules apply of course to ordinary times. But the present year is not ordinary. Practically every merchant in the country found himself at the beginning of the buyers' strike loaded up with merchandise that was worth a great deal less than he had paid for it. In some lines it had shrunk almost overnight to half its value. The manner in which they have worked themselves out of difficulties is a pretty good test of individual ability.

Generally speaking, the retailers who boldly accepted the situation and took their losses at once are the ones who are in the best shape now. Perhaps such a course seems easy to one who did not have to go through it; from a human-nature standpoint it is mighty hard. Recently I talked with a merchant whose story showed pretty well the human side of it. He is a man in his forties, the proprietor of an establishment in a large Texas city.

"I have been in business for myself for more than fifteen years," he told me, "and I guess my experience has been just about average. I never got myself written up in the trade papers as a marvelous merchandiser, and I have never been asked to make a speech at the retail merchants' convention to tell the members how I did it. I started with small capital and just plugged along year after year, doing the best I could.

"Each January when I took stock I would find that I was three or four thousand dollars better off than I had been twelve months before. During the war and afterward I made a good deal more than that. A year ago I could count myself fairly to be worth seventy-five thousand dollars.

"It was a mighty pleasant feeling. For years I had been looking forward to the time when I could consider myself really safe; apparently I had attained safety. My whole fortune, to be sure, was tied up in my stock of merchandise, but I had a good, established trade and felt that nothing now could stand in the way of future prosperity. My wife and I began to plan how we would take a trip every year and see some of the places we had read about; we were even optimistic enough to anticipate Paris and London in a year or so. Fifty times a day, I suppose, I would give myself a little thrill of satisfaction by reflecting that I had arrived; I was safe; I was worth seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Last January I woke up to the fact that a change was taking place. For some time I had been getting quotations from manufacturers showing that wholesale prices were going down, but I had not worried because I had figured that I could move what I had on hand at the old prices and then replenish my stock at lower figures. I would still be worth seventy-five thousand dollars."

Hard Hit by the Buyers' Strike

"BUT I found that people would not buy at the old prices. Other merchants were putting on sales, and daily stories in the newspapers informed the public that it could expect better values for its money. Every mail brought lower quotations from the manufacturers. I did my annual invoicing and faced actual conditions.

"Based on the prices at which I had bought my stock it invoiced ninety thousand dollars. I owed something like fifteen thousand dollars for recent purchases not yet due. On paper, then, I was still worth my seventy-five thousand dollars.

"But my actual worth was far less. Wholesale prices had receded more than one-third. The real value of my stock was around fifty-five thousand dollars, no more. I still owed the fifteen thousand. I was actually worth perhaps forty thousand dollars.

"You can imagine that it was an awful bump. I was no better off than I had been five years before. Five years of hard work and worry had gone for nothing. All ideas of long vacations and trips to London and Paris went up in thin smoke. Instinctively I began to try to scheme some means of side-stepping the loss. I had told myself so many times I was worth seventy-five thousand dollars that I couldn't bear to admit it was less. I thought perhaps I could get away with it by advertising my goods at 10 or 15 per cent discount and so unload without any particular loss. It even crossed my mind to do as I had heard of others doing—to mark all my goods up about 35 per cent, putting on new price tags at that advance, and then advertise tremendous bargains at discounts ranging from 25 to 40 per cent from the marked prices.

(Continued on Page 46)

HIGH CORROSIVE—By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

No Use, He Thought to Himself, of an Earthen Pot Trying to Swim With Iron Ones

IT WAS a foregone, a hopelessly foregone conclusion that they should fall in love with each other, Arianna Fitch and young Bartlett Temple; and not the everyday humdrum sort of love, with its pleasant absorption, its mild tipple of caresses, its little playful squabbles and reconciliations, its rose-colored assurance and its conceit, its smooth, level road leading so inevitably to a future of contented domesticity. Their love had no level. It was all dizzy heights and awful depths, a torment, a mirage, an impossibility, almost a dread—to Bartlett Temple, that is—because he did not want to fall in love with anyone. He was absorbed in the beginnings of his ambitious career. He knew he had got to work like the very devil if he meant to get on in New York and in the law. The place in the employ of the firm of Fitch, Bestmer and Haines which he occupied was no dallying primrose path of managing moribund estates and drawing wills for crotchety old ladies, getting divorces for beautiful actresses or trying spectacular murder cases with violent sob oratory.

Fitch, Bestmer and Haines were corporation and banking lawyers, big, sound, superlatively skilled. They knew corporation and banking law backwards, forwards and sometimes very, very roundabout—by a wholly legal pathway, to be sure. And they had a hand-picked half dozen young men in the employ of the firm who had to make good or get out. If one of their youngsters could show his chiefs anything that the older men had overlooked, any improvement or embellishment of method, or discover any flaw or weakness and convince the firm that it was a flaw or weakness, his salary was raised automatically and not illiberally. This kept the lads on their toes, so to speak.

Bartlett Temple was one of those brilliant, penniless country boys, aware from the first that if he was to have a future he must get it himself. He had put himself through university and law school and then had come down to New York determined to take only the very best to be had there. He had got into Fitch, Bestmer and Haines' on the recommendation of that well-loved, wise teacher, Dean Ames, who had been a classmate of Gilroy Fitch and never failed to pass the word along when a bit of fine, human legal metal came into his hands. Once in the firm, the young man demonstrated that his professor had not been mistaken in him. He had had three of those merit raises of salary. On the memorable occasion when he pointed out that recent income-tax legislation had probably invalidated the state laws imposing taxes on all state and national banks, laying the basis for certiorari proceedings for the recovery by banks represented by his firm for several million dollars—why, on that occasion Gilroy Fitch invited him to dinner.

It was no light honor to be thus marked for personal intercourse with the senior member of the firm, that lean, imperturbable elderly bachelor whose mind was a flawless mechanism of logic and intuition and whose scant leisure was spent in collecting old Dutch glass. Bartlett went eagerly, not to curry favor with Gilroy Fitch, but because he liked and respected the old man. Also he was endowed with perhaps life's greatest blessing and resource, a lively, probing—but not petty—interest in all the human beings with whom he came in contact. He liked to know what they did, what they thought, what they felt, to read their springs of action, to observe their habits of thought, their vagaries of taste. Nor was this a cold-blooded curiosity. Rather it was based on his own essentially warm humanity of feeling and his unconscious desire to enrich his life with experience.

Well, he got plenty of experience from that dinner. It was there he met Arianna.

"My niece," said Gilroy Fitch, and with these two dull words he waved Bartlett toward fate.

Her dark eyes were on a level with his shoulder, her dark hair was fantastically rumpled, with an old silver comb, high and plain and beautifully dull in color, stuck into it. Because she was merely to dine with Uncle Gilroy and one of his bright young men—and Arianna had berated Uncle Gilroy for dragging in the young man, reminding him that they had such jolly times alone together, which was true—she had not troubled to dress with her usual studied magnificence. She had put on what she called an old rag, a straight slip of scarlet-and-silver brocade which she had had for at least four months and worn already a dozen times, so it was quite ready for the rag bag. Her maid had looked three volumes of French disapproval when Arianna chose it. But there was something about that dress—its gayety, its clear tone, its subtle excellence of line—that had made it a favorite of Arianna, and in the dark quietude of Uncle Gilroy's books and leather chairs, among his shelves of pouting, hugeous green carboys and old schnapps containers, that scarlet dress was as effective as a cardinal bird in a cedar tree. Arianna favored effectiveness at all times. What is more, she achieved it.

So there she was, disturbing, lovely; and Bartlett Temple was in love with her before he had got through his soup, and she was certainly in love with him by the time the very excellent *macédoine au kirsch* was served. Even Gilroy Fitch felt something unusual in the air, but did not identify it. He merely wondered if he was going to have one of his rare but very tiresome attacks of nervous indigestion.

Given the ordinary course of events, Bartlett Temple would have followed Arianna out to her limousine when she departed and, holding tightly to her hand, would have said, "When am I going to see you again?" At her answer, which would undoubtedly have been "Tomorrow," he would have gone home to his little, cramped bachelor apartment in a mood of highest elation. But he did not say it. He only looked at her, wondering if any girl was ever so desirable, so wonderful, marveling at the slimness of her, the perfection of her hands and wrists, the length of her lashes, the curve of her little round chin. And as he looked his heart sank lower—and lower—and lower. He went home in misery.

It was the money—Arianna's money. Her father, C. D. Fitch, Gilroy Fitch's younger and only brother, had died three years before and left his spectacular fortune to his daughter. Arianna was the great heiress of her season, a débutante so gilded that no man, unless he was worth as much or nearly as much as she, could in decency ask her to marry him. She had made her bow to society just before her father's death. Afterward she had been, by inclination as well as convention, in retirement. From this retirement she had now emerged, but the experience had put a little shadow on her radiance, making it unconsciously more alluring.

Bartlett Temple of course knew of Arianna. He had seen her picture in many papers, had read of her comings and goings, casually, when the name caught his eye, simply because she was Gilroy Fitch's niece, but without a flicker of any other interest. He knew of her money, the solidity of it, its power. C. D. Fitch's will had been much commented on everywhere, because for all his wealth he had left none of those bundles of fancy gilt-sealed, pompous-looking stock certificates which upon examination would not pay for their printing. Most rich men's safe-deposit boxes, after death, reveal some of these, to be listed coldly in appraisals, "Value—none." Arianna's father had been a superastute investor, constructive, eager to develop and to share with his associates rather than to wreck and get out with a pile for himself, letting the others hold the bag.

He had not displayed similar good sense about his daughter his only child. He had spoiled her, knowingly, dotingly, because it was such a pleasure to him to indulge her; because he could not bear to think of her wanting anything she might not have. Luckily he had provided her with a woman of taste and breeding and strength of character, and a sense of humor, for companion and chaperon. Mrs. Mardison was a woman in a thousand. Without friction, without apparent effort, she kept Arianna from excessive hardness and vanity and selfishness, those triple sins of overindulged youth. Not that Arianna did not want her own way, and take it, but Lucy Mardison kept that way from being ultimately mean and barren.

Lucy Mardison was waiting for Arianna when she returned from the dinner with Gilroy Fitch. She had made herself very comfortable in her own little Georgian sitting room, where each piece was a grace and treasure and where she herself with her serene dignity and prematurely white hair belonged most perfectly. She was reading Of Human Bondage for the twentieth time, and enjoying it as well as if it were the first. Enter Arianna, a scarlet nymph.

"Lucy," she said abruptly, "I've met the man I'm going to marry."

"And does he know it?" asked Lucy Mardison, holding her finger in the book.

"No, but he will."

They both laughed, Arianna a trifle shamefaced.

"Tell me about him," said Lucy Mardison.

And Arianna told; and as she talked there came to Lucy Mardison a conviction that this was, indeed, that strange and mystic strength, that rare and touching fragility, that profound mystery of the body and heart, that flower of the spirit—real love.

In the meantime Bartlett Temple was suffering abjectly. If it had been any barrier but money! Anything but that! He made a fair salary; he looked forward to an honorable future, and not an unlucrative one. Gilroy Fitch's share in his firm's practice amounted to something over a quarter of a million a year. Some day he, Bartlett, could and would make as much. But—that was too far ahead even to think about. In the meantime he was, beside Arianna's heritage, a pauper. If he sought her, courted her, he would be labeled fortune hunter without a question, everywhere. He choked with disgust at such a state.

So if he would preserve the integrity of his self-respect there was only one thing to do—forget Arianna, forget that he had ever seen her, ever talked to her; put her out of his thoughts; put her out of his heart; make this night as if it had not been; blot out her loveliness and her warmth with impenetrable shadows and go on his way exactly as he had always planned. All of which, gritting his teeth and groaning in spirit, he proceeded to do—or rather—to attempt to do. At least set it down to his credit that he made no move to see her.

Perhaps he might have got away with it had it not been for Arianna herself. She telephoned to him and invited him to dinner. In a trembling rapture at hearing her voice, little and bright and commanding in his ear, he had presence of mind enough to say that he had most unfortunately another engagement.

"Tuesday then," said Arianna, persistent.

"I'm so sorry ——" he began.

"Wednesday then, or Thursday or Friday," she said impatiently, "or Saturday or Sunday or any day next week. You can't be engaged for all of them. You must come."

"Thursday I'll be delighted to come," he said, saving his face—and hers. Not that she cared, only she thought it was adorable of him.

So on Thursday he went up to the great gray house on Fifth Avenue and rang the bell and was admitted by the second man to an interior that was so rich and yet so unrestrained in its riches that it gave only a satisfying sense of its beauty and color. Afterward one remembered the Goyas, the somber El Greco, the Rodin bronze, the paneling, the small, exquisite detail.

There were two or three other guests, a Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, an extra man, but Bartlett Temple saw them through a mist, and the mist was his acute and ravished consciousness of Arianna. Arianna in white, looking like a demure little girl, pearls in her hair, pearls at her throat, a flutter of blue ribbons, and looking at him—though he kept telling himself that it was just his damned imagination—with understanding and response. Lucy Mardison, seeing the two of them, felt an absurd inclination to cry. They were so young and so good-looking and so helplessly entangled with each other. It was sweet and pitiful.

He intended to go away early, but Arianna made it impossible. Skillfully she got rid of the Prescotts, the extra man, and even Lucy Mardison. She knew what she wanted, did Arianna, and she was the bolder about getting it because she knew that Bartlett wanted it much more, and she was certain that he would not try to get it. But when she was at last alone with him shyness fell upon her, and she could only sit and fidget her fingers and wait for him to speak. She was not disappointed. Bartlett spoke, bluntly and to the point.

"Look here, Miss Fitch," he began, "you—you were awfully good to ask me here to-night, but—I don't want you to ask me again. I can't come here. I can't see you."

"Why not?" managed Arianna.

"You know why. It sounds grotesque to say so when I've only seen you twice, but I'm so in love with you it's torture. I won't stand it. I can't stand it. It can't offend you if I say that, for I wouldn't have the sublime nerve to say anything more."

"Why won't you say anything more?" asked Arianna, and took his eyes squarely with her own.

"Because—oh, what's the use! It's your cursed money! Here you are, simply plastered with all kinds of money, and—and everything, and I make seventy-five hundred a year. There you have it!"

"Then," said Arianna thoughtfully, "if I were poor, maybe the stenographer in your office with a little flat in the Bronx, and a couple of hundred-dollar Liberty Bonds, then—then you'd feel as if—you could—say something—more?"

He turned white and then red with anger.

"It's cruel of you to make a joke about it," he said. "This is real with me. I'm not acting like this because I enjoy it, you know. I realize the hopelessness of it."

And then Arianna became angry too.

"And what about me? Just because my father had a lot of money I'm not a girl like any other girl? Why does it make me different? Have I no feeling? Why do you suppose I made you come to-night? Have I got to say—everything? For I will sooner than let you go. It's you who are cruel."

"You can't possibly mean ——" he stammered.

"But I do I do!"

Her lip quivered and tears sprang into her eyes. Bartlett hadn't a chance of escape in the world.

And that was that.

Passing over all the sensation the engagement caused and the paragraphs in the society weeklies and the pictures in the Sunday supplements and all the rest of the hurroo and hullaballoo that the engagement of a girl so gilded with pure gold as Arianna to such a comparatively obscure and penniless young lawyer as Bartlett, the vital part of the affair was the effect on the two principals. They were at once ecstatically happy and perfectly miserable. The trouble lay in what Arianna called Bartlett's ridiculous squeamishness and silly scruples. They had any number of appallingly frank talks on the subject.

"I wish," said Bartlett one day, "that you'd tell me exactly what you've got. You have this Gothic castle on Fifth Avenue. I know that. And there is, I understand, an Italian villa at Newport. Go on, tell me the worst. What else?"

"We-ell, there's the farm in Virginia—it's an adorable place, Bart. You'll love it. The stables are there, but I've never been down but once since father died. He liked it best of all. Now I can go again, with you. I think we might spend a few weeks every spring and fall there, don't you? On our way up from Aiken, or going to Florida."

"What else besides the farm?" asked Bartlett drearily.

"The place at Tuxedo. Lucy likes that because of the gardens, and they are wonderful. And there's a little box of a camp in Maine, and that house I bought at Southampton last summer—it's not much, but I thought I'd like a change from Newport, and it was all I could get. And father had the land and the plans for a place at Miami Beach, but I never went on with it. I suppose I ought to. The architect's been champing at the bit fearfully."

"That's one—two—three—four—five—six—seven," said Bartlett, counting on his fingers. "Arianna, I can't do it. I'm not going to marry you. Hire me for your underbutler, but don't consider me as a husband. I can't—I won't—live on my wife's money, and that's what it would amount to. I never imagined I'd be in such an utterly ignominious position!"

"I'll sell everything—and the yacht too," cried Arianna. "Do you think I care about such stuff?"

"A yacht! You didn't tell me a yacht! That makes it worse!"

"I forgot about the yacht."

"You forgot about a thing that must cost ten times my present year's salary just for upkeep! That's indicative of what it all means to you and how much as a matter of course you take it. You don't understand how it affects me, dear. I feel such an atom, such a very little insignificant atom, sort of a male parasite, a lounge lizard with a conscience, if there is any such animal. How are we going to live? I'll have enough to buy my clothes and pay the tips if we travel—and that's all. By George, I can't and won't do it!"

"Do you mean you're breaking your engagement to me, Bartlett?" *(Continued on Page 40)*

The Leisure, the Loveliness, the Quiet Took Hold of Bartlett Temple's Weakened Body and Slowly Made Him Over

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10, 1921

Melting-Pot Moonshine

DURING the seven months that have elapsed since the passage of the Dillingham Act, Congress has done little in the way of planning out a definite program for a new body of permanent immigration legislation. Washington is seething with ideas for new tariff levies, ingenious schemes of taxation and ways to spend money; but fruitful thought upon pressing immigration problems is conspicuous only by its absence. Maj. Leonard Darwin was not far from the truth when he told a learned society the other day that it is very difficult to get lawmakers to pass laws for the benefit of the unborn, for the unborn have no votes. Now, as in the past, posterity sings very small in the halls of Congress.

It is not to be denied that extraordinary care and foresight should be exercised in the framing of immigration laws. They affect the lives and fortunes of many million persons, high and low, old and young, reared in the most diverse environments. They cannot be thrown together overnight. The most painstakingly drawn measures, softened by all manner of exceptions and exemptions, will inevitably have their flaws; and careless, slovenly legislation will pound the thumb far oftener than it will hit the nail. And yet, taking due account of all these difficulties, no one can doubt that a big broad-gauge business man could in a few weeks, with the assistance of a dozen technical experts, frame a set of laws governing the admission of aliens that would not only be highly beneficent, taken by and large, but would be far in advance of any immigration code that we have had in the past.

No more mystery surrounds immigration than invests other subjects of legislation, and yet Congress shows a regrettable disinclination to attack the problem tooth and nail and give the country speedy and definite guaranty of protection from the alien flood that is ready to overwhelm us next summer. Prof. Robert De C. Ward, of Harvard University, was guilty of no exaggeration when he said in a recent number of The Journal of Heredity: "Such a situation has never before confronted us. This is not 'normal' immigration. It is a frenzy, a panic, a stampede, a mob, without calculation, without sound judgment; a seething mass of humanity with but one idea—America."

The truth of the matter is that the judicial stumbling-blocks are not nearly so formidable as the political obstacles. There are half a dozen men in both Houses of Congress who could frame admirable codes, constructive, farseeing, and in accordance with the best scientific and economic thought on the subject; and yet most of these gentlemen have a natural and ingrained distaste for introducing a measure, no matter how worthy, that hasn't a Chinaman's chance of ultimate passage. As practical men they will choose to bring in an inferior bill which has some likelihood of bucking through the lines of the opposition and becoming law, even though its eyeteeth may be knocked out in the scrimmage.

The opposition to sane restriction of immigration was never so well organized as now. The Dillingham Act has frightened it into solidarity, and its minutemen are ready for duty at an instant's notice. Chief of these are the representatives of the ocean-transport companies. These men act as if they had vested rights in the United States as a dumping ground for their human cargoes. Such is the volume of false propaganda they have been circulating in Europe to stimulate emigration, already pressing hard upon the limits set by the Dillingham Act, that on the fifth of last August the Emigration Commission of the League of Nations, sitting at Geneva, unanimously adopted a resolution demanding its repression.

Shoulder to shoulder with the shipping men stand the racial groups, least blameworthy of all the enemies of immigration restriction. Then come those cheap Americans who demand foreign labor so cheap that it is dear at any price; and on the outskirts of the throng cluster those kindly, overcredulous souls who are still the bondslaves of a few outworn phrases, flimsy sophistries and exploded beliefs. Let these smug believers in the Myth of the Melting Pot weigh well the words of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the great authority on evolution, lately addressed to the International Eugenics Congress: "We are slowly awakening to the consciousness that education and environment do not fundamentally alter racial values. We are engaged in a serious struggle to maintain our historic republican institutions through barring the entrance of those who are unfit to share the duties and responsibilities of our well-founded Government. The true spirit of American democracy, that all men are born with equal rights and duties, has been confused with the political sophistry that all men are born with equal character and ability to govern themselves and others, and with the educational sophistry that education and environment will offset the handicap of ancestry."

Professor Osborn went on to say that there is no form of matter so stable as the germ plasm on which heredity depends, and that this accounts for the stubborn permanence of types and for the survival of their original qualities in admixtures. "In the matter of racial virtues," he added, "my opinion is that from biological principles there is little promise in the melting-pot theory. Put three races together and you are as likely to unite the vices of all three as the virtues."

When is a Country Bankrupt?

WE READ every day that the countries of Continental Europe are bankrupt, or the governments of these countries are bankrupt. But the governments continue to govern quite as well as in many countries that are regarded as solvent, and better than in some of the countries of Central and South America, and society in the bankrupt countries continues to behave in a civilized manner. Wherein does the bankruptcy consist?

When one attempts to apply to a collection of individuals the criteria of bankruptcy that hold for an individual, the process fails. Is a nation bankrupt because the budget does not balance? Properly interpreted, the budgets of most European governments did not balance for two decades before the war. A railroad is adjudged bankrupt when it cannot pay interest charges on its bonds. By that test all the countries of Europe are bankrupt, for none pay interest on national bonds except with borrowed money.

Most of the countries of Europe have defaulted on pensions. We have not formally defaulted on pensions, but we do not carry out our agreements on reconstruction of incapacitated veterans. A nation is bankrupt that cannot raise taxes as levied, but must resort to issue of paper notes to meet the figures of the budget. Since when has this time-honored practice of governments become a sign of insolvency—since our last issue of short-term Treasury notes? Surely a nation is bankrupt that cannot pay the salaries of its civil servants. But if the officials accept paper money or continue to serve without pay, why bankrupt?

Most surely a country is bankrupt that cannot purchase the necessary supplies for governmental service. But, in fact, this never happens; the needed supplies are simply requisitioned, as in the state of war. Finally and most certainly, a country must be bankrupt that cannot make purchases in the outside world. This again has never happened in Europe. A merchant cannot pass into bankruptcy when his affairs are so extensive that the banks cannot afford to let him sink. Europe cannot pass into bankruptcy when the outside world cannot afford to let her fall. In a complex society of the world an important country cannot drop out; it continues to function. Bankrupt in theory, in fact business continues.

Perhaps Russia is bankrupt for the moment. When the vicious circle of depreciation of currency, low productivity and high prices has been traversed over and over again, the currency, the medium of exchange, ceases to effect exchanges. Then production and distribution fall to the starvation point. This would seem to represent the definition of bankruptcy in a state—the disorganization of society and government so profound that the individuals cannot keep alive. But with this definition, the term has ceased to retain much meaning. Perhaps Russia suggests a more pertinent definition. Bankruptcy of a state is that condition of expansion of government where the government has swallowed society. A bankrupt state is one where the government has become the master not the servant of society.

Real Wages

WE NEED a show-down on real wages. Disparity of prices, unevenness of deflation retard restoration of industry and trade. But it must be real wages and prices that are to be turned inside out, not numerical wages and prices. Everyone claims to have taken already more than his share of reductions. The public wants the data in terms of items of living, not in scales or curves or coefficients. We must measure the problem in the actual standard of living.

For some time the question of wages of railway employes has been uppermost in public attention. Comparing the wage scale of to-day with that of five, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago illustrates little. These wage scales must be translated into goods—food, fuel, rent, clothing, furniture, books, doctors' bills, amusements. What sort of family life did and do the wages sustain?

Let the light be turned on nonunionized occupations. The civil servants form a large and indispensable class—postal employes, school-teachers, policemen, departmental clerks, and so on. The wage scales in terms of money are known. Let them also be translated into goods, into real wages, and contrasted with the incomes of railway employes or of artisans of the building trades.

Innumerable stocks and bonds—private, county, municipal and state—have remained at the five or six per cent level. The savings of many past generations of simple people are invested in such securities. Individuals and families are partially or entirely dependent on such income for support. Let these fixed incomes be translated into goods. There is ground to suspect that the small investor and the civil servants have suffered most heavily of all. Let the facts be clearly revealed.

Lastly, the farmer. His produce is his wage, his money with which he supports his family. What is his real wage? What is the buying power of wheat, corn, beef, milk, pork and potatoes for the goods needed in the rural home? A well-trained worker in farm management has stated that the farmer's produce, estimated as a unit, will purchase to-day less than seventy per cent of what it would bring ten years ago. This should be confirmed or corrected.

Some occupations are in their nature, and especially in their relations to public welfare, open to the method of the strike. In other occupations wage disputes do not lend themselves to strikes. The real wages, the real deflations, must not be elucidated alone with groups possessing the power of the strike. In social equity the deprivations of the least resistant demand equal publicity.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

By John Moody

THE visitor to Europe nowadays stands in danger of getting too close to the picture, and thus losing the proper perspective. If in Germany, he sees too closely at hand the many evidences of normal human activity, and thus is apt to jump to the conclusion that the situation is better than it actually is. In France it is the same. One watches the crowds, talks to the man in the street or investigates some particular field of activity and finds exactly what he found ten years before the war—normal human beings going about their business in the normal way. In short, one could go over the beaten tracks of all Western Europe without seeing any very tangible evidences that there had been any war at all.

And in London the surface indications of normalcy are even more striking. The Londoner looks, acts and for the most part talks as though the war were twenty years or more behind him. He has wiped out all tangible evidences of it long ago. One may search in vain for evidences of the destruction caused by the German aëroplane raids; they have been eliminated long ago. One may turn the conversation to the war period; ask about the long, weary time when London lived in darkness at night, when theaters and restaurants were closed and people ran to their cellars for protection; and like as not the responses will be listless or indifferent. Discuss as you may in the banks, among business men, in the hotels, clubs or at private homes the privations of the Londoners during 1917 and 1918; talk about the barbarous warfare methods of the Germans and the justice of their defeat, and you will awake but little interest or enthusiasm in the subject.

France's German Policy

WHILE the Britisher will agree with you in a general way that his country suffered terribly, that the Germans were barbarous and that they should have been defeated, yet his attitude will seem academic and detached. In short, he has put the war behind him far more than have the French, Belgians, Germans or even some of us Americans.

What the Englishman is interested in very intensely to-day are the difficulties of his own internal position, financially and politically, his labor and Irish problems and his future commercial relations with Germany. He is suffering from a severe business depression, a partially depreciated currency, an unstable political leadership and the fear of continued unsettlement in Ireland. His attitude towards conditions on the Continent is a surprisingly calm one. He talks a great deal about the folly of the French in turning the screws on Germany; says it means disaster for France if persisted in, and intimates that if he had his way he would let Germany off without further punishment. He will be glad to get his share of the reparations in the event that France succeeds in making Germany pay, but if it were up to him alone he would be inclined to call it square at this juncture. Though he is intensely anxious to see Germany get on her feet, it is not because he wants her made able to pay up so much as it is that he wants to build up a great and profitable business with her during the future years.

The Britisher sees more clearly than any others that the restoration of normal and healthy conditions in Europe hinges on Germany's ability to build up her production and to spread out commercially and industrially through Central Europe and into Russia. He further sees clearly enough, in spite of his indifference regarding purely political events on the Continent, that Great Britain cannot hope to recover her former prestige and power unless economic conditions on the Continent also progress towards the normal. In his attitude toward Europe he is playing for a far bigger stake than mere reparation payments. He can get along without the payments a great deal easier than can France; he can afford to look with equanimity on the returning strength of Germany as a European power far more easily than France can; and because of his practical temperament, he can see more clearly the possibilities of a new Germany growing up as a nonmilitary nation than the temperamental Frenchman possibly can.

He knows that Germany is disarmed; he feels that he can at least keep her disarmed until the Continent has gone far in living down the disasters and animosities of the war. Beyond that he does not visage the future clearly as yet; but with his natural temperament for concentrating on the things immediately ahead and letting the more distant future evolve in its own way, he feels that it will be time enough to determine his policy of the distant future when that future time arrives. In other words, he is simply following the age-long British plan of handling problems piecemeal as they come along—muddling through.

Britain's Treaty Gains

BUT because the Englishman is not a mere theorist and does not let his imagination run away with him, it must not be assumed that he is a fool. I said he would toss away the reparation demands if it were up to him alone. But if he were in France's position he would certainly not do this. For Great Britain has already gained more through the Versailles treaties than France will ever gain, even if she collects in full from Germany. Great Britain has eliminated Germany's navy, thus putting herself in a class alone as compared with all other nations aside from America. She has crippled Germany's commerce; she has insisted that all Germany's colonies be permanently taken away from her, and though Britain has not inherited these colonies directly, the mandate clauses of the treaty place her in a dominating position over them. Further, through the terms of the treaty she has so removed Germany's former influence in the Near East and blasted her ambitions for control through the Balkans that to-day she stands in little fear of Germany's ever again becoming a menace to her in this direction. She has become the practical owner of all Mesopotamia; with her Allies she now completely dominates Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Thus the

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THE CHAIN GANG

MEN OF AFFAIRS

"Look Here," He Said, "Were You Never Taught That It's Rude to Point?" A Twang Like the Snapping of a Cello String Brought His Head Round Sharply

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

VIII

IT WAS Cranbourne who, at the door of the flat, thought of a final precaution, excused himself to his companions and asked leave to enter the bathroom. Richard was standing on a cork mat, rubbing himself with a Turkish towel and, after the fashion of all good men, singing lustily in time with the exercise. He favored Cranbourne with a grin as he materialized through the wreaths of steam.

"Hello! Back again?"

Cranbourne nodded and cast an appreciative eye over the well-articulated muscles of the stripped figure before him.

"Just one thing," he said, "if you don't mind."

"Fire away."

Cranbourne produced a notebook and a pencil.

"Scribble your signature on this bit of paper."

"I see. My writing. Here you are."

Richard took the pencil and book and sitting on the edge of the bath—and without thinking—dashed off his own signature. When he had finished he handed it to Cranbourne, who shook his head sadly over the result.

"No good?"

"'Fraid not. It was hardly to be expected. Whatever you do, don't write."

"I won't."

Cranbourne glanced at the page again.

"This is your real name, I suppose?"

Richard started, hesitated a bit, then nodded.

"There was a Frencham Altar mixed up in that Patagonian business."

"My father. Went broke and shot himself, you know."

"I remember. Left you on the rocks, so to speak."

"Yes, and wedged there good and hard. You see he aimed at my being a gentleman and nothing else; never was taught how to earn a living. That's why I'm cutting rather a deplorable figure now."

"I can't agree," said Cranbourne generously. "I think your father realized his ambition. Good night."

"Nighto!"

At the door Cranbourne paused.

"I'm almost ashamed of having dragged you into this business," said he.

"Don't you fret, my dear fellar. I'm delighted. I've been spending that five thousand in imagination ever since I heard of it. Think I'll emigrate in the fine style."

"H'm!" he paused. "Altar! I shouldn't really tell you this, but you're likely to be kidnaped to-night."

"What?"

"I thought you might like to know."

"Thanks very much."

"That's all."

"Hang on a minute. Do you want me to defend myself? I'm pretty useful with my hands, or a gun either, for that matter."

"It would help us if you did nothing at all—except comply."

Richard's face fell, for he loved a good mix-up.

"Oh, very well, if you say so."

"Thank you," said Cranbourne. "The best of luck, old chap."

"You bet!"

Cranbourne went out and a moment later the front door slammed.

Then Richard began to laugh.

"Kidnaped, eh! What a game! Doran!" The last word rang out imperatively.

"Sir?" came the reply.

"Have I got any clothes?"

"In the bedroom, sir."

"Righto."

He put his feet into a pair of slippers, donned a bath gown and shuffled into the adjoining room. At the door he paused to survey the appointments.

"I think this is a nice bedroom of mine, don't you?"

Doran signified assent with a smile.

"Very nice flat altogether. What sort of taste have I in the matter of clothes?"

"Pretty good, sir. I've laid out a blue cheviot."

"Aha! And an M. C. C. tie. Shan't wear that"

"No, sir?"

"I'm not a member."

"But in the circumstances, sir ——"

"P'raps you're right. A sound taste in shirtings, I see."

"Rather a strong feature with us, sir."

Richard whistled cheerfully as he dressed himself. The clothes fitted him astonishingly well; even the collars were right to a quarter size. In the intervals between whistling solos he put questions on a hundred matters.

"Am I a fairly decent sort of chap, Doran?"

The question received a frowning affirmative.

"Splendid! You stick up for me."

The rattle of inquiry proceeded. How much did he drink? How long had he had the flat? What were his clubs—games—favorite restaurants? What was his telephone number? Did he smoke to excess—go out much? Was he fond of reading? Had he got a profession?

"Ah! and this is important. What about money?"

"There's seven pound ten in that note case, sir."

Richard verified the statement.

"Suppose I want more?"

"There's about two hundred in the second drawer of the bureau, sir."

"That's the sort of bureau for me. And I can get some food here?"

"I shall look after that, sir."

"First rate. Everything seems snug and in order. Let's take a look round the flat."

They inspected every corner with the exception of the wine cellar, paused for a moment in the hall to try on hats, and finished up in the dining room, where Doran presented him with a bunch of keys, explaining their various uses.

Richard dropped into a saddle-bag chair and smiled expansively upon a friendly world.

"A very pleasant finish to the day," he remarked luxuriously. "If you'd mix me one small drink and put the cigarettes in reach I'll bother you no more to-night."

Doran was moving toward the decanter, when a low knock sounded at the front door. He stopped, raised his head, listened. The knock was repeated.

"Better find out who it is," Richard suggested.

"Yes, sir," said Doran, but made no move.

"What's the matter? You look worried."

Doran admitted that he was worried—very worried.

"But good heavens, why? Tough-looking chap—ought to be able to look after yourself."

"I can, sir, but I was forbidden to do so. And I was wondering if it's to be a bar of lead or a sponge of chloroform."

"Oh, rats!" Richard laughed. "You go and find out."

"Very well, sir."

Doran took a grip on himself and marched out.

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

"And now," said Richard to himself, "I suppose the fun is going to begin."

He lit a cigarette and waited. It was quite a long time before the door opened and a woman came into the room. And she was lovely. She had a mass of black hair swept clear of the brow. Her eyes were dark, large and luminous. She was unnaturally white, but her lips were scarlet. It was a beautiful mouth, shapely, sensuous, sensitive, but with a hint of strength. Her brows were very straight and as thin almost as pencil lines. She wore a flame-colored evening dress—*tout feu*, as a ladies' journal would describe it—and a wrap of smoke color which fell from one shoulder and double-draped the other.

There was nothing ordinary in the appearance of Auriole Craven. She attacked the eye and held it captive. A woman would have declared her to be overdressed—*outré*, almost *demimondaine;* would have denounced the white face and the red curled lips, the uncanny knack of falling instantaneously into attitudes of flowing lines. But to a man the subject of these criticisms was matter for appreciation. By her very daring she stirred a spirit of adventure.

Richard checked a gasp of admiration, rose to his feet and bowed, but the girl gave no sign of recognition. Clearly it was up to someone to make a move, wherefore Richard politely offered her a good evening.

"Is that all you have to say?" came the answer.

"Of course not," he laughed, "but I make a point of saying that first. Do sit down, won't you?"

She occupied the offered chair and looked up at him.

"At least I thought you'd be surprised," she said. "Still, it doesn't matter."

"P'r'aps I am," he admitted reluctantly, "but my surprise was drowned in a very natural pleasure."

"Pleasure?"

"It was awfully nice of you to look in like this. Been to a theater or something?"

"No."

"No?"

"I came to talk."

"Fine! We—we've every faculty."

"Yes." Her head was slightly raised and she seemed to be listening. "Yes."

"I didn't hear anything, did you?" said Richard gayly.

"No. Nothing." But again she raised her head.

"I say, are you sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Yes, perfectly."

"'Cause if I can get you anything——"

"You can hardly expect me to be normal," she retorted with a flash of bitterness.

It was difficult to know what to say, so he nodded understandingly.

An inspiration suggested the offer of a cigarette, but she shook her head.

"I prefer my own," she said, and drew a gold case from her bag. "Try one."

He took the case and she nodded toward it.

"I still carry your gifts."

Richard turned it over and read the inscription: Auriole Craven from A. B. It was a stroke of luck to get her name without asking.

He smiled and handed it back with the words, "Ungallant of me to expose your identity and conceal my own behind initials."

Auriole laughed shortly.

"Perhaps A. B. guessed that a day might come when his name engraved on a present to another woman would be a mistake."

"Give him a chance," said Richard. "He hasn't all that subtlety."

"Men change their views very readily, Tony."

"Only men?" he countered quickly.

She jerked the reply at him over her uncovered shoulder.

"My being here, you mean? My having joined the other side?"

This was a grateful piece of intelligence, but Richard preserved a stern expression.

"Since you suggest it yourself——" he admitted.

"Do you hate me for doing it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Not at all. I'm sure your reasons were adequate."

"They were. Still, I thought you'd be surprised."

It was clearly evident some sort of emotion would have to be expressed.

Richard passed a hand across his forehead and walked to the fireplace.

"My dear Auriole," he said, "did I ever strike you as a man who betrayed his real feelings?"

"I always knew them," she returned.

"Then you must know how hurt I am—how very hurt—to think that you—well, I mean, it's dreadful—most—er most dreadful."

"Were you expecting loyalty from me?"

"There are degrees," he replied with a reproachful glance.

"Wonderful," said Auriole. "It's wonderful, really." Her voice dropped and she looked him squarely in the eyes. "Tony, you're not really in love with that girl, you know."

He was concealing bewilderment behind the action of mixing a drink, but the statement so startled him that he sent a column of soda water straight into his shoe.

"Look here," he declared, vigorously mopping his sock with a handkerchief. "If you're going to say things like that I simply——"

"You can't love her."

A tinge of scarlet showed upon her white cheeks. Evidently the girl was in earnest. It was useless to flirt with the situation.

"I am not going to attempt to prove it," said Richard very gallantly.

"In fact, it's an offense for me to mention her name."

"You haven't—yet," he observed tentatively.

And as she took this to be a challenge she leaned back in her chair and said "Isabel Irish," with very little charity of inflection.

"Please!" said Richard; but what he really meant was "Thank you." Inside himself he was thinking: "Damn that fellow Doran! Why the blazes didn't he tell me about all these girls?"

The sound of Auriole's voice brought him back to the necessity of the moment.

"*So sans gêne,*" she was saying, "so innocent, so unworldly. I wonder what her views would be if she learned you had entertained a lady in your flat at midnight."

"As the lady came uninvited," Richard returned, "I am hardly likely to talk about it."

"Suppose I talked about it—advertised the fact—do you imagine she would marry you then?"

Richard smiled. "I should say she'd be as likely to marry me then as she is now."

"A girl brought up as she has been?"

"Aha!"

"You're very confident Tony, there are people watching this flat to-night."

"Dear, dear!"

"People who will talk to-morrow morning."

"What, the chatty-at-breakfast kind? How dreadful!"

"If you wish to stop them there is only one way."

"Yes—tell me. Always believed they were incurable."

Auriole shut her hands tight and spoke with difficulty.

"Tony, I don't know how real your affections are for this girl, but I know this: If you refuse to answer our questions your chance of marrying her is worth—nothing. Understand? Nothing."

And all at once Richard became serious.

"Will that please you?" he asked.

"Perhaps."

"I don't think so. I don't think it will please you, really."

"What do you mean?"

"You're too good a sort to enjoy spreading rotten fables about people who are in love with each other."

She echoed the words "too good a sort" rather faintly.

"Yes. I suppose you—you're jealous or something; angry because my feelings have changed. I understand that; it's natural, and I don't defend myself, you know. It's natural you should want to hurt me, but aren't you choosing rather a rotten way of doing it? 'Cause you're hurting an innocent girl into the bargain. It's way down below your form to side up with these men who are against me—isn't it now? As a friend, I'd drop out of this deal—clean out. It—it's not up to your standard."

"Why do you say this to me?"

"Because I like you too well to associate you with——"

"You like me?"

"Yes."

"Still?"

"Not still," he answered truthfully, "but now."

She was silent for a long while, then she shook her head.

"No good, Tony. It wouldn't make any difference if I dropped out. I know it's

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There Was Nothing Ordinary in the Appearance of Auriole Craven. She Attacked the Eye and Held It Captive

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beastly, but that can't be helped. They mean to have their answer, whatever happens."

"They've come to the wrong house to get it," said Richard, and he folded his arms very heroically.

"You refuse to speak?"

"I do."

"Mr. Van Diest would pay you—enormously."

"'Course he would."

"Twenty per cent after exploitation, and a million down."

It was a staggering proposition, but Richard kept his head and remarked humorously: "I'll take it in copper."

Auriole sprang to her feet and put her hands on his shoulders. Her face was lovelier at close range. A faint and delightful perfume came to his nostrils, her eyes burned brightly, and the scarlet mouth, with its moist, trembling lower lip, was an exquisite invitation. This indeed was a very woman, he thought, a striking contrast to the small and wistful Doreen.

With sudden intuition he realized he had but to open his arms and she would enter—willingly, anxiously. An insane desire possessed him to do this thing. She was adorable, desirable, magnificent; and he was certain beyond doubt she loved him.

With a catch of the breath he raised his hands, and in so doing his random glance fell upon the sleeve of the coat he wore.

The cloth was of blue cheviot, which reminded him abruptly that he was Richard Frencham Altar masquerading in someone else's clothes, a circumstance that in no way admitted him to the use of short cuts to the affections of their real owner's admirers. It is disappointing to have to acknowledge that someone is violently in love with someone else whom you happen to resemble, and the reflection sobered him quickly.

With an awkward laugh he turned away and repeated, "Yes, tell him I'll take it in copper."

"Tony!" she said. "Tony, don't fool with it! Don't you realize how frightfully serious it is? Haven't you any imagination?"

Apparently he did realize, apparently he had some imagination, for he replied: "I imagine it is much too late for us to be talking here together. I'm going to ring the bell."

"No!" she cried.

"My man will get you a cab."

"If you ring you'll be sorry."

"Life is full of regrets," he answered, and pressed the button.

He saw the startled gesture she made to prevent him, and simultaneously the hall and the bedroom doors were thrown open and three gentlemen, each leveling a revolver at his head, advanced into the room.

IX

TO A PERSON of less even temperament than Richard the unexpected appearance of these three gentlemen marching in the wake of nickel-plated shooting irons might well have aroused feelings of alarm and indignation. But for a matter of some four years Richard had been shot over pretty thoroughly, and the lessons of calm learned in the hard school of war did not desert him in the present situation. He felt, moreover, a curious certainty that the chance of bullets flying around was pretty remote. The primary necessity was to keep his head and avoid any word or action that might betray the fact that he was not the man they believed him to be. The name Van Diest, which had occurred in his conversation with the girl, came quickly to his brain, and he glanced from one to another in the hope of determining whether its bearer was present.

His eyes were held by a short, rotund person of advanced middle age who occupied the center of the room. In outline this person was distinctly Dutch. His face was heavily pleated, with dewlaps pendent from the jaw. He wore side whiskers that did not make a good pair, and dark, bushy brows almost concealed his small, twinkly eyes. He possessed very little hair, but what there was had been pasted in thin, separated strands across the shiny bald pate. A low collar of enormous circumference encircled his short neck, and his tie was drawn through a Zodiac ring. His clothes were ill-fitting—shapeless trousers and a voluminous morning coat, in the buttonhole of which was a pink carnation with a silver-papered stem; an immense watch chain spread across a coarsely knitted waistcoat of Berlin wool. And he seemed out of breath. The pistol in his extended hand vibrated in sympathy with an accelerated pulse rate.

Richard's left hand wandered carelessly to his hip.

"Look here, Mr. Van Diest," he said, "were you never taught that it's rude to point?"

A twang like the snapping of a cello string brought his head round sharply.

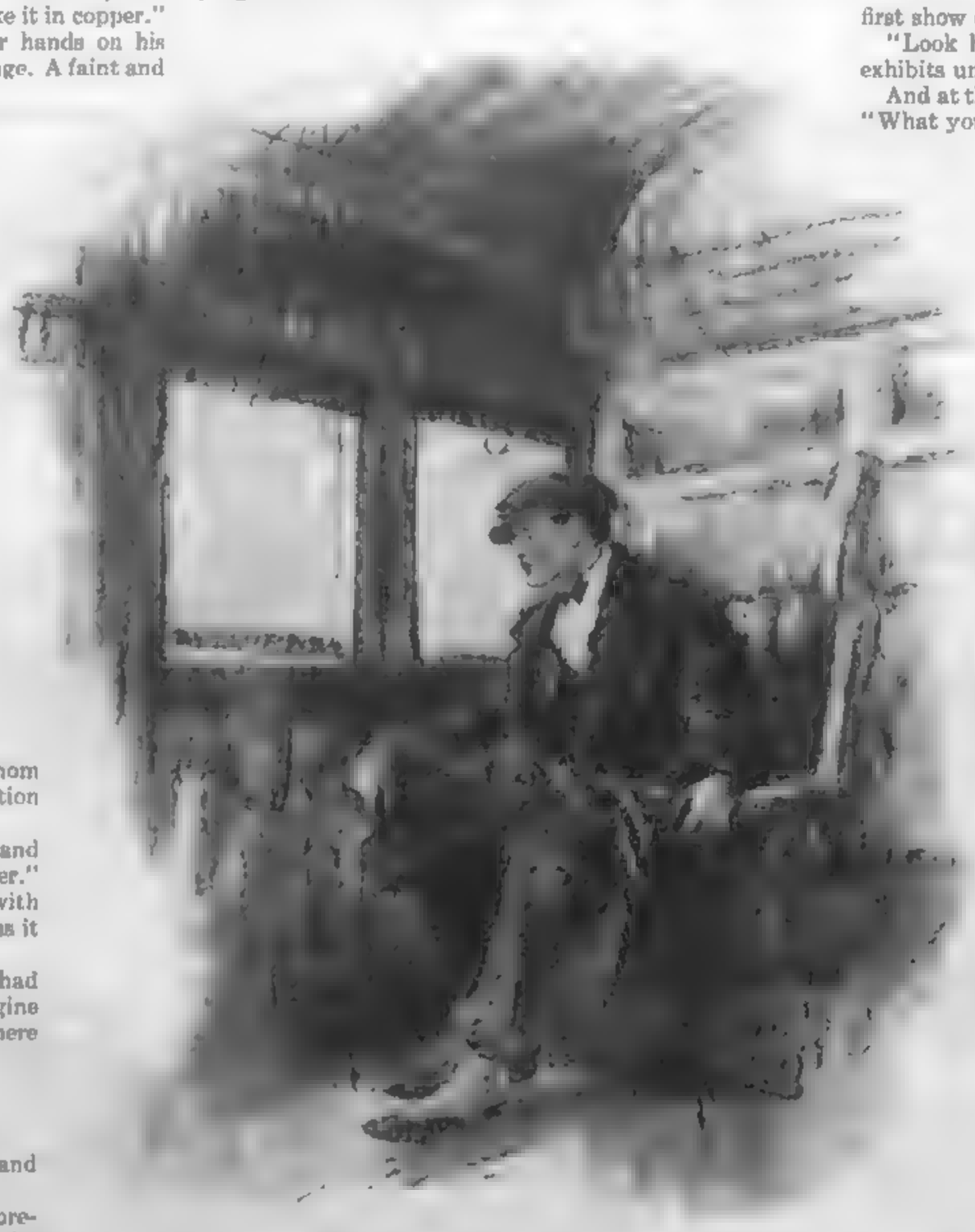
"Hands away from your side pocket!"

It was less of an invitation than an order.

The speaker was a big, broad-shouldered American, of the thruster school, heavy jaw, black hair and hurry. He held his gun dead rigid against his thigh, and there was that in his eyes which foretold that where he looked he could hit. This was Ezra P. Hipps

"Set down and don't move; this thing goes off," he said.

Richard considered the proposal and the speaker, and judged both to be sound.



There Were Ten Minutes to Wait Before They Were Due to Start—Minutes Which Dragged Interminably

"Thanks," he said; "I'd like a stall for this entertainment," and dropped into a chair.

The man who was standing behind Van Diest came forward and smiled gracefully. He was sleek and too well dressed and gave the appearance of being out of his natural element and ashamed of the one in which he found himself.

"You remember me, Barraclough, old fellow?" he said, swinging his pistol as though it were a cane.

"I'm a terror for forgetting trifles," Richard replied sweetly. "Remind me."

"Oliver Laurence. Met you in eleven at old Dick Harris' place."

"Good old Dick," said Richard in the spirit of the scene. "But as I was about to remark, here we all are, gentlemen and what happens next?"

Hugo van Diest flickered his eyes at Auriole and asked in a soft, guttural voice, "You prevail—yes?"

Auriole shook her head

"Mr. Barraclough refuses," she said.

Van Diest drew in his breath between shut teeth, and Oliver Laurence sighed sadly.

"Refuse?"

"'Fraid so," nodded Richard.

"You know vot is it dot we ask?"

"Perfectly, but if you'd care to repeat it ——"

Ezra P. Hipps rapped his free hand on a chair back.

"Don't get fresh!" he snapped. "We're after business."

"Sorry," said Richard. "Thought it was a kind of Wild West act."

Evidently Van Diest wanted to avoid a row. He approached the subject in his most agreeable tone, which sounded like a puma purring.

"Twenty per cent, and a million pounds for der map. A man like you, he can't spend a million pounds in a lifetime."

"Don't be too sure," said Richard unwisely. "I might have inherited the knack."

"Let's hear a price."

Richard turned to the American with a grin.

"Honestly," he replied, "anything you got from me would be dear at a shilling."

The friendly quality died out of Van Diest's voice.

"We was very sincere, Mr. Barraclough."

"Oh, that's fine," said Richard.

Oliver Laurence laid a soothing hand on his shoulder, and the touch of the man was beastly. It inspired an instant and substantial dislike. Richard rounded on him with his first show of temper, and brushed away the hand.

"Look here, Daisy," he said. "Better not touch the exhibits unless you want to be hurt."

And at this point Hipps showed himself a man of action. "What you won't give we'll have to take. Keys?"

"Take 'em by all means," said Richard, fishing the bunch from his pocket. "Tell me if you find anything."

"It will save a lot of troubles to you if we find something," murmured Van Diest.

There was a distinct menace in the words, but Richard was too interested in the activities of Ezra P. Hipps to pay heed to that. With lightninglike rapidity the American had unlocked every drawer in the bureau, withdrawn them from their runners and laid them in a precise row on the floor.

"Guessed it!" he ejaculated. "Simple. One of 'em is shorter than the rest."

He dived a hand into the cavity lately filled by the short drawer, and produced a small steel dispatch box.

"The goods!"

Richard leaned forward with a sudden impulse to prevent the box being opened, but the caressing muzzle of Van Diest's revolver coaxed him back to the chair.

"Very simple," said Van Diest. "Map's inside. Open it."

Hipps wasted little time trying to find a key that would fit. He put the box on the floor and kicked it scientifically. From the wreckage he rescued a neat roll of parchment with a tape round its waist. Once again he remarked "The goods!" whisked off the tape and spread out the parchment.

"Writing."

"Read it."

And he read:

"That would be altogether too easy, gentlemen. Perhaps there isn't a map after all."

Richard settled himself comfortably with a sigh of satisfaction, and the three men turned to look at him.

"Don't blame me," he said sweetly. "I never said there was a map, did I?"

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Auriole with a flush of what might easily have been taken for pleasure on her cheeks. It was very perplexing. "H'm!" Van Diest nodded. "H'm! A wise man keep this sort of informations in his head."

"'Course he does."

"Yes, yes. Mr. Barraclough, a great deal you oblige by coming with us to an apartment we have prepared for your receptions."

"It's nice of you, but I'm very comfortable here."

"I'm afraid we must insist."

"Since you're so pressing ——"

"And as a gentleman you make no troubles—no noise."

"There's no such thing as a noisy gentleman."

Ezra P. Hipps rapped the butt of his automatic on the table top.

"You can keep the crosstalking for the automobile," he said. "We're through here. Step out!"

As they moved toward the door Laurence slipped a hand through Richard's arm.

"My dear old fellow," he said, "if you only knew how distasteful all this is to me!"

Richard drew his arm away sharply.

"So's that to me," he said, brushing his sleeve with the deliberate will to offend. Then he turned and bowed to Auriole. "Your friends are amusing, but I'm afraid they are going to waste a lot of time. Are you coming our way?"

X

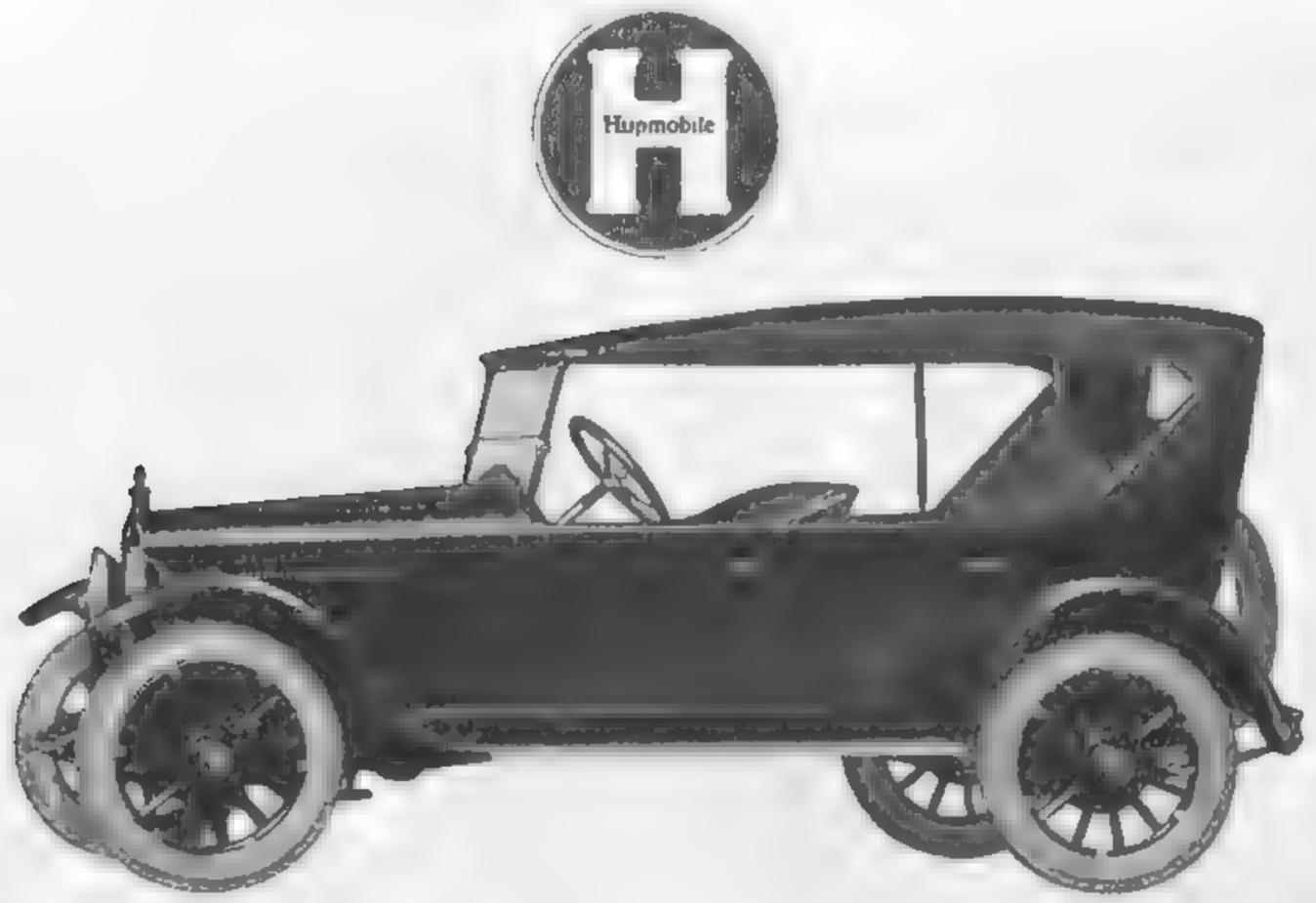
THE clocks were striking seven when Anthony Barraclough descended the stairs of the flats and hailed a taxi. The street was deserted save for a policeman, and an old hag who was sorting over the contents of a dust bin outside the adjoining house. She shot a quick glance at Barraclough and broke into a cackle of thin laughter.

"Didn't take you long to come up in the world," she piped. "Always thought you were a bit of a fraud."

Barraclough gasped. The disappointment was so cruel.

"You are making a mistake," he said, and opened the taxi door.

(Continued on Page 73)



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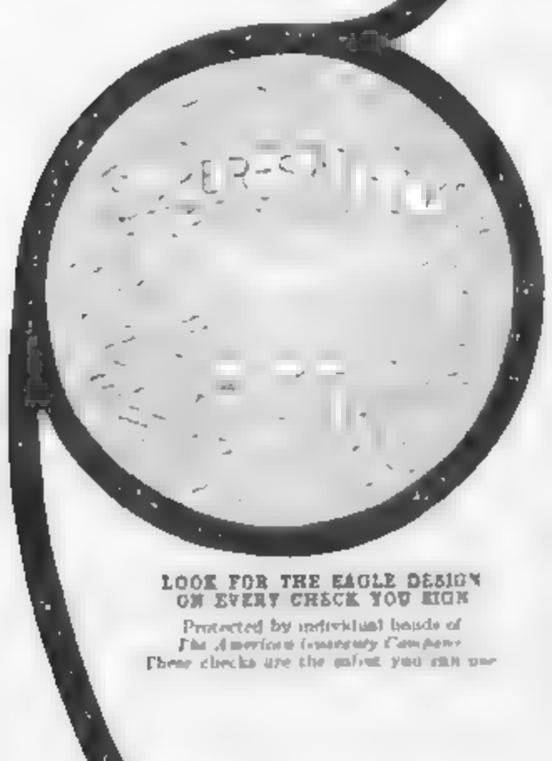

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OUT OF THE RUINS

(Continued from Page 10)

by hand. She was born with a self-starter in her mouth. I don't know if she has ever been cranked."

With more of her darting motions she set the gas and spark levers, took the crank in hand, poised herself, feet apart. "Now, Lizzie, laugh your girlish laughter," she said.

While one part of her being so busied itself with the perversities of machinery another seemed to be standing critically aside regarding herself, Nancy Brastow, and wondering what it was about this British officer which made her adopt this tomboy pose. For she was posing; and she knew it. Probably it was his irritating neatness. For example, his hand as he thrust it forth as though to check her was dressed in perfectly new tan cape, while she was wearing a pair of oil-soaked gauntlets. His cap, his camel's-hair coat, his boots seemed to shine with brushing; her skirt, her leather coat seemed caked with dust and grease.

But he had suddenly come to action. Firmly and yet so gently that she found it impossible to take offense he had thrust her aside, laid hand on the crank. He paused then, looking up; and she noted again that expression about his mouth. He was smiling lightly, for the first time. She liked that smile.

"How does one proceed?" he asked.

"Sneak up on her," said Nancy. "If you give her the slightest warning she folds up tight. Just jerk—and look out or she'll back-fire and break your arm!"

The captain laid an immaculate hand on the rusty crank, and gave the upward heave of a Lawford stroke at tennis. The flivver coughed three times and Nancy's hand flew to the spark lever—too late.

"She smiles anyhow," said Nancy. "Now turn her like anything!"

And suddenly the engine went; it rumbled thunderously and then, at the deft touch of Nancy on the levers, began a rhythmic purr. As always happens when your refractory automobile decides at last to behave, that cheerful coughing seemed to blow away the clouds of irritation; the world became bright again. As Nancy twitched the key from the battery to magneto she looked across the windshield and smiled on her own part—rather a shy smile. Now her attitude as she stood swaying a little from the hip was all girl. She found herself under the necessity of making apology; found, too, that it was going to come hard somehow. As for the Englishman, he seemed from the close but respectful look of his blue eyes to be expecting her to say something.

"I have been abrupt—sort of," said Nancy, flushing ever so slightly; "nothing like an automobile to make you want to bite, is there?"

"It's an irritating invention," said the captain. And then abruptly, "My name's Clemons-Barr. I'm in charge of British interests in this district, whatever that may mean! I heard only this morning that there were American ladies in town. Meant to call later."

He was struggling inwardly with his own embarrassment. Perhaps she wouldn't like being classified at once as an American, in that fashion. But she did not seem in the least offended.

"Mine's Nancy Brastow," she replied simply. "Our party's up here to see that Coin Ste.-Marie is rebuilt. Also, we're intrusted with a fund for feeding French children and the distribution of several hundred bales of secondhand clothes. Oh, yes—besides that, we're supposed to work off a hundred boxes of chocolate on the needy. I think that's all. As for calling—this war declared a moratorium on conventionalities, didn't it?"

The captain laughed. His laugh was low, mellow, agreeable.

"One would think so to look back," he said.

Nancy had hopped lightly into the driver's seat. "I couldn't set you down anywhere, could I?" she asked.

"Which way are you going?"

"I'm due in Arras right now—to get a consignment of those clothes."

"It happens," said the captain after a moment's hesitation during which he choked within—"that I have business in the direction of Arras."

It was not all a lie, he told himself. He did have to report at Arras eventually. Nancy gathered her skirt from the seat beside her, made room. The flivver coughed through the torn gate, bumped onto the torn roadway.

Captain Clemons-Barr experienced several kinds of inner glow, each cross-firing the other. Momentarily his main reflection was the luck and ease of it all. It was true what he had always heard—that in social matters these American girls helped one out wonderfully, put one at one's ease.

III

WHEN the flivver pulled up at the Arras freight station an observer would have said that Nancy had perfectly accomplished the social mission of the American girl. Captain Clemons-Barr seemed entirely at his ease. He sat with his knees crossed, every line of his figure seeming to float in her direction. Driving with her eyes professionally on the road, Nancy had nevertheless been observing with the back of her head, as women will; already she had seen more things in the captain's face than his mirror had ever shown him in all his twenty-six years. She had observed that the expression which she so liked about his mouth proceeded mostly from two little hide-and-seek wrinkles at the corners. She had noted that the smile which came and went under his cropped mustache was boyish and that it drew up the sun wrinkles about his eyes into little creases. She had approved the set of his shoulders and the respectful yet far from impersonal way in which he let her know that he realized every moment she was there, without once crossing in speech or motion the line of propriety.

By now—Nancy always breaking the way—they had made darting little explorations into each other's history, psychology, tastes; had established their common ground and were standing firmly upon it. She liked lawn tennis but found golf slow. He agreed. He loved a horse and hunting; so did she love a horse—only she had never hunted. Thereupon he sheered away from hunting and just stuck to horses. An accidental geographical reference of the captain's and a short "Yes—I was there" from Nancy brought out the startling fact that once, on a mission of liaison, he had eaten at the dugout canteen which she kept back of Soissons during those terrible and glorious dawn days of July, 1918. Unhappily, as they found by fixing the date, she was away; where, she did not specify. "I was fussing round with the Y. M. C. A," said Nancy shortly.

Having established their comradeship in the war they seemed to lose all interest in that subject as, contrary to general impression, comrades of the Great War often do. The talk switched to France. Here, surely, was common ground. Nancy was one of those Anglo-Saxons to whom France has reached across all the barriers of alien mind and native inhibitions; who love, they know not exactly why, her little way of dramatizing all small human affairs, her graces and airs, even her intrigues. All this Nancy said in her own somewhat jerky way, interspersed with bunches of English words which were as primitive Choctaw to Captain Vivian Clemons-Barr. On his part—his expression stiffened whenever he spoke of France, and once he ventured "Jolly people—jolly." Which, Nancy somehow quite understood, meant exactly as much as her own ravings.

She touched upon some of the frictions between our Army and the French; and especially on the time when the general of "her" division ordered the French wine carts off the road—which she described as a bonehead play.

This brought Captain Vivian Clemons-Barr to the surface.

"You don't mind my saying that your American language is a trifle odd," he ventured. "Now that last, for example——"

"Is a bit thick to anyone who never studied improved 1920 English," she said. "Well, here goes; we're off!"

She entered stage by stage into an explanation which involved even baseball. As they rattled past the huge rock heap with its one blossoming pillar which had been the incomparable Hôtel de Ville, past the town market shivering under unnecessary awnings, past the battered approaches to the peppered freight station, they were both laughing—he in his own mellowed rumble, she in a delicious little tune which ran a gamut—he at her turns of expression, she at the way his relaxed English tone sounded when he repeated, like a primary pupil, "Where do you get that stuff?"

They were drawing up at the curb, in fact, before he realized that the excursion was over and he must make some pretense of business in Arras. But as the engine whirred to silence there rose a chorus of feminine voices from the shadow of the freight shed, and three girls all dressed like Nancy in a combination of civilian and military workaday clothes came running across the platform. Behind this group was a moving picture—the settled back of a middle-aged woman, the façade of a dark Frenchman in a suit of overalls and an official peaked cap. Out of this picture four arms were whirling in windmill gestures, so that the deaf might have known they were talking French.

The first of the running girls—plump, brunet and very young—called out as she approached: "Another mess. They won't loosen up!" Then she stopped short at the sight of the captain.

Her two companions, older and less obviously attractive—the captain classified them at once as Wacks—seemed to perceive at the same moment that Nancy was not alone, and to slack their abandoned pace to the proper gait of maidenhood. The captain struggled with the flivver door. It stuck of course.

Nancy reached over, deftly tweaked it open, and "What is it now?" she asked, then stopped briefly to introduce the ladies as Miss Frayne, Miss Courtney and Miss James.

"He's got it all—all—and he won't give up without the invoice or the bill of lading or something," said Miss Courtney—the little, young one. "Swell chance it has of getting here with the mails from Paris——"

"Mrs. Garland can do nothing with that inexorable man; case of solid ivory," put in Miss Frayne.

The captain noticed that she had a broad humorous mouth and seemed when she spoke to be quite a girl after all. But what were they going to do with a case of ivory? Did they intend to inlay things at Coin Ste.-Marie?

"She's quite exhausted the sufferings of bleeding France," continued Miss Frayne. "Nancy, you try. See what the insolence of wealth can do."

Whereat the Americans all laughed—except Nancy. The captain had dismounted by now. As she rose from her seat he held out his hand. Ignoring it she sprang out with one movement; scarcely did her heavy boots make any clatter on the board platform, so airily did she alight. Her face was serious, even annoyed, he thought.

"Sometimes I wish I had to work for a living!" she said. "Come on!"

The captain hesitated an instant. He was not sure whether this quick command was meant for him or no. Probably it was time to leave; but still, here were ladies in distress. While momentarily he pondered this, his feet were carrying him in the trail of Nancy's quick, certain steps.

As he came near he could hear the middle-aged woman saying in hesitant academic French: "But, monsieur, think of the French orphans!"

The station master's hands flew out to his side, and he crouched as though about to spring.

"Orphans, *mon Dieu!*" he screamed. "Orphans! What would my five small children be if I am discharged from this railroad? Orphans of a truth! With the invoice I give you these goods willingly. Without the invoice——"

Here Nancy arrived, trailed by the captain. He saw Mrs. Garland step back, saw her look at Nancy with an expression of relief, even of deference. And the lady of the flivver seemed to whirl at once into action.

"Of what is it that you speak?" she asked.

"Of the bill of lading, naturally," said the station master. "Of these goods, which of an assured certainty will rot in this station until the boche come again if the bill of lading is not presented to me."

"Look, monsieur," said Nancy in a tone both authoritative and ingratiating: "it is a favor I ask of you. We have come a long way. Our work awaits these goods. Only yesterday we promised monsieur the

(Continued on Page 31)

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—REVERENCE

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(Continued from Page 28)

préfet that we would proceed with all dispatch. He awaits our action. So does monsieur the British captain here"—interested as he was, Captain Clemons-Barr was not exactly certain that he liked to be dragged into this affair —"who wishes very much that we proceed, because, as monsieur knows, there is need." Captain Clemons-Barr noted that at the mention of the préfet, much of the irritated animation had gone out of the Frenchman's manner.

But he still responded, though weakly: "Mademoiselle must understand that the bill of lading is necessary. However, Monsieur the préfet himself ——"

Nancy's eye had rested on the sheaf of little ribbons in the buttonhole of the Frenchman's military coat. And she interrupted, as though much more interested in a new fact which she had discovered than in mere business.

"Why, monsieur has the Military Medal!"

"I have had that honor," replied the station master, his shoulders stiffening to a military pose.

"Where was it given—at Verdun?" asked Nancy.

"*Mon Dieu*, but no! It is at Verdun that I obtain my second wound and the cross of war," said the station master. "This"—he tapped the ribbon—"the eighteenth July!" His voice rang like a command.

"Soissons!" exclaimed Nancy. "And was I not there—the tanks coming out of the wood at dawn—the all-glorious French infantry moving so fast that our artillery could not shoot because it must travel so fast to keep up ——"

"I," broke in the station master, starting promptly from the mark —"I have lain all night in the wood. I am stiff and cold with the mist ——"

There followed ten minutes of military reminiscence, of dovetailed memories, during which the rest of the American ladies tactfully withdrew and started a perfunctory conversation of their own; during which the captain, keeping carefully within earshot, pretending to search the piled-up baggageroom for some of His Majesty's goods, misplaced by chance. Now the station master was safely established on the Vesle, the regiment was paraded, the general himself was about to present the Military Medal; and Nancy taking advantage of a pause started as though remembering herself.

"Doubtless, my comrade," she said, "it will not be necessary to trouble monsieur the préfet to come all the way over here. It is I who promise that the very day the bill of lading arrives it will be in your hands. I am responsible personally. If monsieur will give us some porters ——"

"Porters!" snorted the station master, concealing from the world that he had utterly conceded his point. "Porters! You do well to ask for porters! As well ask for field marshals! Do not laborers get twenty francs besides their filthy allocation? Has not that stationary engine lain over there rolling with rust for a month because there is no one to remove it? Porters! And me, I cannot lift because of my third wound."

"Come on, girls—it's up to us!" called Nancy.

The other women fell into line and proceeded onto the freight house. Little Miss Courtney spoke in English—or, the captain thought, something at least resembling English—with a perfectly set, inexpressive face: "Well, you certainly built the fire under Alphonse!"

"The confidence engendered by great wealth," said Miss Frayne with the same blank expression. "A pauper like me hasn't the background to pull anything like that."

"Such references to my fortune strike one as faintly savoring of bad taste," said Nancy quietly.

Miss Frayne seemed quite properly to accept the rebuke. The captain was preparing to withdraw, though reluctantly; he awaited only an opportunity to bid Miss Brastow a courteous good-by and to thank her for the lift. But she gave him no opportunity. Her mind on the business in hand, she shot to the interior of the freight house, stood before a stack of huge bales tied with rope and bound with burlap, which had burst open here and there to show the rusty collar of an old black coat, the puffed sleeve of a waist twenty years passé. Nancy reached up, laid firm hold of a bale, tugged. It tilted and suddenly fell. With a quick, dancing step she got out of the way; it had scarcely come to rest when she had both hands upon it, was shoving with all her strength. It scarcely moved.

"Goodness!" she said. "This seems a little too much for poor weak womanhood!"

She paused, considering. Miss Frayne grasped the rope of the bale, pulled—and moved it not two inches. Miss James—she seemed the quiet, colorless member of the party—tried with no better result. Nancy looked across the bale to the captain; and their eyes exchanged conversation without words. She was appealing to him. And she quite understood his situation. He wasn't now in remote Ily, where one might behave—well, irregularly. He was in Arras, which had a Graves Registration Squad and a British Y. M. C. A. and a town major. It would be distinctly against regulations. More—the chaffing. Then Nancy's understanding eye traveled past him to the wall. There hung a battered black overcoat and a gray cloth cap—the civilian costume of monsieur the station master. The captain followed her glance, then blushed lightly.

"By Jove, it would be a lark!" he said. Afterward Captain Clemons-Barr was to wonder, in moments of lonely meditation, at this wordless understanding.

"Mrs. Garland," spoke up Nancy, "the captain is going to help—camouflaged. Oh—I'd forgotten—you haven't met Captain Clemons-Barr. Mrs. Garland is our indispensable commanding officer. The captain is our fellow struggler at Ily. But he mustn't be seen. You shouldn't try to help with the lifting. If you'd just watch outside and cough—cough like anything—when you see anything in a British uniform coming this way. Especially if it is making a noise like a town major!"

The captain was already stripping off his camel's-hair coat, exposing to the eye a smart whipcord tunic and three rows of ribbons which drew feminine eyes like a prismatic magnet. Giggling, Miss Frayne took down the dingy black overcoat, held it for him; giggling, Miss Courtney handed him the cap. And the giggles became laughs as they viewed the figure he cut. He laughed too.

"Feel like Sir Joseph Porter and chorus," he said, and laid a willing if inexpert hand on the bale.

"No—like this," said Nancy.

Together they rolled the bale. Miss Frayne and Miss James ran out to back the cars, to lower the tailboards, returned to put their slight feminine strength into the task of rolling bales. The station agent glanced in, cast one startled look at this unwarranted use of his clothes, then burst into roars of laughter.

"But not a word, monsieur, to the other British officers!" warned Nancy.

"I die first!" replied the functionary. "Reveal that a British milord works—*jamais!*"

The spirit of the occasion seemed to effect a marvelous cure of his third wound, for he joined in the tugging, lifting and rolling. The station wagon was full now, and they were dragging down the sixth bale.

"Ought to lift a deep-sea chantey or something," said the captain. "Ought ——"

His mild incipient joke was cut short by a positively apoplectic fit of coughing from Mrs. Garland, without. The captain straightened up—blushing, confused. In the corner stood a high desk with one greasy account book open. Before even the wit of Nancy could devise a way he sprang to the desk and bent over it, his back to the door, and pretended to be very busy. An instant later came a voice at the doorway, speaking relaxed British French.

"Has monsieur any news of the consignment?"

The voice of the station master answered tactfully: "If monsieur the commandant will call again this afternoon—my mail arrives on the noon train."

There was a pause—a dreadful pause. The back of the captain's neck, presented to the view, glowed like a scarlet ribbon between his collar and his hair. That pause implied scrutiny. And suddenly he had remembered his feet. From under that rusty black coat protruded a pair of boots as unmistakably British as roast beef, decorated with a pair of gleaming spurs as undoubtedly British as the Union Jack.

Then the English voice plodded through the French phrase, "Very well, monsieur," and the captain heard footsteps withdrawing and the whir of a departing automobile.

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Far Eastern
News Service

The big news of tomorrow will come out of China

The sources of news are constantly shifting. In the next few years the events which will most deeply affect the life of all civilized peoples will occur in the Far East.

Frank Hedges foresaw this when he was working on a Washington paper. Being a newspaper man, he believes in being on the spot where news is going to "break." So he went out to Tokio, and after experience there on the staff of the Japan Advertiser, was sent to Pekin.

China was invited to take part in the discussion of Far Eastern problems at Washington, because China is at the very center of these problems.

With Hedges at the capital of northern China, and Wu Ting Fang writing from Canton, the seat of the southern republic, the Public Ledger Foreign News is covering every important development promptly and authoritatively.

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At your club *At hotel newsstands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes this Far Eastern News by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

Jim Henry's Column

Confidential —to Druggists

A column is a pretty public place in which to talk secrets—but if you don't mind, I wish you general public wouldn't read any further, for I want, this week, to discuss a little inside stuff with my druggist friends.

You have seen a significant change in the drug business in the last year.

Your total business has shrunk but your trade on certain articles has increased. You are selling a lot more Mennen Borated Talcum, Mennen Shaving Cream and Kora-Konia than last year. You must be, for our gross sales are way ahead.

How do you explain it?

During the recent lamented period of loose spending and economic insanity, the public, generally speaking, would buy anything. A cleverly designed package with a trick name seemed all that was required to achieve instantaneous success.

But today a half dollar has won back its hard earned reputation of being real money instead of something they gave back when you passed out a bit of change such as a ten spot.

All the enthusiasm has leaked out of spending and everyone (millionaires especially, poor fellows) is devoting earnest consideration to the problem of getting four bits' worth of genuine, tested, guaranteed value for every half dollar expenditure.

The public is once more demanding standard merchandise—merchandise which has earned good will by being better than anything in its class.

More men than ever are using Mennen Shaving Cream because they enjoy its marvelous results—because it is efficient—because it is great stuff—great value—because in their opinion it is infinitely the best.

and afterwards- Mennen Talcum for Men -it doesn't show

Just as many men shave this year as last. The reason you are selling more Mennen's is because more men have learned how to shave right.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

My demonstrator tube costs 10 cents by mail

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

"He's gone!" called Nancy from the door. "It was the T. M. too!"

"Do—do you think he saw my spurs?" asked the captain.

"Did seem to give you the once-over," said Nancy; "but I guess it's all right."

She bent to another bale; then looked up. The captain seemed to be thinking.

"If I drop in on him to-day he'll probably question me," he said. "And then ——" His manner implied the truth—that he would have to confess the guilty all.

"Well, unless your business in Arras is important, why not come back with us? It gives you an alibi. Nobody will suspect you've been in Arras," said Nancy. "We got you into the fix and we'll get you out." A smile made lovely little creases of those two long dimples. "We shan't mind being seen with you in our car. It is our policy whenever possible to do favors to our employes. Gives the personal touch. Keeps them contented. Prevents strikes."

"The insolence of the rich!" commented Miss Frayne.

Americans, the captain noted, had some unaccountable peculiarities. Usually their faces were very expressive. But sometimes they looked just blank and stupid—as, for example, Miss Frayne's face at this moment. And Miss Brastow's also as she answered: "Great wealth should be seen and not heard!"

As he labored, by now too short of breath for conversation, the captain could not help remarking to himself that Americans swanked a bit. These constant references to Miss Brastow's wealth, now. As she said, quite properly, it savored faintly of bad taste.

The truck and the station wagon both loaded, the captain without further comment or invitation climbed up beside Nancy, watched nervously for the British uniform all the way out of Arras, and fell back quite naturally into their exploratory conversation. She dropped a few comments on her companions, all generous—so far as he understood it. Wasn't Edith Courtney a pippin? Miss Frayne—she was a great josher.

"I beg your pardon?" asked the captain.

"Chaffer—ragger," interpreted Nancy. "As for Mrs. Garland ——"

"Seems a sentimental party," said the captain.

"An old dear—but just at present a charming hick," commented Nancy. "Didn't get over during the war; had a son in the Rainbow Division, so they wouldn't let her. She still thinks all the French are Joans of Arc and knights in tin armor su-huf-fering fierce. Hasn't yet learned they're human. After a few mornings like this she'll learn."

The captain, by running up to the edge of the various subjects, established that she had sound views on religion, that she lived in New York with her parents, that her father was a Harvard man. Though there were incidental references to automobiles and their country place, he got of course no information on the cardinal subject of her wealth. In his turn—how it came about he could not have told—he had given her much information upon his own family, including especially Lady Agatha. Indeed, as they bumped across a still unpacified stretch of country road into that dreary prospect of shell holes, mud, fallen trench systems, junk heaps and ruins which heralded Ily, it occurred to him that without appearing to show any curiosity she had learned rather more about him than he about her. She had rendered him positively chatty. They were at the corner nearest his quarters now; he stepped out; dismissed her thanks for helping out with the bales with a "Quite all right."

"When we have given our shack that subtle touch of home which men so loathe, Mrs. Garland will surely ask you to dinner," she said. "And let me know if the town major gets you for your unmilitary conduct. Thank you again."

The flivver whirled into low and she was gone—the last glimpse a flash of her hair flying loose in twenty different strands and tendrils. She appeared to have a gift of getting mussed up becomingly.

The next morning Madame Gemier, ahead of the official news as usual, apprised him that the mayor intended that very evening to receive the American ladies in state at the town hall; and on the heels of this news came the mayor's clerk with a formal invitation. That day, it happened, he must go to St.-Omer to cut a bit of red tape. Though he routed himself deliberately through Coin Ste.-Marie he saw nothing of the American ladies until, somewhat late, he entered the reception.

Bombardment had almost spared that room on the lower floor of the Ily town hall where the mayor, of old days, used to conduct his formal functions such as weddings. The second floor was gone, except for jagged fragments of brick and plaster; so were the apartments across the hall. But the room of state had suffered only the loss of its windows and spattering dents in its brown-stuccoed walls, its gilded pillars. The industry and invention of Virgile Duquesne, town painter and Jack-of-all-trades, had repaired the plaster; but paint was lacking, and the room showed everywhere the scars of its old wounds.

Twice before the captain had attended such an official ceremony at Ily, and now as always he found himself touched so that he had to look especially British and stolid to cover his emotions. With what a gallant air of pride and formality did the simple tradespeople of Ily carry off this ceremonial, so pitifully, meagerly furnished!

Touching again were the costumes. The mayor, for example—his black frock coat showed green in the lamplight; it was of the long cut fashionable about 1901. His black tie fell over a shirt front spotlessly white but frayed down to the warp. Yet he wore it with the simple dignity of a monarch. The women—well, he was no expert on such things, but they gave the same general impression of worn but decent splendor. Mostly in black—but their hair elaborately waved and pinned. The American ladies—here he found himself experiencing a sense of relief. He had expected, somehow, that they would go to one of the two extremes—either dress, as they well might, in the latest frivolities of Paris, or wear, in mistaken deference to the poverty of the district, their working clothes. But no—Nancy Brastow was in something or other quiet and brown, showing just her throat and a hint of shoulder and bosom. Mrs. Garland was in black. The rest—but his eyes returned to Nancy.

She spied him presently; gave him a glance which conveyed pleasant but quite formal recognition. He was making a discreet approach round the long table, when a sudden hush warned him that something was going to happen. He looked up. The mayor was standing between the palms, two fingers stuck into the bosom of his frock coat, his whiskers, trimmed like a formal hedge, quivering with suppressed speech while he waited for his audience to get properly quiet. There was going to be speechmaking. And they would undoubtedly, unquestionably call upon him. It had happened before. In misery he listened while the mayor ratified the Alliance, dragged America into the war, marched the Sixteenth Infantry through the streets of Paris, refought Château-Thierry, swept through the Argonne. In misery he listened to the crimes of the boche and the necessity for making him pay to the last sou, *mesdames et messieurs*. In misery he heard recorded the deeds of that angel of the West, come to bind the wounds of bleeding France. And all the time he was grabbing at phrases he heard once at an Anglo-American banquet after a field meet—"hands across the sea," "common ties of language," and putting them hastily into French.

The mayor entwined the Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack in one final splendid twist of rhetoric and gesture; and the awful moment arrived, as expected. The captain perceived that his feet had carried him to the platform, that he had bowed, that his lips were emitting some sort of tosh in atrocious French. He remembered, while that unfamiliar voice which came out of him somewhere rambled on and on, that he must put in some gestures. He managed to wave one hand toward the right and another toward the left. Then, while that voice kept right on—would it ever stop?—he reminded himself that an orator should always look at the audience. Up to now he had been staring glassily at an especially large shell spatter on the opposite wall. So he dropped his eyes suddenly.

Out of the confusion of black bodies and white heads they focused on Nancy Brastow. She stood, her face in the full light of a reflector, near the wall and a little apart from the rest, looking at him; her face registered on his retina like a snapshot. Her eyes were as though veiled in mist, so soft had they become. Her mouth was not curved in smiles or creased with determination as he had always seen it before; it was a river of crimson warmth. Her little head seemed to droop—and droop toward him. Where had he seen that same expression of late? Ah, yes—Madame Gemier when she looked at Pullitt.

All this in a glance; and he turned his eyes quickly away. Then he realized that he was not talking. The noise proceeding from him had stopped. Where? In the middle of a sentence probably. He had broken down completely. So tense lay the anxious embarrassed silence that he could hear the rustle of silk from the nervous movements of the women. Something had to be done.

"Well, that's all!" he said in English; and then remembering himself he repeated it in French of sorts—"*Eh bien, voilà tout. Vive la France, Vive l'Amérique!*" he added as an afterthought. Which quite saved his face, for his tactful audience burst into a chorus of *vives!* Somehow his feet carried him off from the platform.

The mayor rose to introduce Mrs. Garland. This turned those dreadful intent eyes away from him; and his feet continued to carry him. They sidled through the press toward that corner where Nancy Brastow stood alone. It was a most conspicuous thing to do, he told himself. Probably everyone had noticed at whom he was looking when he broke down. But his feet went on, halting not until he stood beside her. That warm, misty expression still veiled her face; then as she held out her hand the sun rays of her smile blew it away.

"You are all in brown to-night," he said, and no more.

That, too, he had spoken as though prompted by the daimon within him. He had not premeditated the remark. It just came out. And it meant so much more than the words! It implied long memory of delicious intimacies, so that the episode of her being in brown to-night made one link in a jeweled chain stretching backward through all the hinterland of eternity, to stretch forward through all its distances. And she—the mist drifted back across the sunlight of her smile. As Mrs. Garland began sentimentalizing over the sorrows of France, she dropped her eyes.

IV

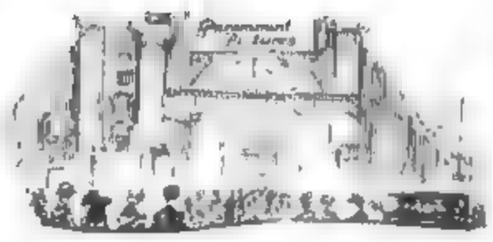
JANUARY drifted mistily, soggily into February. A late wet snowstorm, melting almost as soon as it fell, turned the clay underfoot from paste to ooze. Ily shivered by night under feather beds, by day under layers of heavy clothing, mostly from the discard of the late war. Otherwise Ily desultorily filled shell holes between storms, rolled a little more barbed wire, stacked a few more dud shells, made pessimistic comment upon the prospect of the boche paying up, and waited. But Coin Ste.-Marie, that inconsequential suburb, had suddenly become the point of importance. Its one complete street, its straggling ventures at side streets, were assuming plan and form. Somehow the débris was disappearing; somehow foundations were beginning to cut through the mud. The American ladies had set up living and working quarters in a large wooden headquarters hut left behind by the British Army and secured with connivance of Captain Clemons-Barr. Ily rang with awed gossip of lavish extravagance in fuel. They had set up a great stove just for heating, besides the one for cooking. They burned not only wood, much wood—they were always calling for wood—but coal at two hundred and fifty francs a ton, grand heaven! But while it gossiped Ily also profited. Mrs. Garland had her *ouvroir* running now, patching, repairing, cleaning the second-hand clothes, turning condemned army cloth into underclothes. And many a woman slopped back and forth to Coin Ste.-Marie night and morning not so much for the twelve francs a day as for the eight hours of comfortable warmth beside that stove. Various small differences had begun to adjust themselves. The American ladies had abandoned their alarming ideas about bathtubs, cottages on the American plan and communism in bricks. Coin Ste.-Marie was going to be restored exactly as it was—as it had always been since its last devastation by the Spanish. They did stick to some ridiculous modern ideas about plumbing, sewage disposal and drains. Coin Ste.-Marie conceded that point, knowing well that when the Americans had gone these little eccentricities could be

(Continued on Page 34)

Wallace Reid and the woman who regards all men as pals—at least that's what she says.

Elliott Dexter as the bachelor philosopher in whom young love confides.

"Let me see that man's picture!"



EACH Paramount Picture you see gives birth to a desire to see another—an endless chain of happy evenings.

It does not matter which evenings in the week you go, or how often, as long as you choose a theatre that's showing a Paramount Picture.

For if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

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listed in order of release

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George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
With Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
By Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production.

Marion Davies in
"Enchantment"
By Frank R. Adams
Supervised by
Cosmopolitan Productions.

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik"
With Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by
Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in
"The Call of the North"
Adapted from
"Conjuror's House"
By Stewart Edward White

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel "Enchanted Hearts"
By Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in
"Exit—the Vamp"
By Clara Beranger

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
From George M. Cohan's famous play
A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Frank Borzage.

Pola Negri in
"The Last Payment"

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
By Lorna Moon.

"Just Around the Corner"
By Fannie Hurst
A Cosmopolitan Production.

William S. Hart in
"White Oak"
A Wm. S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in
"Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
By Alice and Claude Askew

A William DeMille Production
Miss Lulu Bett
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore
Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
By James M. Barrie
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Adolph Zukor presents

Wallace Reid
Gloria Swanson
Elliott Dexter

in

"DON'T TELL EVERYTHING!"

By Lorna Moon — *A Paramount Picture* — *Directed by Sam Wood*

HERE are three great stars in the greatest photoplay of love-strategy that ever happened.

It's a drama and a comedy and a satire and a philosophy all in one.

A well-meaning young man tells the girl of his heart *far too much*, and even then she didn't believe she had heard it all!

Cast, direction and story are. . . . . but we must heed the picture's advice, "Don't Tell Everything!"

Here are a few titles from the photoplay, which show you the way Cupid's knitting gets all tangled:

"And so the sun stood still, and the rivers stopped, and the whole world waited with bated breath, while these lovers vowed that their engagement would [be different." * * *

"Let's have no secrets, Tommy dear—don't you think people who are going to be married ought to know all about each other?"

"Well, *almost* all!" * * *

"Tell a woman what you *must*, but don't tell everything." * * *

"Confession may be good for the soul but not for an engagement!" * * *

"There are no game-laws in a man hunt, and it's always open season."* * *

"But as much as Tommy loves truth he loves his Marion more—so he lies—and lies—and LIES—even as you and I!"

Ask your theatre manager when he will show it.

"Remember, we're not going to have secrets from each other . . !"

Gloria Swanson

Wallace Reid

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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(Continued from Page 32)

removed. Part of this adjustment came from the tactful and efficient management of Nancy Brastow, part from the teachability of Mrs. Garland, part from the influence of the curé, who in a sermon on Christian charity introduced the American ladies as a shining example.

Among the baser sort there was gossip of another kind than that concerning stoves and drains—a substratum of talk, with invidious implications here and there, which the mayor, the curé and all the town dignitaries were in conspiracy to keep from American ears. Why had the British captain established a dump at Coin Ste.-Marie? Why but to take him constantly into that hamlet? He had been seen riding on the front seat of the station wagon beside the millionairess, Mademoiselle Brasteau. The gossips divided into parties. One, the smallest, affected tolerant indifference. After all, these English and Americans had their own quaint ways. Had not the Americans, legislating against alcohol, called beer and wine alcohol? Was it not a crime in America to drink wine? Well, then! One would never understand. A larger group, strongly feminine, asked what idea this Madame Garland had of her duties as chaperon. Was it that a young girl—a wealthy young girl at that—might do as she pleased, *mon Dieu?* Was it not enough to be devastated by war, that such an example should be paraded before the young girls of Ily? Still another faction—this strongly masculine—put on the whole affair the worst possible construction. Captain Vivian Clemons-Barr, M. C., and Miss Nancy Brastow, driving serenely through Ily, observed -if they were in rare mood of observing anything external—an inhabitant here and there, quietly following amidst the wreck and ruin his usual business.

They did not know how, when the tail of the station wagon rattled out of sight, the voices began to shoot argot from doorways and shutters.

Gossip was running freely at the Café des Ruines, once the Café de Paris, when Madame Gemier and Pullitt entered on an evening some three weeks after the American invasion. And Madame Gemier knew it perfectly the moment she lifted the canvas curtain which served in place of a door, and faced the peppered walls, their worst holes covered with posters and advertising signs, the mismatched tables, the patched-up, rickety chairs and benches, the brave little array of bottles and glasses along the rough board counter, the oil lamps beaming a dismal light from their reflectors on this dismal sociability. For Georges Fouchet, playing with his one hand his eternal match at dominoes against his comrade Krebs, had coughed suggestively. Madame Vidal, the proprietress, had seemed to cut a sentence suddenly short as she bowed her much bepinned and coiffured head to busy herself among the bottles. Out of a silence Léon Buque started a heavy political argument among his group at a corner table.

Madame Gemier read all the signs. Of course before her, the captain's landlady, and Pullitt, his servant, they kept silence. But they knew how scandalous it had all become! And this had the effect of lashing her worked-up moral indignation to the point of final action. No sooner had Madame Vidal laid forth her glass of red wine, Pullitt's of weak sweet beer, than she resumed in a low tone hammering, hammering at the nail which she had been trying to drive into Pullitt's dear, thick, British head.

"So they will be married!" said Madame Gemier. "Oh, I know. Always marriage with you English! He will have her fortune. What then, grand heaven?"

"Maybe buy in grand regiment," said Pullitt again I translate his French as it sounded to the Widow Gemier—"maybe go India, maybe goes outside army and resides country gentleman."

"In England, doubtless?" The Widow Gemier could not keep one sharp soprano thrust out of the matter-of-fact tone which she had assumed.

"Yes; me too. I go with family."

This, at last, was what Madame Gemier wanted to know. If anything came of this patent infatuation between her lodger and the American heiress Pullitt would swim away unhooked. Her eyes grew hard.

"Even," she said, "when they begin to marry Americans?"

Pullitt gave one little uneasy stir and fell to agitating the lees of beer in his glass.

"Even when their young milord is snared by that Yankee adventuress with the face of a kitten!" spat Madame Gemier.

Pullitt still held his peace.

"Look!" pursued Madame Gemier. "Is it that he is proud or that he is ashamed? Doubtless he has written his family of his intentions, as a good son should. Doubtless he has confided in madame his mother!"

She paused and took a sip of wine while she awaited the effect of this thrust to the heart of the subject. For she knew; and so did Pullitt. The captain, a methodical man, never wrote his personal letters at his office, but at his own desk in his living quarters. Finished, he deposited them in a battered army mail box in the hall, that Pullitt might stamp and post them. As Madame Gemier had secretly satisfied herself by tact, intrigue and diplomacy, not once since the American invasion had that box contained a letter addressed to England.

"He is young," pursued Madame Gemier. "*Bien.* He is alone. *Bien.* She has snared him like a rabbit. What a pity there is no one responsible for him—no one to inform his family so eminent and respectable—that one may take measures." The Widow Gemier wagged her comely head with the tragedy of it all.

"It is no my business!" said Pullitt with a choppy brevity which indicated that he was touched.

"No," said the widow, "no." But the negative was flat, reluctant. It hinted that there was much more she might have said. "But it is a pity that monsieur the captain has no one about him who feels it as a duty! He returns to England married to this American—for is it not true that you English may marry without the consent of your parents? *Bien.* He is married. He presents her to milady, his mother. She regards the kitten face, the hoyden manner. And she says internally: 'If someone had told me—in time!'"

Pullitt stirred uneasily. He tugged at the throat of his military collar. Either its pressure or something else had turned his face brick red.

"It is a pity that there is no one so devoted as to see it is a duty," said Madame Gemier.

Then suddenly she changed the subject to mere gossip, speaking no more on this topic. But she acted. When she and Pullitt strolled home, when he bade her an abrupt British good night, she busied herself about the kitchen for a quarter of an hour. Then she glanced at Pullitt's quarters in her back yard—the wreck of an abandoned British hut, patched up for civilian uses.

His light still burned. She crept on cat feet through the mud, avoiding the windows, to a crack which she had long marked as a good observation post. A wavering candle flame made a circle of light about Pullitt's square, honest, British head, a sheet of paper, an ink pot.

He wore the conscientious expression of a bulldog set to guard the baby carriage or of a Briton doing his duty—a resemblance intensified by his protruding tongue, which seemed, as it moved painfully from corner to corner of his mouth, to follow the course of his pen. And with all this gigantic, concentrated mental effort, Pullitt had brought forth only this:

My Lady: I deem it my duty to say as how theres a rich American woman ——

After much pen chewing, much lingual effort, Pullitt tore that up, began anew, repeated the process. At the third attempt composition seemed to run more freely. Madame Gemier, satisfied, crept back to the kitchen.

The next morning Pullitt set forth hardily for his wash at the pump. Madame Gemier, making sure of setting things early to rights, promptly entered his hut with broom and dustpan. She took his tunic from the bedpost, pretended to shake and brush it while she explored its flap pockets. There was a letter—atamped, sealed, addressed to Lady Agatha Clemons-Barr, Ransmere, Bishop's Covey, Hants.

Madame slipped the letter back, fell furiously to cleaning. But the triumphant snapping of her eyes seemed to light the dawn.

▼

NANCY, superintending the daily feeding at the children's hut, glanced up and saw an unfamiliar figure picking its way across the duckboards past the rising foundations of the village church—a figure whereof the general aspect struck her before she began to grasp and to enumerate the details. He was tall and slender, this stranger, but for all that he did not move with the nervous French lightness. His feet somehow seemed aggressively to be fighting the duckboards. As he came nearer she added the items of a long brown traveling ulster, a cloth cap, a heavy stick. "English!" she said to herself, and found a remote glow warming the region of her heart. In that pleasant instant the voice of Coralie the cook called from the lean-to which served as a kitchen.

"I have need of more milk, madame!"

The hand of Nancy flew to the key ring at her belt. Still wondering she hurried to the kitchen.

Sir Gerald Clemons-Barr, M. P.—he who now plodded the duckboards—had seen at the window that face, so palpably pretty, so plainly not French. That could be none other than she. He hadn't bargained for exactly this, he told himself; in the twenty steps to the door of the hut he lived a year of confused recent memories of apprehensions for his immediate emotional future. If Agatha hadn't sprained her ankle! Someone had to go at once. She couldn't; and ever since Agatha's widowhood he had held himself personally responsible for old Alfred's orphans. Agatha's directions had been full of feminine notions. He was to keep faith with Pullitt—give no hint about that letter. He couldn't exactly see the necessity of that. The letter had been useful; but it was a sneaking trick on the part of Pullitt. He was to tell Lady Agatha everything—everything—about this young woman. How did she look? Was she a lady? A lot of eyewash like that.

What did Agatha think he was? A damned novelist? Agatha had stressed all these points a little less heavily than the matter into which he himself meant to make minute inquiry. She was enormously wealthy, according to Pullitt's letter. Well, if that were true—the junior branch of the Clemons-Barrs needed money; never needed it more. If she turned out to be the kind of person one married he couldn't see any strong objections. He hated the idea of good British families marrying foreigners; but Americans—in his experience when they were good they were very, very good and when they were bad they were horrid.

He had arrived via the Boulogne boat, train and automobile. He had to be back by to-morrow morning at the latest. He had decided to begin by having it out, man to man, with Vivian. There he had encountered the first of his hard luck. At the captain's quarters a chatty and communicative Frenchwoman had informed him that the captain—and Pullitt also—were gone to Arras, weren't expected back until late that night. He had pumped her—tactfully, he hoped. Of course he couldn't get all she said—why did the French speak so fast?—but he had found that there was a party of Americans at Coin Ste.-Marie, including this Miss Brastow, of whom Madame Gemier gave him a sketchy description; and there had come out the hopeful fact, at which Sir Gerald grasped, that they had a chaperon—Madame Gahlang—it sounded something like that.

Sir Gerald got Madame Gemier to write the name, for here was a solution. With an elder woman he could talk it all over sensibly; she wouldn't make a scene at any rate. But now—framed in the window was unquestionably the young woman herself. Suppose the chaperon should be out? Sir Gerald hesitated; only a realization of the figure he cut backing away—now that he had been observed—kept his feet moving forward.

The door, opening at his knock, let out a shrill but subdued clamor. Down the center of the room ran a long table; at it sat some fifty children, the little boys in plain black smocks, the little girls in pinafores with their floating hair tied up by ribbons. Even before his appearance at the door muted their voices, turned fifty pairs of inquiring black eyes in his direction, he remarked subconsciously how much quieter they were than any other children he had ever seen or heard. His eyes, stabbing the background, absorbed such details as a hot stove glowing in the corner, bright pictures of rabbits and fairies and such childish objects tacked to the plain board walls, a Sister of Charity in the corner by the stove, holding in protecting arms a very

(Continued on Page 37)

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They meet this Month

The correct lubricating oil for 1922 cars will be determined in December

DURING this month the Annual Meeting of the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers is being held.

These men meet for joint consideration of the 1922 models of automobiles, motor trucks, farm tractors, motorcycles and stock engines. They will determine the correct lubricating oil for each.

Perhaps the most striking single proof of the qualifications of the Board is this:

As members of the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers these men have repeatedly been consulted by automobile manufacturers in regard to engine design. Important engine features and improvements have often resulted.

* * *

After detailed examination of the specifications of each 1922 model, the Board of Engineers will specify for its engine and for its transmission and differential the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. This grade will be selected to insure

[1] *Free distribution to every frictional surface*
[2] *Full compression*
[3] *Fuel economy*
[4] *Oil economy*
[5] *Greatest freedom from carbon*
[6] *Maximum power*
[7] *Longest life*

The lubricating requirements of each engine will be scientifically met by the high quality and correct body and character of the oil recommended. As quickly as possible, these findings will be put in Chart form for distribution among motorists and to the trade.

Automobile lubrication was a matter of guesswork until the Chart first appeared in 1905. The Chart makes automobile lubrication a science. There are laws of lubrication as exact as the laws of physics or mathematics. These laws are put into practice in the production of Gargoyle Mobiloils and the Vacuum Oil Company's complete Chart of Recommendations.

Make this Chart your guide. The correct lubricating oil for your 1922 car will be determined this month. The Chart on the right shows the correct oil for previous models.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan

Recommendation

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

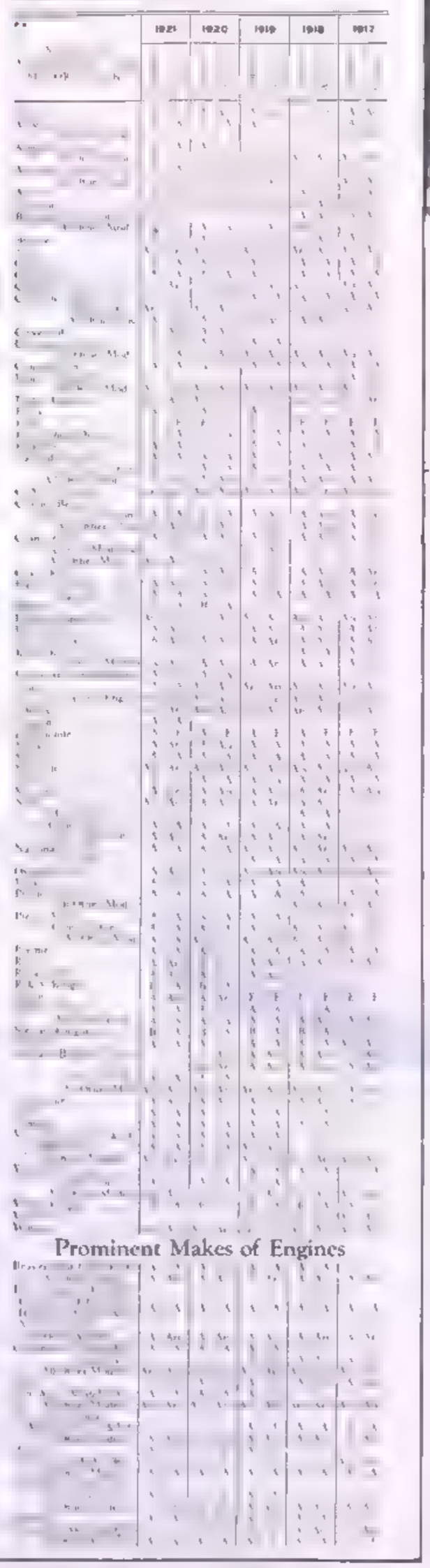
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Prominent Makes of Engines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 34)

little child who seemed to droop against her breast. All this while he was informing the becoifed and beaproned Frenchwoman who had opened the door that he had come to see Madame Garland.

"But she is not here to-day," said the portress, with the air of one who announces tragedy; "she and the other ladies are gone to Boulogne—except Mademoiselle Brastow. Will monsieur see Mademoiselle Brastow perhaps?"

The last opening of Sir Gerald to make a cowardly flight was here ruined by the sudden entry of Miss Brastow herself, carrying twin milk jugs. Certainly, he told himself, she was a personable young woman—Vivian had made no mistake there. Before he could go on to an inventory of her charms he saw that her eyes, fixed with polite curiosity on him, had jumped as though some emotion had flamed suddenly up within her, had been as suddenly extinguished. She set down the milk jugs and was turning toward him when the sister spoke from the corner—something too fast and too idiomatic for him to catch. It spun Miss Brastow round; she knelt, and herself bent over the child. Her face and that of the sister were turned toward him; they seemed for a moment to make a tableau of pity and goodness and all that man in his sentimental moments holds womanly—the pale, lean face of the sister, with its ample French eyesocket, its fine long lines; the more earthy face of the girl, yet equally fine of line. He had to admit that. He had further to admire the smooth dome which her chestnut hair presented to his view as she leaned over—the flecks and glints of gold which it reflected from the open doors of the furiously burning stove.

"She'll sleep it off, sister," he heard her say in a quick, decisive voice.

Then she came toward him again. She was smiling faintly now; it became her. But her eyes were on guard.

"Miss Brastow?" he said. "My name is Gerald Clemons-Barr."

"Oh!" she took him up as she put out her hand. "Sir Gerald? I have heard much of you from—Captain Clemons-Barr."

Sir Gerald did not fail to note the faint flutter of hesitation before the name. He understood, and ruffled inwardly with pride at his own shrewdness. She had all but slipped his nephew's given name. Probably when they were alone she called him Viv, as did the family. One thing was established—Pullitt was probably right about the entanglement.

"I think I should have known you without introduction," she added, "you look so much like your nephew." That was the reason for the guarded look of her eyes! Still more vindication for Pullitt!

"Rather an inconvenient time to call, perhaps," said Sir Gerald. "It's difficult to tell when to call in this environment, isn't it?"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," said Nancy. "Most of our visitors come in at lunch time anyway. Like to see our little animals fed." The smile which went with this remark seemed to take the sting out of its hardness. "You are looking for Mrs. Garland, aren't you? I'm afraid she won't be back this afternoon."

She seemed to ask without saying it whether she could do anything. And like a craven he dodged the point.

"I'd really like to see your show—if visitors are allowed," he said.

So she showed him about—introduced him to Coralie, the cook, explained how the dish of stew, the bun and the mug of milk they gave the children every noon were scientifically balanced—"Calories and all that sort of thing," said Nancy—to build up the undernourished; how they worked, with the help of Sister Véronique there, to root out the really needy cases; how difficult that was sometimes. "Then their pride blows up all at once," she said, "and we get them when they're in pretty bad shape. Like that one there." She waved a long firm hand toward Sister Véronique, brooding her charge in the corner. "Positively nothing the matter with her except that she's been underfed, and eating a real luncheon all at once has been too much for her."

As she displayed her show—a little better at ease what with her enthusiasm—she was constantly interrupting herself to give quick, concise, authoritative orders to Coralie the cook or Hélène the waitress, to pick up and refill an overturned bowl for this child, to straighten a hair ribbon for that. Really, Sir Gerald felt, he was getting on splendidly. He was learning what Agatha wanted to know. So far, he couldn't find himself blaming Vivian. As for what he himself wanted to know ——

Suddenly a splendid plan sprang into his mind—almost Machiavellian in its subtlety, he felt. Subtlety was not Sir Gerald's forte. He was known as the bluntest man in British politics. His enemies hinted that was why he had never gone further; his friends maintained that was why he had gone as far as he had. To his solid Midlands constituency, his heavy-handed, heavy-footed methods argued his sterling British honesty. At once he began working up to his opening.

"And who supports all this?" he asked.

"This? Oh, Hoover's people at first; then they had too much to do farther east, and a society in Chicago keeps it going. Really," she added, "it's really only the tail end of our job. The main thing is the rebuilding—that's financed by the Society for Devastated France. But it's a case where the side show makes more trouble than the circus."

"I suppose you're a contributor yourself," said Sir Gerald, and admired his own exquisite finesse.

"Me?" asked Nancy. She laughed. "Oh, no. I give my services—with a low salary—like the rest."

"Prefer to make your extensive contributions elsewhere, I suppose?" pursued Sir Gerald.

"What I can spare out of my salary wouldn't rescue many of the starving of stricken Europe," began Nancy jocularly. "If ——" And then Sir Gerald, his eyes fixed on her face, saw it suddenly go blank; saw her mouth widen, saw a stiffening of her whole frame. For two seconds she looked him straight in the eye. Then from lips which seemed scarcely to move she added: "Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have no money of my own—and that my father is not a rich man."

Sir Gerald could feel little prickles pinching the flesh behind his ears. He had learned what he wanted to know; the tone in which she had spoken admitted no doubt of her sincerity. But she knew also—she knew perfectly! Benches, tin dishes, little sabots were clattering as the children rose at the command of Hélène; the limp figure in the arms of Sister Véronique had stirred awake; the sister was supporting her by the armpits as she made tentative little steps. And none perceived the quiet drama being played there in the corner. A hush which came over the children at this moment turned his attention from Nancy. They were standing expectantly ranged by the table. Sister Véronique made a signal with her hand, and "*Merci aux dames Américaines!*" they shrilled together. Nancy bowed officially; the children shuffled noisily on their sabots toward the door.

When after this fortunate interruption Sir Gerald and Nancy faced each other their manner was again perfectly normal, casual. Or was hers? He felt a slight constraint and wondered what was going on below the smooth, madonnalike front which she presented to him.

"Mrs. Garland will be happy to see you, I'm sure, if you'll call at the hut after five," she said.

It sounded like a dismissal, quiet and firm.

"Shan't have to trouble her. Just wanted to see your shop. Most delightful. Thanks awfully!" jerked Sir Gerald.

Presently, he did not know exactly how, he was out in the cold air of Flanders; and she had not put out her hand at parting.

Bumping back to Ily in his hired automobile Sir Gerald's pique, irritation, wounded self-love—all the emotions which in man follow a rebuff by a pretty woman—rolled up in him, were transmuted into rage against this nephew of his, who had got the family, and especially him, Sir Gerald Clemons-Barr, into this fix. As the machine slackened speed to draw up at the captain's quarters a closed car painted in British official buff shot round a corner, passed, drew up at the curb. Pullitt sat outside with the driver. The door opened and the captain descended, gave a brief order, turned toward the door. Realization that luck had tricked him again gave the final lurid touch to Sir Gerald's rage. He was ready now to attack the matter like a true Briton—frontally. He was going to tell that young whippersnapper at once that this girl was a pauper and that it wouldn't do at all. It was even deucedly unfair to the girl—she was plainly enamored.

In the back of his consciousness, however, reigned a sense that it was all going to be difficult. How much easier it would be if Vivian had entangled himself with a showgirl or a barmaid! One could take legal measures perhaps, or at least military measures. But what was one to do when the girl was a lady? What but tell that young puppy ——

VI

ACROSS the mud heaps surrounding the huts of the American encampment strode Captain Clemons-Barr—strode with unmilitary, undignified rapidity. None being there to see for the moment, he was giving his British inhibitions a holiday. His face, in the shadow of his peaked cap, worked convulsively; nor was he controlling a nervous twitch of his hand which held his swagger stick. Straight to the door of the main office he strode, knocked. He had scarcely time to draw a stolid veil over his features when Coralie answered. Yes, Mademoiselle Brastow was at home. She was the only one of the ladies at home, in her quarters, Coralie thought. She wasn't feeling very well this afternoon.

"Tell her I should like to see her about something special and important," said the captain; and switched with his swagger stick at the dead stalks before the door as he waited. When Coralie returned her animated French manner was muted.

"Mademoiselle says," reported Coralie, "that she prefers, if monsieur pleases, not to see him. She prays monsieur that he have the goodness to go away."

Instinctively the captain drew back; Coralie took advantage of this motion to close the door.

A moment the captain stood there; then his whole rangy frame seemed suddenly to be infused with gigantic energy. Straight from the door he strode, straight to that long unpainted hut where the American ladies had their quarters. There was no hall in this structure; each little room presented squarely to the world a uniform door and curtained window. Nancy's was the second in line. Had he not many a night, returning late to Ily, watched that curtained window to see if it were alight? As he reached the threshold his British inhibitions seemed to come back and take control of his energies; for he knocked softly, even tremblingly.

A voice from within, silvery but a little thick, asked: "Who is it?"

"It is I—Viv—Clemons-Barr!" he said.

A moment of silence: then the voice from within, now a little more clearly, answered. "Go away!"

"Shan't!" jerked out Captain Clemons-Barr.

"Very well—then stay!"

The captain paused a moment, as if to consider the situation.

"Are you dressed?" he asked shortly.

The voice from within was growing with every response clearer and also sharper: "I'm not making any lying excuses. I am dressed. I won't see you. I want you to go away."

The captain laid his hand on the door. His breath was coming and going in little catches, as though his self-control were departing fast.

But he managed somehow to keep his voice firm as he said: "I give you fair warning, then, that if this door isn't opened instantly I shall open it myself, if I have to break it."

A moment of absolute silence. The captain's hand went to the knob. But with its first creaking note came from within a sound of rustling skirts and then footsteps. So suddenly that he almost tumbled through, the door was thrown open. Nancy stood there, still in her black service dress and her ruffled white apron. A trace of delicious pinkness rimmed her eyelids, between which her tawny irises regarded him steadily—half hurt they seemed, and half indignant.

"If you think I'm afraid to face you!" she whipped out. Suddenly she turned, sat on a footstool beside her little stove, her shoulder toward him, one foot tapping nervously.

The captain's explosive moment had passed. He seemed almost to droop as he stood there, fighting for words.

"Uncle Gerald's an old fool—too much political eyewash—and all that—pumping you about money—as if I cared—as if I weren't relieved. As if I didn't feel free now to—to ——" He stopped abruptly.

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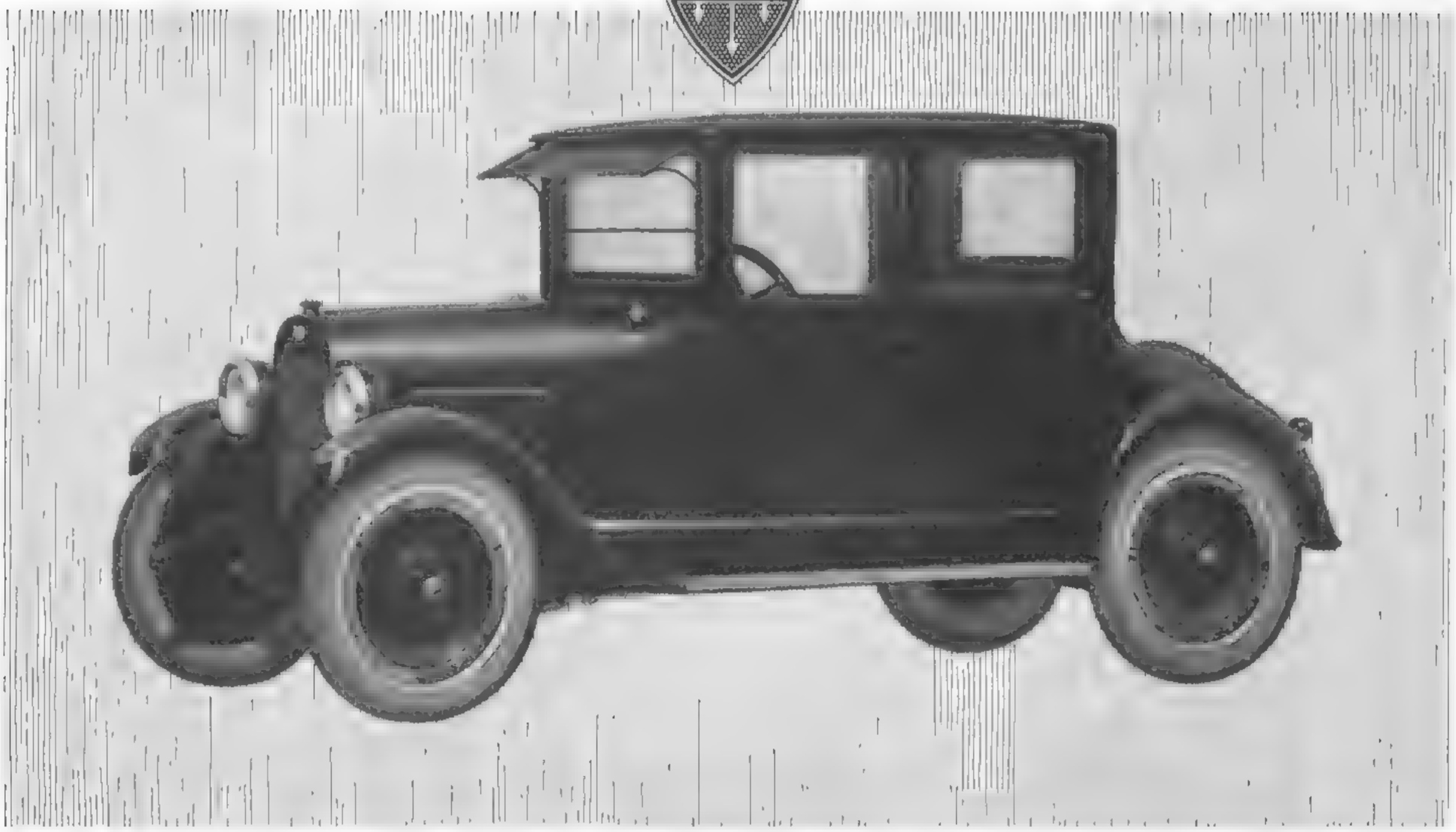

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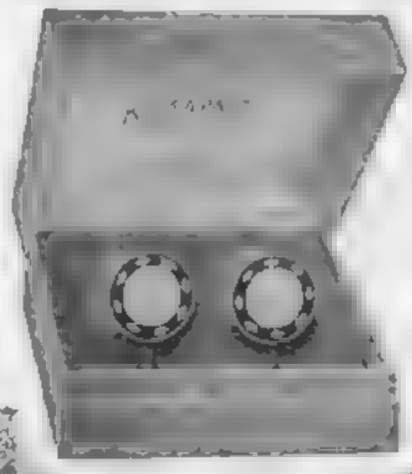

One of the "Gifts that Last"

HIGH CORROSIVE

(Continued from Page 19)

That was the way it went, over and over again. They would have wonderful hours together until the consciousness that the spacious splendor about them, the great car that waited outside, the horde of excellent servants that made existence so effortless were all being paid for with Arianna's money. Then gloom would descend on him and they were in for another scene.

"Can't you see?" he would ask her. "Can't you see that no decent man would let himself in for this kind of thing? It will absorb me, weaken me, pull me down. I'm not a professional idler. I've got my profession, and until I met you I was eaten up by ambition to get on in it. Now I'm eaten up with longing for you. Even now—I'm not quite so keen as I was. These endless dinners and dances and parties you take me to—heaven knows I enjoy them, but they don't leave me enough time to sleep. Lots of days I'm simply a dope, a dumbbell. Your Uncle Gilroy cocked a mighty sharp eye at me the other day when I submitted a brief I'd been working on."

"What do you want then?" begged Arianna. "What do you want? I can't help my sort of life any more than you can help yours. Isn't there some sort of adjustment, some sort of balance we can strike? Dearest and darling, I'll do anything you say."

After which they would have a succession of evenings at home, and Bartlett would begin to feel fit again, when along would come a sheaf of invitations that simply couldn't be resisted, and they would do it all over.

Arianna had been accustomed to dancing all night and not getting up until noon or later, which left her quite refreshed and ready for the next party. She wanted Bartlett to come uptown about four and take her to tea, drop into an art gallery or concert perhaps, and then go to dinner or the theater or the opera or whatever festivity was at hand, and when he pleaded work she first laughed, then grew indignant, then tearful.

"You don't want to be with me," she sobbed. "You don't really love me."

This was in her more unreasonable moments. They were not few. It wore at the nerves of both of them, exasperated them, drove them apart, and yet they could not exist apart. Some miracle of being kept them loving and lovers even when they chafed most bitterly at the inevitable conditions of their lives.

"This money's like a blight," Arianna declared somberly one night, after a peculiarly wretched hour. "It keeps piling up and piling up. I give it away—indeed I do, Bart—in bucketfuls, wherever it seems as though it was right to do it. But it only gets more and more. I always liked having it before." Then she added wistfully, "Why can't you forget about it and think only of me?"

"I don't know," answered Bartlett. "I'm afraid I'm not well balanced. It's always in evidence. The way your friends—some of them—look at me and—well, did you see that one newspaper? 'Penniless Youth Wins Great Heiress!' I may be too thin-skinned, and I'm a dog to complain; but, oh, Arianna, you and your loving me is all the wealth I want or need! I wish you were poor!"

It was true that some of Arianna's friends had been a trifle sniffy and had looked Bartlett over with amused eyes, in which he fancied he saw also contempt. Perhaps he did. But he was rawly sensitive. Other people had been kind. Lucy Mardison understood and helped them where she could. And old Gilroy Fitch was pleased.

"I was afraid she'd marry a monkey on a stick," he told Bartlett. "There's been plenty of them after her. Only—it's hard on you, Temple; hard on you in many ways; but hardest perhaps in a way you won't realize until after you've been married a while." He stroked his gray side whisker, protruded his thin underlip. "Gold," he went on slowly, "is high corrosive of character."

He did not soften his demands on Bartlett's time or effort because he was soon to be a connection; rather he increased them. He wanted to try the lad's mettle hard. Nor did he increase his salary. But on the other hand, Bartlett was subtly made to understand that there was a permanence, a stability about his connection with the firm that did not now depend on his making good. This made him all the more determined and anxious to make good. He'd show them. He wasn't going to be a trifler, a hanger-on, just because he was marrying old Gilroy Fitch's niece. He hesitated a long time before he would consent to take the month's vacation they offered him at the time of his marriage, and only yielded when he was assured it was customary.

They were married with great pomp and circumstance, according to Arianna's wishes, and started away on their honeymoon. This Bartlett stipulated should not be spent in any of Arianna's various residences, though in secret he wanted mightily to go and see her Virginia farm. But he would not do it. He intended to pay for his honeymoon, at least, if it took every cent he had saved—and it very nearly did. All the same, they were perilously happy, gloriously happy, and the shadow of Arianna's fortune lifted from him. He had no room in his thoughts for anything, anybody but Arianna herself, or she for him. In their rapt isolation they found harmony.

And as the days of this perfect time drew to a close Bartlett Temple made a mighty vow to himself. He would not be such an egotist, such an ass, such a double-d'd fool, as to let wealth and materialism swamp him or swerve him from his course, nor at the same time should it alienate and divide him from Arianna, even in thought. Since he had had the miracle of finding and winning her, nothing should spoil it. And by nothing he naturally meant everything.

The first nick on this resolution came when he found that she had, without saying anything to him, provided him with a valet. They had come back to town and were in the Fifth Avenue house, and Bartlett had thrown himself into his work downtown with a fervor that was meant to show everyone in the office how little his glittering marriage had affected him. He was even somewhat ostentatious about it, getting there extra early and being ultra fussy about not leaving until late. Not that he had to simulate any enthusiasm for his profession. He really loved the law and its intricacies, just as he loved Arianna and her intricacies.

In the great house he had somewhat the status of a favored visitor. He had a suite of rooms opening from Arianna's. His convenience as to meals was looked out for sedulously. Arianna's admirable housekeeper, trained by Lucy Mardison, ran the establishment just as usual, and Arianna's checking account duly furnished the money. This was unavoidable. Bartlett, somewhat grimly, had agreed on it beforehand, and tried to forget it. His own books and belongings he had brought from his comfortable little flat and put in his new rooms, where they were assimilated fairly well. His evening clothes were always ready for him, his boots cleaned, his razors stropped, his wardrobe kept in perfect order; but he had not paid very much attention to all this until the *modus operandi* became visible one evening. Coming home in a great rush Bartlett found a man—not one of the regular servants, he knew—just leaving his room. He caught him and ordered him back.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Why, I'm your man, Hedges," expostulated the supposed intruder in great surprise.

Bartlett did not believe him. It was not until he had sent for the housekeeper and received her assurances that Hedges was really what he represented himself to be that he would let the fellow go.

Later, with Arianna, the truth appeared. She had been sure that Bartlett would not have a valet, so she had one employed and was of course paying him. Hedges had had instructions to keep out of Mr. Temple's way.

"You must have someone, dearest," protested Arianna, "and you're so queer about things. I didn't know what else to do."

"If you'd only told me! A precious fool I must have seemed, catching the poor devil for a burglar." He grinned in spite of himself. "Dear," he begged, "after this tell me everything, even if you know I'll hate it. And don't stand there looking so stricken. I could use a kiss or two to get the taste of this little matter out of my mouth."

Arianna eagerly supplied the kiss.

"And you'll keep him?" she asked.

"I suppose I'll have to," he yielded slowly, "but he goes on my pay roll, not yours, after this."

"You won't take anything from me!" Arianna burst out with a gesture of despair.

"I wish I didn't," he replied, looking round him. "I take too much as it is. I feel like ——"

He stopped. He could not say what was in his thought. But all the same he was conscious that he had at last found the ungraciously exact phrase that fitted his case. He was a poor relation.

It was strange, but even though he no longer had the rent of his apartment and his meals to pay for, Bartlett discovered that he was spending his salary right up to the last cent, and even anticipating pay day. Little careless habits, caught unconsciously from Arianna, crept in and made him wasteful. He was not overfond of using her cars for himself alone, so it became necessary to take taxis perpetually, and taxi clocks can eat up dollars at a fearful rate if they get them for a steady diet. At week-end parties tips to his hosts' servants amounted to another considerable sum. Naturally he couldn't let Arianna tip. These week-end parties had another way of making a hole in his income. Bridge!

All these people played bridge for considerable stakes. Sometimes they took a costly whirl at red dog or twenty-one, and an occasional enterprising hostess had a roulette wheel. Bartlett was no puritan about such gambling. He had sat in at many a poker game with his antemarriage men friends, and he didn't specially care for bridge if there was no stake up. But—this was different. Red dog and twenty-one are costly diversions, and bridge at half a dollar a point can put a heavy crimp in one's bank roll. Not that he always lost. Sometimes he won quite extravagantly. But he lost extravagantly, too, and—he couldn't afford it. Because Arianna could afford it he was supposed to be equally able, and it was difficult to avoid playing, though after a little he did avoid it whenever he could. No use, he thought to himself, of an earthen pot trying to swim with iron ones.

Don't for a minute suppose that he condemned his associates. They paid their bridge losses just as they paid for any sort of amusement. They were rather a jolly set, Arianna's friends, take them by and large. Only a few of the men could honestly be called by the current phrase of condemnation, idlers and wasters. Most of them had business interests or professions; many of them found sufficient to do in looking after their inheritances—an avocation in itself, but one which nevertheless left them a good bit of spare time. It was far different from fighting their way up from nothing. They were all agreeable enough, even the few conspicuous idlers and wasters, and not different in essential characteristics from the other men he had known, except that they took their sports with tremendous, unaffected seriousness and were concerned mightily about dogs and horses, in a way which sometimes afforded Bartlett considerable amusement.

There was always upon them, especially the less occupied, an everlasting restlessness, a search for new sensations, though this was apparent more amongst the women than the men.

Bartlett observed that they had a regular migratory round. He grinned over the items in the social columns to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So had gone from Southampton to Lenox, but would be in their town house later for a couple of months before leaving for Florida in midwinter and Aiken in the spring. Sometimes he teased Arianna about it.

"It's eeny-meeny-miny-mo!" he said. "Shore for summer, the Berkshires for fall, Florida for winter, Georgia or South Carolina for spring, with little runs over to Paris or London, and little swoops up to Canada or out to the Pacific Coast in between. Golf, polo, aviation, deep-sea fishing, yachting, hunting, tennis, squash, racing and bridge eternally, round and round and round. Lord, I should think they'd get tired trying to keep themselves diverted! How they work at it!"

"I wish you worked at it a little more," said Arianna resentfully. "We've been in

(Continued on Page 43)

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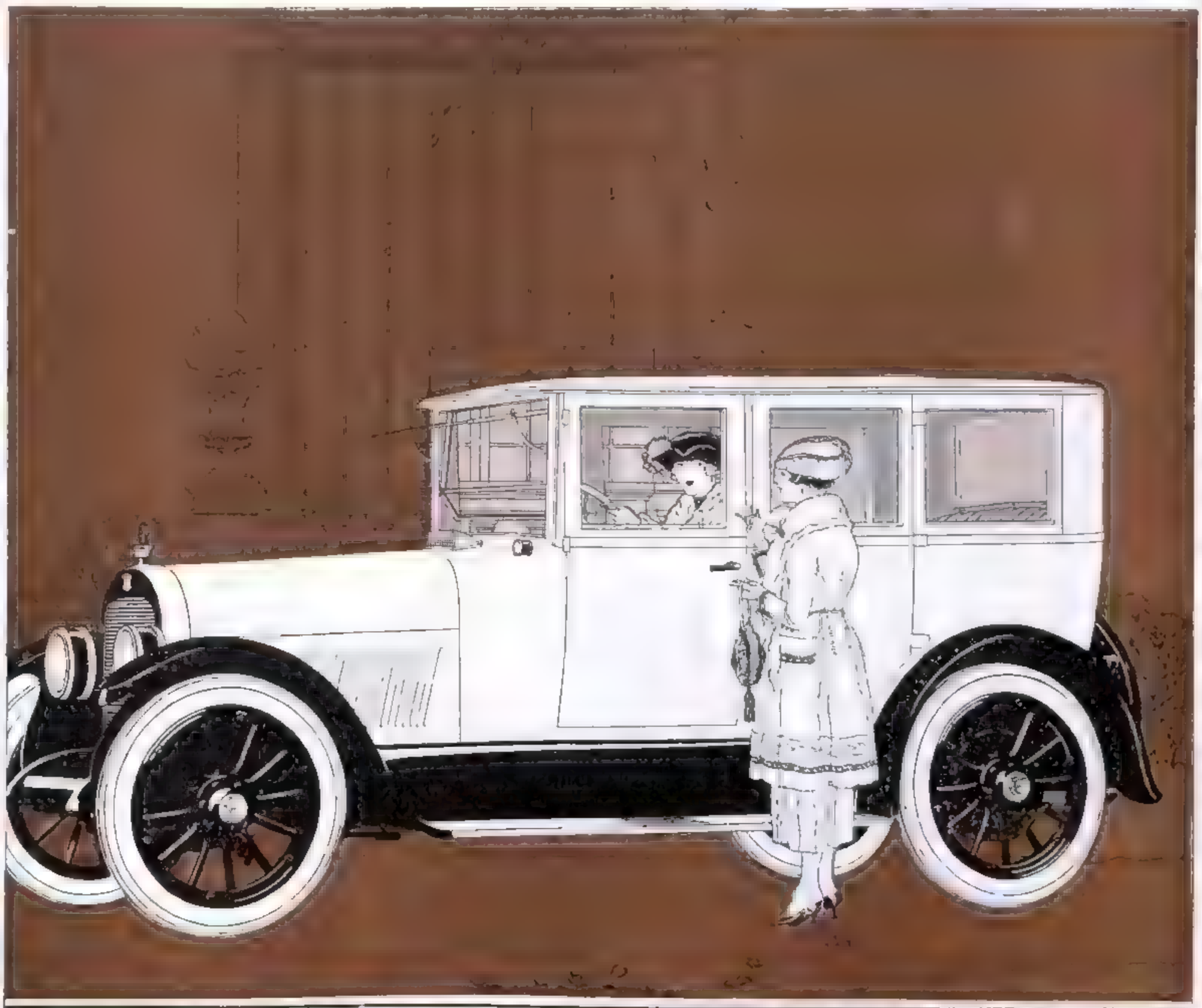

THE NEW 1922 FIVE PASSENGER

HAYNES 55

SEDAN

Advanced in design, irreproachable in appointment, rugged in structure, powerful of motor—this newest enclosed Haynes typifies the best that will be modern and desirable in motor cars next year.

Luxury and comfort are blended in its richly upholstered interior—adequately heated, skillfully ventilated through the cowl, windshield and roof, illuminated with the soft rays of an overhead dome light. Enhancing the completeness of its appointment are such thoughtful details as a mahogany vanity case and a smoking case of handsome appearance. The Haynes instrument board brings control of the starting and lighting to the driver's finger-tip. Its motor—the famed fifty horsepower, Haynes-built, light six—supplies a flexible flowing power; surmounting the difficulties of hilly or country drives; accelerating with a response which dominates crowded traffic. With its ample space for five passengers, this new 1922 Haynes Sedan is the ideal all-purpose family car of intimate hospitality.

Exterior side cowl lights and cord tires are standard equipment, which further accentuate the low price of $2835, f. o. b. factory. The other new 1922 Haynes 55 models are the five-passenger Touring Car at $1785, and the roomy two-passenger Roadster at $1835.

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ALL down through the ages," says old Father Time, "I have been seeking timekeeping *perfection.*

"The cave-man's grass rope, the sun-dial, the hour-glass, the water-clock—all these were but milestones marking the world's awakening to *the value of Time.* They were upward steps in the evolution of the Elgin of today, *the timepiece of all Time!*"

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The Watch of the Future! Will it be actuated by wireless? By the energy of the electron? By the long-sought power of "perpetual motion"?

Of one thing Father Time is certain. If ever, in generations to come, it does prove possible to build a finer, more perfect timepiece than the Elgin of today, *that timepiece will be an Elgin.* Whatever its form, its source is already foreshadowed this same lofty doorway through which the Elgin craftsmen, with their passion for perfection, have given to the world the timekeeping marvels of our own generation

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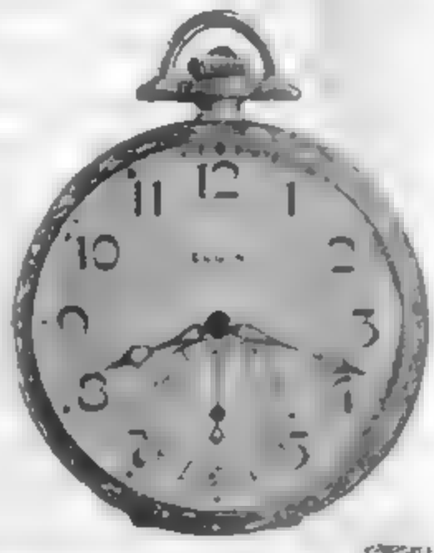

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TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 40)

town practically all fall and winter. But, dear, we are going to Miami in January, aren't we? You need it. You're simply fagged to bits."

That was the beginning of the great Miami controversy. Arianna wanted to go; had set her obstinate little will on it. Bartlett protested that he couldn't get away from the office.

"Why, I wouldn't think of it!" he said. "I couldn't! Your Uncle Gilroy has just hinted that I was to have a look-in on the Transit Bank merger. If I get away with that it means—well, it means that I've landed; that I've arrived. They'd have to put my name on the door up above the gold line along with Fitch, Bestmer and Haines. So you see, it's a chance of a lifetime."

"Uncle Gilroy!" said Arianna thoughtfully, and that was all.

The importance of opportunity did not impress her in the least. Instead she only saw an obstacle. Why should poor dear Bartlett slave away in the bleak and wintry city while a perfect playground of blue seas and blue sky, white sand, flowers and sunshine waited for them? It was, she decided, simply absurd. She wanted a husband who was a companion, a dear and understanding and responsive companion, as only Bartlett could be. She didn't want to feel that she was tied to a working machine.

She had fully intended to go to her Uncle Gilroy and put the matter before him, which would have been disastrous all round; but for once the kindly fates aided her. Bartlett came down with a sharp attack of influenza. He was really ill. When he was still in a state of weak and peevish convalescence Arianna bundled him aboard the yacht and sailed for Miami forthwith. Gilroy Fitch himself advised it.

"But it's only for a couple of weeks, till I'm fit again," Bartlett told the old man anxiously. "I won't stay a minute longer than I have to. This is the rottenest luck."

Behind his back Arianna winked at Uncle Gilroy.

"We'll do exactly as you want," she said soothingly to Bartlett. "Dear uncle, I wish you were coming with us."

Privately she told Gilroy Fitch that the doctor feared one of Bartlett's lungs might be slightly affected. This was stretching the truth. The doctor had said that after influenza the lungs were sometimes affected, but he had said nothing at all about Bartlett's.

"All the same," thought Arianna, "the poor boy is going to have a real rest and get perfectly well, and if Uncle Gilroy urges him to stay away he'll feel so much easier in his mind."

She didn't feel at all uneasy in her own mind over the fib she had told—Bartlett's health justified everything. After all, there is a good bit to be said for Arianna's point of view.

It was wonderful and beautiful, that trip on the shining, dipping, birdlike yacht, that landing in still sapphire water, that stay in the white-walled, green-roofed house that Arianna had taken, its porches banked with flowers, its doors wide open to the fresh, delicious warmth, its very light softly filtered through wide awnings. And there was the faint green pool to swim in if they didn't want to dare the surge and swing of the sea itself. At night the blue of the sky darkened and deepened to a shadowy vault of *lapis lazuli*, and the stars came close, with a strange seductive brilliance. The leisure, the loveliness, the quiet took hold of Bartlett Temple's weakened body and taut nerves and slowly made him over. He thought he had never been so happy, not since those iridescent first days of his marriage. And Arianna was happy in his happiness, and also in the confirmation of her own opinion, which was that if Bartlett would only quit worrying and do exactly like all the other people they knew everything would be all right. She had never been able to comprehend why her overwhelming wealth should chafe him so.

It was a lotus-eater's life they led now. The days slipped away like a golden string of bubble-blown beads, each fairer than the last. Two weeks, three, four passed, almost before Bartlett was aware of it. He was renewing his prowess at tennis, neglected since his days at the university, and Arianna was tremendously proud of the nasty short chop he had developed. He had had a few tries at polo, borrowing a couple of ponies from a congenial neighbor who had a world-renowned string of them and had played all over the world—Cuba, England, India, China. And he swam with Arianna every day; Arianna an enchanting mermaid in her black, sleek silkiness and tight vermilion cap. There was the yacht when they wanted a few days at sea; and there were endless parties, with dancing and cards and wonderful food, and music and light talk; parties that in this setting became in their effect as appealingly charming as a water color by Shepperson or a monotype by Guarino. Sometimes Bartlett and Arianna went to these parties, and sometimes they didn't. They were gloriously happy just alone together. They were endlessly interesting to each other.

He had almost forgotten to read the newspapers, but one morning a headline leaped into his eye. It said briefly "Huge Bank Merger Completed," and Bartlett read on into the story with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach and a black realization in his heart. While he had been idling and playing around so gayly and so carelessly the thing had been consummated without him. He'd missed his chance, the biggest chance he'd be likely to have in a decade. All his earlier work had gone for nothing. Someone else had carried it on to the successful end. Arianna found him brooding.

"Dearest, are you sick again?" she cried in instant alarm.

"Yes," he said, "I'm sick all over." He flung her the paper.

"Oh, that!" she said, wrinkling her brows. "But that's nothing. What can a stupid old thing like that matter?"

He tried to explain, but Arianna didn't get it. She kept looking puzzled and saying, "I can't see why you're excited. Aren't we happy, Bart?"

At last he was silent. He saw the futility of it. And he saw something more—that the lazy, loafing comfort and delight of the life, the irresponsibility, the delightful trivial interests that they pursued had actually got into him, eaten away his intentness on his work, nullified the drive of his ambition. This was the thing that made him sickest of all. It appalled him. He condemned himself.

"I'm worse than the rest of 'em down here," he told himself with bitterness. "They've got the money to spend, any way they want to. If they want to spend it for idleness and sport, all right. That's their lookout. But I—I'm spending my wife's, and I'm beginning not to mind; that's the low part of it. I'm beginning not to mind. I'm slipping."

He would not excuse himself because he had been sick, for he knew he had been well enough to be back at his office long before. He wired that he was coming, and despite Arianna's frantic protests and dismay, they rushed precipitately back to the city by the first possible train, leaving the yacht to follow more leisurely.

"I can't understand it," mourned Arianna. "We were having the most beautiful time, and suddenly you pull everything up by the roots and rush away. We might have stayed another fortnight at least. The season's right at its height. What is it, Bart—what is it? Is there something troubling you you haven't told me?"

He was still deep in gloom.

"We've got into a blind alley, I'm afraid, Arianna. If I live your life I'll have to give up my own. Think about the people we know! There's Ed Shevlin. He had a growing little factory out in Detroit, where he made automobile accessories—had some specialties patented and was a live wire in the business—when he came East to the Yale-Princeton game and met Rita Dumont. She had all her father's steel millions behind her, but she married Ed. She wouldn't live in Detroit, so Ed sold out his business and has been pretending ever since that he was going to buy into something else. In reality they've joined the eeny-meeny-miny-mo crowd, only now Rita's set on living in London and being a social leader over there. And Ed's—nothing."

"But you're not a bit like Ed Shevlin," protested Arianna, seizing, womanlike, on the particular instead of accepting the general. "And you surely don't mean that I'm like Rita. Heavens!"

"Well, then there's Kinsey. He was by way of being a genuine artist, the real thing, when he married Jane Vanaman, and she inherited her mother's fortune. What is he now? He's a good polo player. I could

(Continued on Page 45)

"My dear, you look like a new person!"

"WHATEVER have you done to improve your skin so wonderfully? Why, it's as soft and clear as a baby's! Do tell me the secret."

But there is no secret to tell—the adoption of Resinol Soap for her daily toilet and bath explains it all.

There is a world of hope in that statement for the discouraged woman who has tried various treatments and finds her complexion is still sallow and muddy or her skin coarse, oily, rough, blotchy or otherwise blemished.

It seems incredible that anything so simple as regularly bathing the face with Resinol Soap and warm water could restore skin health and beauty when other things have failed. Yet it can, and does, because in addition to its unusual cleansing qualities it has just the soothing, healing, corrective properties necessary to overcome these facial imperfections.

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Resinol Soap

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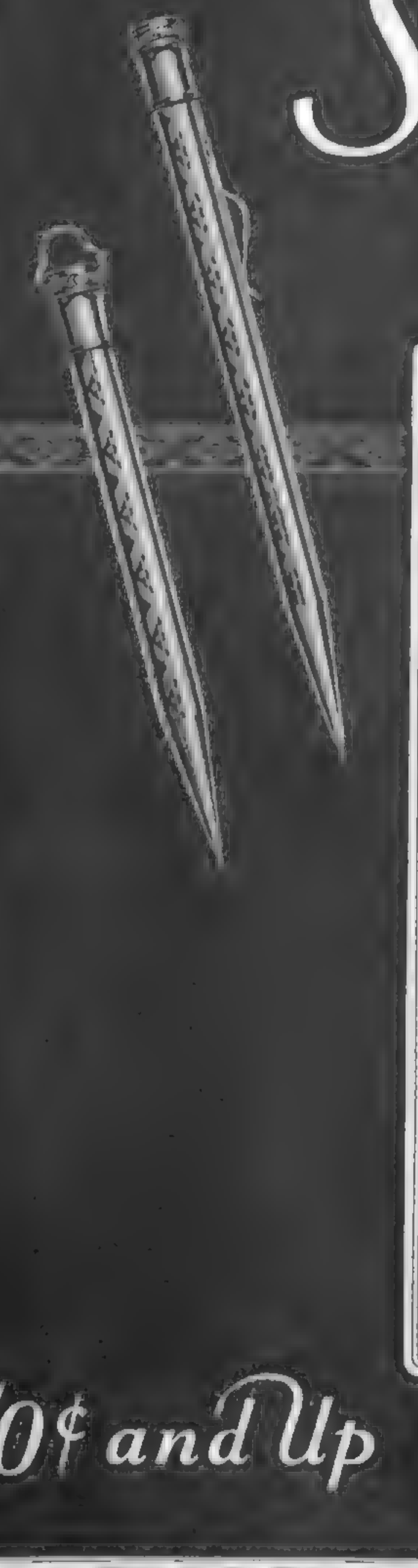

"Shur-Rites Are So Simple—"

—that's why they cost less and last longer. Notice the one-piece barrel and the two-piece plunger and magazine—practically a three-piece pencil. Nothing to get out of order.

It's a pleasure to own *"the Pencil that's Always O. K."* Shur-Rite has honestly earned this reputation.

You should see some of the Shur-Rites our salesmen have used for demonstrating. They certainly have been "treated rough"—hammered, nicked, dented and bent, till you'd think their writing days were surely over. But *they're still O. K.*—still go on feeding out the lead as smoothly and evenly as ever.

Why pay luxury prices for a necessity? *Buy a Shur-Rite* the pencil that costs less, lasts longer and never tires the hand. At all dealers'—in all metals, all styles, plain and engraved—50c and up. (In Canada, 75c and up.)

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(Continued from Page 43)

point out half a dozen of 'em to you. You know 'em as well as I, dear, and I won't be one of 'em. I won't! I'm going to make my own way, just as I originally intended. I've got to. It's my only salvation."

Arianna stared out of the car window at the flying landscape for a long time before she answered.

"I don't want you to make your own way—away from me," she said at last, a break in her voice. "I can't help the money. Ed Shevlin—yes, and Charley Kinsey and Peele Brooke—I see what you mean. But you couldn't be like them."

"I don't know whether I could or not. At any rate I don't want to try. I'm no great and noble character, you know. When I get back I'm going to work like the very devil to make up for this, and I'm not going to let myself slide again. It's too fearfully easy."

"What do you mean?"

"It doesn't matter. Be as easy as you can with me, dear. I know I'm a trial to you, but sometimes—well, I'm just in torment."

They looked at each other with somber, frightened eyes. It was clear to Arianna that this obsession of Bartlett's about her wealth was opening an abyss between them. It was clear to Bartlett that if Arianna persisted in not understanding she would be forever divided from him. And they loved each other so, and had been so certain that there was nothing that was greater than their love!

Sometimes Bartlett could visualize Arianna's money. It seemed to him that behind her slim dark beauty and warm smile there towered a mighty figure of incredible strength, a great block of a creature, like some huge heathen idol, squat, immovable, harder than stone, but intensely alive; its chill and empty eyes watching, watching; its hands, slow moving, stealthy, yet creeping ever nearer, nearer, ready to close down on its victims and crush them to impalpable atoms. At such times he had told himself that his nerves were getting badly out of plumb and he must get more exercise. He wished fervently that he had been born without sensibility and imagination. All of which did not wholly serve to banish the phantom. It was there. No use pretending that it was not.

He went back to work with every bit of himself. Never again—never again was he going to be caught outside of a big thing that he should have been in on. He went over everything that had been done in the office in his absence; he demanded of old Gilroy that he crowd work on him. Gilroy did. In the matter of a week or so he had Bartlett up to his ears in the flood and swimming hard.

And at first Bartlett found it exceedingly good. He turned a deaf ear to Arianna's protests; he refused to go out oftener than twice a week; he turned down week-end invitations; he concentrated with all his strength on retrieving the ground he felt he had lost.

He had lost it too. No use pretending he hadn't. Lowden, another of Fitch, Beatmer and Haines' younger men, had taken his place in the intricacies of the Transit Bank merger. Lowden was now quite definitely advanced. He had got the prize and the place that should have been Bartlett's. His name was above the gold line on the door, and Bartlett's was not. Bartlett was conscious of it. The whole office was conscious of it. Younger men in other big firms, who had had an envious eye on that opportunity, were aware of it also.

Slowly, in spite of all his good resolutions, there grew up in Bartlett's mind a question whether or not he would be able ever to regain the lost ground: and with it came another feeling, stealthily insidious, undermining his strength. Was it worth while? Was it worth while, all this toil, this struggle, this scramble for petty advantages, for a restricted fame, for a certain position in the eyes of the world? Why should he do it? There was no real need. He and Arianna could live a delightful life—those days at Miami had been a revelation in the art of living to him—a wholly delightful life, even if he never did another lick of work in his life. He could retain a slight connection with the office, but make subterfuge of managing Arianna's estate a reason for his withdrawal. This would supply his pocketbook without having literally to ask her for money for his small personal needs. It was so easy, so possible. All he had to do would be to go home any evening and tell her. Arianna would be much happier.

It need not be a useless life. There would be philanthropies, civic honors, perhaps diplomacy later, all waiting for men with money and ability. They could travel, they could entertain, they could collect, they could be real and honest patrons of the arts. Oh, they didn't have to be at all like the Shevlins or the Kinseys! It would be putting the Fitch money to good uses—all of it. Only ——

Suddenly, as a cold west wind drives clouds from the sun, something clean and strong rose up in Bartlett Temple and drove back this subtle cynicism, this weakness. He knew then that man's work is what he lives by, if he is to live as a man. That all else in life must be grouped around it, founded on it, subservient to it, even when in coördination with it. That work is the one sure measure, the one great stability in this shifting, unstable world. That a day's work, honestly done, is an asset that cannot be lost, that cannot be stolen away. With this realization came also the knowledge of what he must do.

He left the office early. Arianna found him packing some things into a suitcase—old shabby things that had been his before he married.

"What are you doing? Do you have to go away?" she asked. "Where's Hedges? Why isn't he doing that for you?"

Bartlett Temple faced his wife squarely.

"Arianna," he said, "I'm going away. I'm going to take back my little old apartment and live on the money I make, and do my work in peace and stand on my own feet. I'm going to pay for whatever service I need, for my food, for my shelter. I am not the kind of man, I am not big enough, if you like, to disregard—to rise above—all this." He gestured comprehensively. "Ever since we've married it has oppressed me, perverted me. Once or twice it has nearly got me. After a while, perhaps, when I've got on far enough, it wouldn't matter. But now if I want to save my soul alive I've got to make my own life, and not be a mere adjunct of yours. Can you see, dear—can you understand? And do you—want to come with me?"

Arianna Fitch stood staring at him, her hands over her frightened heart.

"What if I don't, Bart?" she asked. "What if I don't? Will you go, even then?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I will. Even if it kills me I'd have to go. Dearly as I love you—and you know I love you—there's something bigger that I need, that I've got to have. But I wish—that you'd come with me. Only—you must decide for yourself."

He shut the suitcase, strapped it and put on his coat. He came over to Arianna and kissed her very tenderly.

"My own dear," he said, "try to forgive me."

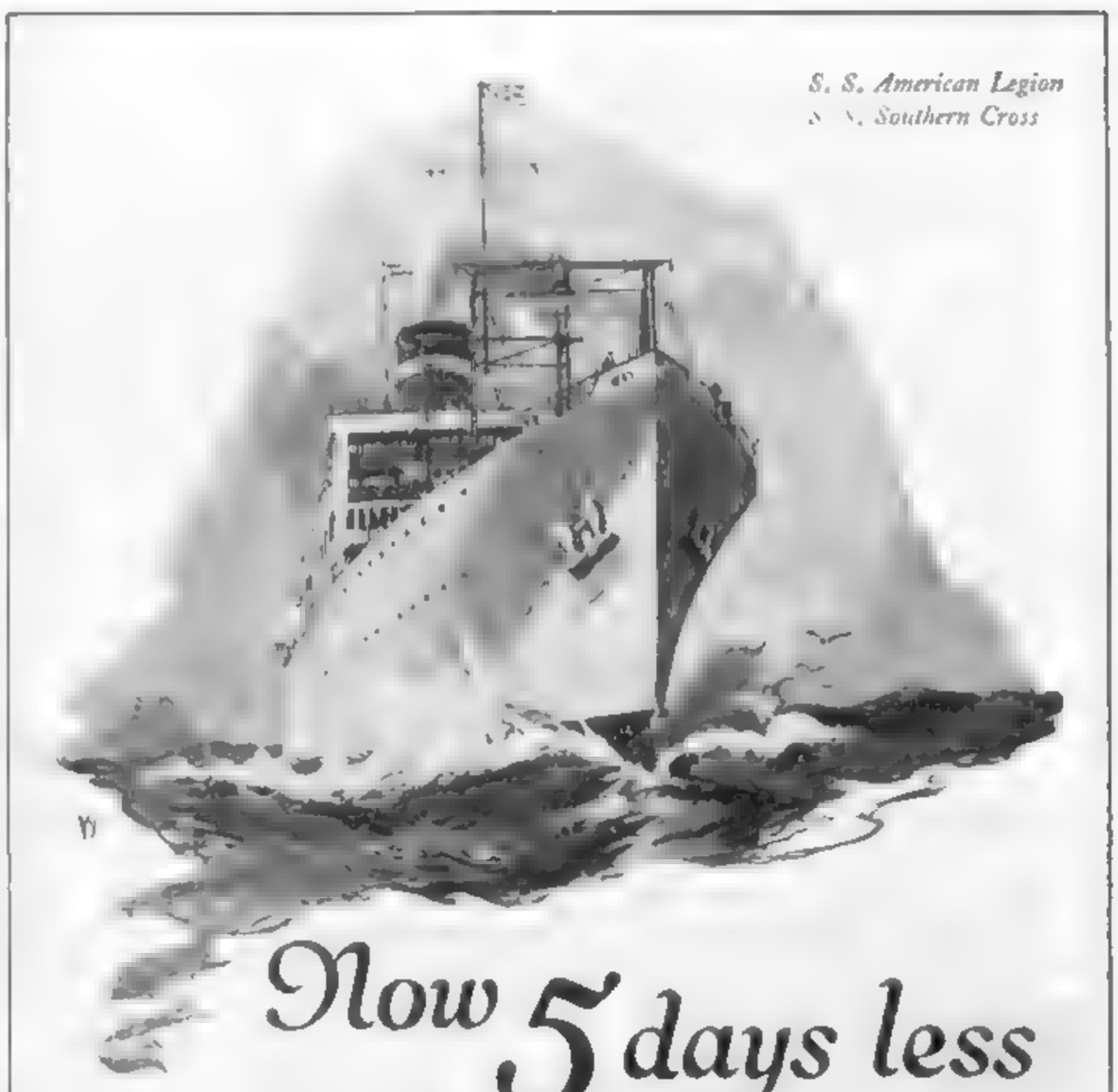
He was gone. Arianna stood still. She felt the injustice of his going, but she felt its reality. He meant it. And the house without him was empty—her life was empty. Yet, if she went to him, lived the poor and narrow existence—or so it seemed—that was all he could offer her, would she have courage enough and spirit to see it through? Could they work it out?

She looked at her two pretty, useless white hands; she thought of cramped and dingy rooms, dull days, and a thin, stupid, restricted life. Then she thought of Bart—why, she was his own, his wife, his woman! Nothing, nothing mattered if they could be together. With him lay the great adventure. Without him—ah, she could not do without him. But she could do without everything else. In this moment she knew it. She laughed a little as she went back to her own rooms. She did not summon her maid. First she telephoned to Lucy Mardison to come and look after the house for an indefinite period.

"I'll explain later," she promised. "I'm in a hurry now."

Then she dragged out a bag, stuffed it awkwardly with such toilet things and plain clothes as came readily to hand. She stole out on the landing and down the stairs, opened the great front door for herself and fled into the night, lugging the bag, breathless but strangely happy.

A shabby, rattling taxi stopped at her raised hand. She gave the address and sat back on its dilapidated, soiled cushions in entire content. She was humming a scrap of a tune they had heard at the Follies. The words of the refrain came to her lips—"For he's my man."



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PARKER
Fountain Pens

HARD-TIMES RETAILING

(Continued from Page 17)

"But I am glad to say I didn't try any of these things. Leaving everything else aside, it wouldn't even have been good business. I had to keep on making a living from the same people who had patronized me in the past. People do not go back to a merchant to be faked a second time.

"I decided to take my medicine at once and be done with it. I went into the newspapers with advertisements stating that I should sell everything in my store at replacement prices, no matter what the original cost had been. The public was ready to spend money for real values. So far this year I have made more sales than at any period in the history of my business. Practically all the stuff I bought at last year's high prices has been sold and I am ready to go ahead and try to catch up what I lost.

"I am, to be sure, back financially to where I was five years ago. I can't have the pleasure of telling myself that I am worth seventy-five thousand dollars, and I have had to give up the idea of long vacations in Europe. It was pretty hard at first to readjust myself to the changed conditions and I guess I wasn't very agreeable. It was my wife who finally put it up to me in a philosophical way.

"'Really, there isn't any vital difference,' she told me one evening when I had been complaining about it. 'Four or five years ago we were happy enough and we had all the luxuries that were good for us. We'll have to wait a while longer for that trip to Europe, but we will enjoy it all the more when we do get it. For the rest, let's just forget that we have been worth seventy-five thousand dollars. We weren't really worth it, anyhow. We just thought we had it when we hadn't.'"

The Texas merchant's wife was right. Thousands of business men have been imagining themselves to be worth more than they were, and they hate to give up the pleasant fiction. Generally the merchants who have faced their losses without trying to pass them on to the public are the ones who are in the best financial condition now. The others are still up in the air or worse.

Events have pretty well proved that it is practically impossible for a retailer anywhere to charge more than legitimate prices and get away with it. Competition holds him down in spite of any personal desires he may have toward long profits. Merchants must have enough margin on their sales to pay expenses and a little more, if they are to stay in business. But there is no doubt that the expenses of present-day retailing are too high. The merchants themselves recognize this but seem unable to make much headway against it.

High Rents on Low Buildings

In any good-sized city the item of rent is a big feature of the merchant's expense account. And business rentals everywhere have gone up tremendously during the past few years. Take an average city of a hundred thousand population, for instance; there will be three or four blocks on the main business street, conceded to be the real retail section. Every merchant in town wants to be located in that charmed district. Those who are outside of it think enviously of the crowds thronging the sidewalks, the long lines of automobiles passing up and down and of the street cars disgorging passengers, all bringing money to spend with the fortunate merchants located within the confines of those three or four blocks. If a store room becomes vacant there are always half a dozen of the outsiders ready to bid for it, willing to take a chance on the high rent for the privilege of doing business in the congested district.

Under such conditions it is only natural for a property owner to place as high a rental on his building as the traffic will bear, and it usually will bear a good deal when half a dozen merchants want it.

In talking with the fortunate owner of one of these pieces of business property, he told me that at the assessed value of the ground he was getting only fair returns on his money, even at the present high rental. The property had a frontage of twenty feet and was valued at sixty thousand dollars. On it was a one-story building costing perhaps ten thousand. For this seventy-thousand-dollar investment he was receiving six thousand dollars a year in rent, which was certainly a very modest revenue. But, as I have said, it was only a one-story building. The merchant who occupied the single floor had to pay enough rent to cover the interest on the whole investment. If the building had been five or six stories high the tenants on the upper floors would have helped to pay interest on the expensive ground it stood on. In many cities the chambers of commerce are taking cognizance of this state of affairs and are bringing pressure to bear on any property owner in the retail districts who contemplates putting up a one or two story building on expensive ground.

The tendency toward centralizing retail business in a small area has had the effect of developing a profession known as lease speculation. The trade is very simple. The lease speculator merely familiarizes himself with the price of rentals along the street and finds out when certain leases are to expire. He learns, for instance, that a clothing merchant is paying four hundred dollars a month rent and that his lease will terminate in a year. The speculator goes to the property owner and offers five hundred dollars a month for the space. The property owner is pleased at the offer, but, being a fair-minded man, resolves to give his present tenant the first chance. He goes to the merchant and says he will have to boost his rent a hundred dollars at the end of the lease because someone else is willing to pay that figure.

The clothing merchant reflects bitterly that he has a hard enough time to make ends meet as it is. He also reflects that a year is a long time and if it becomes necessary he can find another location before he has to move. He is inclined to believe the landlord is bluffing anyhow; so he says positively he will not stand a raise.

Beating the Lease Speculators

Confronted with such an unreasonable attitude on the part of his tenant, the property owner goes back to his office and phones the speculator that he will close the deal at five hundred dollars a month. The speculator, with the contract safely signed, waits a few months and then informs the clothing merchant that he will have to take over the building at the expiration of the present lease. He adds, however, that he might consider subleasing the place at seven hundred dollars a month. The merchant spends a worried week looking about for another location but cannot find one. Then he gives up and signs for another three years on his place at seven hundred dollars. Such a raise on the store tends to raise other rentals in town. Merchants crowd a little more profit on their goods to make up the difference. The virus of higher prices spreads throughout the country.

Lease speculation is a highly useless game and one hard to beat, but it has been done. Four or five years ago, in a growing Western town of seventy-five thousand population, speculation had raised the rents in the retail district to such an extent that the merchants were having a hard time to make both ends meet. There was general complaint that retail prices were higher than in other places, which was probably true to a certain extent. More than half the merchants in the principal business blocks were paying tribute to lease speculators.

Confronted with this situation, the merchants decided on a radical step. On another street a couple of blocks from the retail center a local property owner had put up some business buildings which had proved a losing investment because he was unable to fill them with responsible tenants so far away from the congested center. A dozen of the larger retailers went to this property owner and quietly secured long leases at prices eminently satisfactory to themselves and to the capitalist. As their former contracts expired they moved to the new center. Within the space of a year the retail center of the town had shifted, leaving a lot of unhappy lease speculators to hold high-priced rentals on empty stores in the old district, where they had confidently expected to make easy money.

It is hard for an outsider to understand why it costs retail stores from 20 to 35 per cent of their sales to do business; many retailers themselves cannot bring themselves to believe it until they check up at the end of the year and find out how little they have made. There are of course the obvious expenses which anyone can visualize: The rent, which under ordinary circumstances is around 5 per cent; advertising, 3 or 4 per cent; insurance and taxes, 3 per cent; clerk hire, 5 per cent. But the total of all these things does not add up to anything like the amount which it undoubtedly costs a retailer to do business. There are certain invisible expenses that amount to as much as all the others put together and for which the merchants and the public are perhaps equally to blame.

Excessive service is one of these items. When a man goes into a men's furnishing store and buys a new hat which he puts on his head and starts out, the clerk obligingly asks him if the old one shall be sent home Perhaps the customer feels that he has no further use for the old headgear except a vague idea that he might want it for a fishing trip next year; but he naturally says yes, it may as well be sent home, where it will be added to an already large collection of old hats. This service seems free, but it is not. Someone has to pay for the delivery; and the someone is every person who buys a hat in the men's furnishing store.

When a department store puts on a big special-price sale its newspaper announcements usually contain the notice that during the event no goods will be sent by special delivery, none sent C. O. D. and none sent out on approval. When real bargains are being offered, the frills of merchandising have to go by the board. It costs money for the delivery wagon to make a special trip, or to carry something to a home to be paid for on delivery, only to find that the person ordering it has changed her mind and doesn't want it. Sending a selection of goods out on approval is still more expensive, because during the time articles are gone from the store many chances to sell them to other customers may be lost.

It does seem unjust that people who do not demand expensive service from retail establishments should have to pay the same prices as those who do; but in most lines apparently it has to be done that way. A shoe dealer of my acquaintance worked out a plan that he thought would be economical for all concerned. He advertised that he would do away with all deliveries and take a little less profit on his sales. For those who wanted their shoes delivered he arranged with a local express company to give the service for a few cents on each package. The plan lasted only a month; so many people were resentful at the delivery charge that the merchant had to abandon it in self-defense.

Patrons did not want to be told that they were paying for service; they preferred to have it concealed in the price they paid for the merchandise.

The Disgruntled Grocer

The grocery business is about the only line so far to make much progress in educating people to save money by going without expensive service. A concern operating a chain of grocery stores in a number of New York suburbs successfully maintains both self-serve and service establishments, some of them within a few doors of each other. This concern makes no secret of its higher prices in the service places; it tells people frankly that they can have special deliveries if they want them, and charge accounts if they settle their bills promptly; but they must pay more for their groceries if they want these things thrown in.

But even in the grocery business the self-serve idea has its opponents. I was talking with the proprietor of a corner grocery on the subject when a lady drove past his place in a shiny new automobile. The grocer looked after her with just a trace of resentment in his expression.

"There goes one of my customers," he said discontentedly. "They have got a new car."

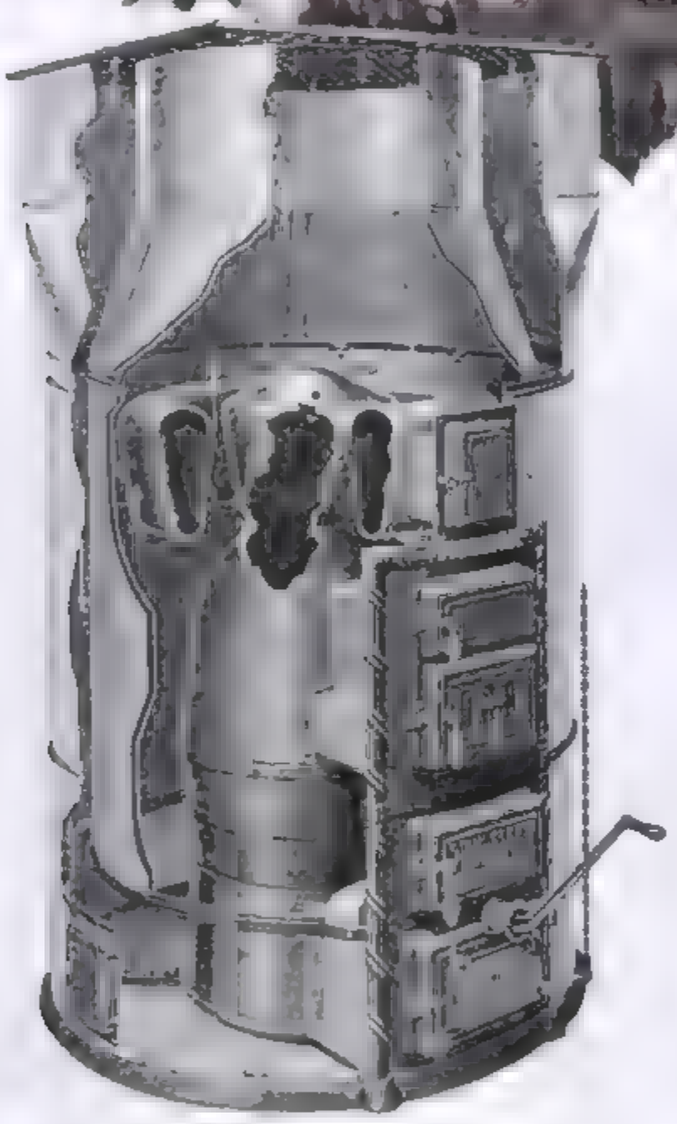
He spoke so feelingly on the subject that I thought perhaps the family in question had been standing off his bill to divert the money toward paying for the new machine; but it turned out that my suspicions were groundless.

"She goes downtown every morning now to buy her groceries in those self-serve places," he explained. "I guess she thinks she is going to save enough that way to pay for the car."

(Continued on Page 51)

Still Time for the Best Gift of All—

Real Heating Comfort at Half the Usual Cost



WHAT better gift than the health and pleasure of cheery warmth? What better gift than the Convector in the basement—steadily clipping ⅓ to ½ off fuel bills—ready to fill every room in your home with clean, moistened, healthful air on shortest notice—easier to operate than a stove?

The Convector is the gift of a lifetime. Every known heating comfort with resulting health and good cheer through all the cold days to come—AT HALF THE USUAL COST.

Make Sure You Get Convector Advantages

Most any heating system will heat your home after a fashion! The Convector does more. It is guaranteed to heat every room in your home comfortably with clean, MOISTENED air. It VENTILATES your home, with this healthful atmosphere in every nook and corner.

Still more, the Convector frees your home of heating apparatus. No pipes or radiators—you can arrange your furniture as you please. Rugs or furnishings are not damaged by ashes or fuel dust—no mess in your living rooms.

More Than a Cold Weather System

Best of all, the Convector is more than a "cold weather" heating system. Remember this: half the days you need heat are mild or chilly days. The Convector is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system. Spring, Winter or Fall—Florida to Maine—the Convector is quickly regulated to the temperature WITHOUT FUEL WASTE.

Convector comfort is guaranteed comfort, no matter where the thermometer stands. Convector economy is nation wide—it saves most fuel regardless of climate. Read these statements from enthusiastic owners:

Six Rooms—$17.50 for Coal

"1919–20 was a long cold winter, but the Convector heated my 6 rooms comfortably with $17.50 worth of Pocahontas screenings"—Adolph Frier, Port Washington, Wis. *"Your Convector burns any kind of fuel and keeps my house at even temperature with two firings in 24 hours"*—A. J. McFarland, Greenfield, Ia. *"We used about half as much fuel as our neighbors used in other makes of heaters"*—Ira Mast, Amboy, Ind. *"The Convector requires less attention than any other system and is very sanitary. I regret I did not install it years ago"*—M. L. Worts, McHenry, Ill.

Free Offer to Home Owners

Send the coupon right now for the Mueller Book, telling all about the Convector, and showing how you can have it installed in time to make your home supremely comfortable Christmas Day. You will also learn how Mueller Engineers will assist you free of charge in planning to heat any home or building best at least expense.

No obligation whatsoever. Just send the coupon.

Why You Should Insist on Getting the Convector

Whether you have 4 or 18 rooms there is a size Convector guaranteed to heat them all comfortably. It burns any fuel with a saving of from ⅓ to ½—is easier to tend than a stove—and its five big smooth castings are made gas-tight without bolt or rivet so it will last a lifetime.

The Convector's chief features of better construction are the "Big 3"—Large Register Face, Wide Straight Air Passages and Big Heating Surface, that increase heating ability and save more fuel.

The air-spaced triple casing and air-spaced triple hood of galvanized iron prevent heat waste and keep the cellar cool. Double door for large chunks of wood or coal. Send for the Mueller book for complete description.

SALESMEN: *We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.*

DEALERS: *Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.*

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Most economical and efficient because of large fire surface and free rapid circulation. Guaranteed Rating. Catalog FREE on request.

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L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO., 246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Makers of Warm Air—Steam—Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
Established 1857

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L. J. Mueller Furnace Co. P 1
246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Please send me free Mueller Book and your FREE information chart, so that your engineers may determine the best scientific method of heating my home or building. It is understood that this service is absolutely FREE

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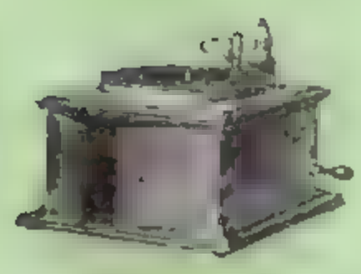
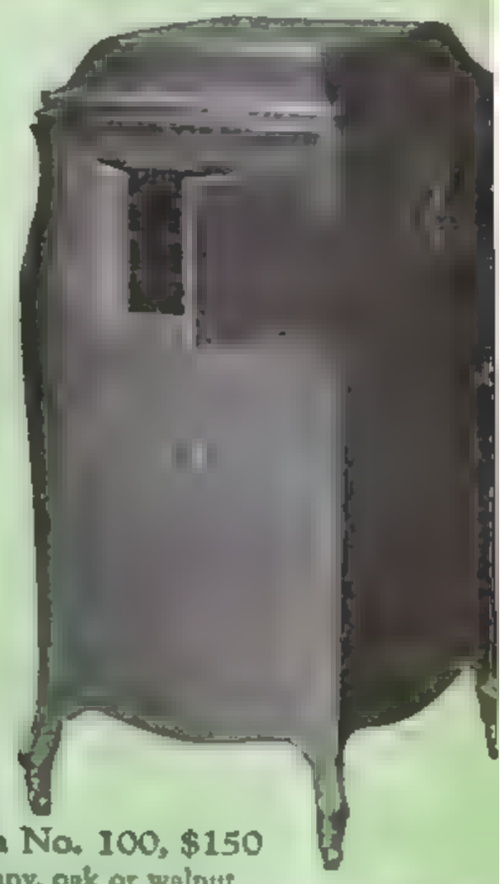


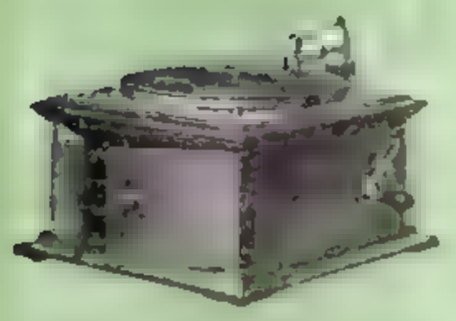
Victrola IV, $25
Oak

Victrola No. 80, $100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

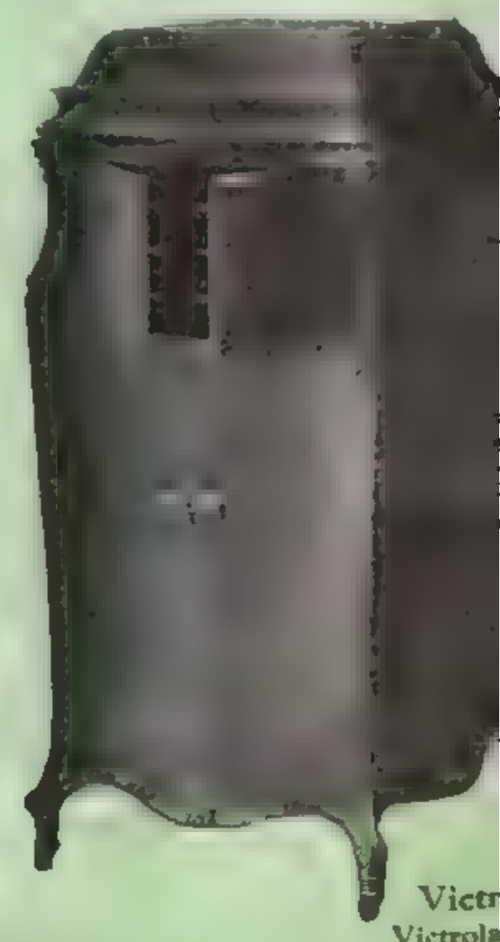
Victrola No. 90, $125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 100, $150
Mahogany, oak or walnut



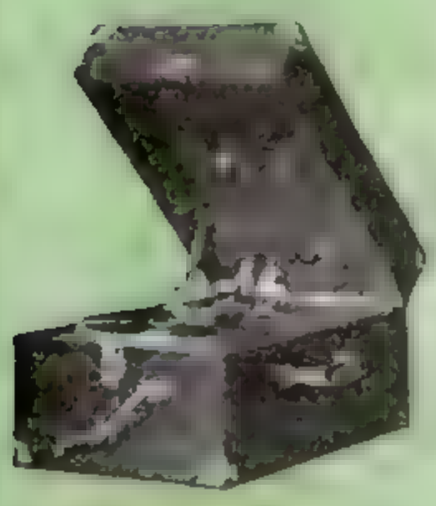
Victrola VI, $35
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 110, $225
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 120, $275
Victrola No. 120, electric, $337.50
Mahogany or oak

Victrola VIII, $50
Oak



Victrola No. 50, $45
Mahogany

Victrola No. 300, $250
Mahogany or English brown

Victrola IX, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Com

ction from these Victrolas

Every instrument of the high standard of quality which characterizes all Victor products. Every instrument the utmost value at the price. Quality and value both made possible because of our unequaled facilities and equipment, the result of nearly a quarter-century devoted exclusively to the talking-machine art.

Victrola instruments give complete satisfaction not only because of their design and construction, but because of the exclusive Victrola patented features, and because the Victrola is specially made to play Victor Records. It is the choice of the greatest artists—the one instrument that reproduces their Victor Records exactly as they wish to be heard in your home.

Get a Victrola this Christmas—and be sure it is a Victrola! Insist upon seeing the Victor trademarks—the word "Victrola," the phrase and picture "His Master's Voice." Look under the lid!

No. 130, $350
No. 130, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., Camden, N. J.

pany, Camden, New Jersey

No. 121—Solid platinum, with finest diamond. $650 00

No. 131—Genuine Rectangular, 14 kt green solid gold, plain case.....$ 85 00
Hand chased.....$100 00

No. 122—14 kt. solid green gold $ 90 00
18 kt. solid white gold $110 00
Plain case. 5 00

$25—the minimum price for a woman's high-grade wrist watch

No. 130—Platinum re-enforced, four diamonds, inlaid enamel $210 00

To buy a woman's low-grade gold-filled wrist watch is to possess a timepiece that in the end may cost more by reason of frequent trouble and repair.

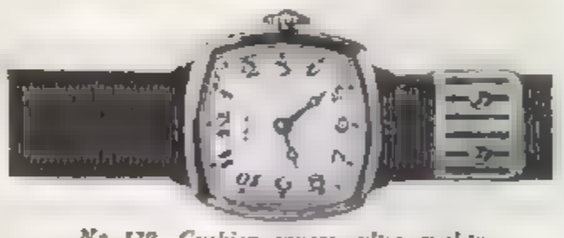
If a watch this small is to be a dependable time-keeper, its delicately adjusted pinions, springs and gears must be the products of good craftsmanship—a craftsmanship not found among the very low-priced gold-filled watches.

The beautiful moderate-priced wrist models shown here bear eloquent testimony to the supremacy of Gruen Guild craftsmanship. Each is a sturdy, practical timekeeper, an ornament of rare distinction, a watch well suited to gratify the most exacting taste.

And the Gruen Verithin models for men, combining true elegance of line with unsurpassed timekeeping accuracy, are among the finest examples of modern watchmaking.

You may see the Gruen Watches in infinite variety of style at the best jewelry stores in each community, to which the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874



No. 129—Cushion square, ultra quality filled gold, with round crystal.....$ 37 50
Sterling silver, with square crystal.....$ 45 00
14 kt. green solid gold $100 00
18 kt. white solid gold $110 00

No. 128—(Patented) Louis XIV style, ultra quality filled gold.....$ 70 00
14 kt. solid gold $135 00

GRUEN
Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine VERITHIN model

No. 127—Cushion square-strap watch, sterling silver, 17 jewel adjusted, radium dial.
$35 00 and $42 50
14 kt. [illegible] and $75 00

NOTE
These watches are shown actual size
Prices include war tax

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(Continued from Page 46)

He paused long enough to sort over the pile of potatoes stacked up in his doorway and to throw a couple of bad ones into the trash can. Then his argument against the self-serve plan formulated itself into words.

"But just you wait till she finds out how much it costs her in tires and gasoline to make these trips downtown every morning," he concluded solemnly. "When she figures that up I guess she'll be glad enough to come back to me for her stuff and let my good old horse and wagon carry it to her house."

No one can deny that there might be something in the corner-grocery man's argument, although it might be open to suspicion that he was not altogether unprejudiced in the matter.

But there is one item of expense in retailing not generally understood, which makes more for extravagance, probably, than all other features put together. I refer to the excessively large stocks carried by merchants in proportion to their sales.

It costs from 20 to 35 per cent to do business in a retail way. In scarcely any line will the total of rent, clerk hire, deliveries and advertising amount to more than 15 to 18 per cent of the gross sales. The rest can be attributed directly to the excessively large stocks carried.

The Cost of Background

The blame for this can be put about equally on the merchants and the public. People like to buy where they can have large assortments to choose from. Merchants are afraid their customers will drift to their competitors unless they show as many articles of a certain kind as anyone else in town. The shoe dealer whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article lost forty-five thousand dollars in one lump because he wanted to make sure of being able to suit every person who might have a taste for bizarre or unusual footwear. If he had had the courage to carry less stock and to lose an occasional sale he would be better off now. His customers, too, would probably be able to buy shoes from him a little cheaper during the next year or two.

Few people realize what it costs to maintain a stock of merchandise in a retail store. Goods become shopworn, styles change, many items prove poor sellers and stay interminably on the shelves; the interest on the money invested goes along all the time. These of course are unavoidable costs of doing business; but everywhere they amount to more than they ought because merchants generally are carrying more merchandise than they can sell within a reasonable time.

Some years ago a government investigation was started with the view of devising some means to lower retail prices. The commission handling the matter reported that in its opinion the excessive stocks carried by retailers made for great losses. A suggestion was made that the amount of stock carried by any merchant handling necessity lines should be limited to one-third of his annual sales—that is, a merchant who sold three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods would be limited to an investment of one hundred thousand dollars.

The suggestion was never acted upon, and doubtless such a plan would be hard to put into effect; but in talking to numbers of executives of large retail concerns I have found that practically all of them would welcome some system that might eliminate the carrying of uselessly large stocks.

The president of a big department store illustrated the situation by taking me down in his basement and showing me a great pile of boxes stored there, representing the leftovers from the previous holiday season in his toy department. Toys of course are not strictly a necessity line viewed from a cold, grown-up viewpoint, but they have to be paid for with regular money; a good many thousand dollars were tied up in the boxes stored in the department-store basement. I suggested to the merchant that his toy buyer had been too optimistic in figuring on the number of toys the store could sell during the previous December.

"No, I don't think so," the merchant replied. "We've got to make a big showing of toys if we expect to do any business in the line. We go into it with our eyes wide open, and one of the forfeits of the game is the amount of stuff we have to carry over.

"There are half a dozen department stores in the city that carry toys," the executive continued, "and naturally each one tries to do its full share of the business. People buy where they can see the largest assortment; so we all stock up heavily to make as big a splash as possible in the toy section. We know we aren't going to sell two hundred hook-and-ladder wagons or a hundred and fifty little automobiles, but we buy that many for the effect such a big showing will have on our customers. Then there is the problem of the last-minute buyer. We have got to have a good stock on hand right up to closing time on Christmas Eve; if we don't we simply lose so much business.

"And there," concluded the department-store president, pointing again to the piled-up boxes full of toys, "is the result. Close to twenty thousand dollars of capital tied up for a whole year. We would be glad to sell the leftovers for thirty cents on the dollar the day after Christmas if anyone would take them off our hands at that price."

Recently I dropped into the leading jewelry store in a town of twelve or fifteen thousand people. It was a surprisingly good-looking store for a town of that size. One of the show windows was filled with solid-silver vases and candlesticks, and the other displayed ladies' wrist watches and platinum bar pins. Inside the store, lying seductively on a background of puffed-up velvet, were big diamond rings and lavalières. I congratulated the jeweler on his fine stock and suggested that there must be a good many wealthy families in town to make such expensive articles profitable. A shade of discontent passed over the merchant's face as he answered.

"Yes, there are a few rich people here," he said irritably, "but I don't sell enough of those expensive things to pay rent on them."

I asked him why he kept such elaborate articles if they did not pay; the money he had invested in them could at least be put out at 6 per cent interest, I reminded him.

"I keep those expensive things because I have to," the jeweler retorted promptly. "It's only two hours' ride from here to the city. Local people go down there all the time and see such articles on display in the big stores. If I didn't keep the same kind of stuff they would think I didn't amount to anything, and they would pass me up even when they wanted to buy a collar button or an alarm clock."

The jeweler summed up the idiosyncrasies of his clientele in a single expressive sentence.

"If you want to know the truth," he said earnestly, "I have to keep those four and five hundred dollar articles so as to be able to sell my cheaper stuff. I've got to have a background of diamonds or I couldn't sell alarm clocks."

Perhaps the jeweler was exaggerating a little. But there is no denying that merchants everywhere do feel it necessary to carry larger stocks than are needful to meet the requirements of their trade. There is no denying also that such a system makes for higher retail prices.

Silent Saleswomen

I have an acquaintance who is the owner of a highly successful ladies' ready-to-wear establishment in a Middle West city. It is a manufacturing community with few really wealthy residents, but this merchant's window displays remind one of Fifth Avenue or State Street. I asked him where he found the customers able to buy the five-hundred and thousand-dollar gowns he constantly exhibited to the shoppers of his home town.

"I don't find customers for them very often," he said promptly. "I just keep those high-priced creations to help sell my medium-priced stuff. We call them silent saleswomen."

Then he went on to explain the psychology of the matter.

"I make my living of course out of the regular, medium-priced garments," he said. "But it's pretty hard nowadays for a store to do much business without some jazzy stuff for a background. A woman comes in here with forty or fifty dollars to spend for a suit. Maybe she isn't very well satisfied with what we show her. She thinks she will look a little further before spending her money. Then is the time to show her one of those millionaire creations; two or three of them if necessary. After she has looked them over and possibly tried them on she has a better opinion of the store. It is impressed on her that an establishment which handles such elaborate stuff is a pretty safe place to spend her forty dollars."

I did not ask my friend how much it cost each customer to be impressed; such a question might seem too inquisitive. I did ask him, however, if he would not make more money in the long run by eliminating such expensive advertising and keeping in stock only such conservative-priced stuff as he was always sure to sell.

A woman customer at the moment approached one of the saleswomen to ask to see something in an afternoon dress. I heard her say something about preferring it in dark blue; there was also some remark about Canton crêpe.

The saleswoman escorted her customer to the long wall case and slid back one of the doors, exposing a long line of dark blue dresses suspended from hangers. She took down two or three and laid them out attractively on the display counter. The customer regarded them with some interest, but anyone could see that she was not intrigued to the buying point. The saleswoman hurriedly got out more dresses from the wall case, talking optimistically of their good points.

At length the customer seemed to be on the point of buying. One of the dresses was of the satisfactory shade of blue; the price was sixty dollars, the amount she had said she could pay; the saleswoman guaranteed that it was fast color and well made. For a long minute the customer seemed on the point of deciding to take it. Then she drew back a little.

"It's very nice," she said, "but I believe I will look a little further before I purchase."

Number 217 Makes a Sale

It was a discouraging moment, but the saleswoman met it skillfully. She did not appear to have heard the customer's remark, but went on talking as if nothing had happened.

"I want to show you just one more gown before you decide," she said briskly. "It is a little more elaborate than any of these I have shown you, but I am anxious to have you see it, anyhow."

Then she turned and spoke quickly to an errand girl who stood near.

"Run downstairs," she directed, "and tell the floorwalker to give you that Number 217 out of the show window. Hurry back."

She held the customer in conversation until the girl returned with the garment in question. It was the same dark blue color as the one which the customer had almost decided to buy, but vastly more elaborate, covered over with beads and embroidery. She laid it out on the display counter ceremoniously.

"One of the finest in the house," she said with slow emphasis. "It is splendid value at four hundred dollars."

The customer handled the expensive garment admiringly. Four hundred dollars was a long way from the sixty she had to invest; but somehow the atmosphere was changed. Spending a mere sixty dollars seemed a light matter in the presence of such costly apparel. She turned back to the dress which she had almost decided to buy a few minutes before. It was but a pale shadow of the Number 217, but it was also dark blue and Canton crêpe. She turned to the saleswoman decisively.

"I think I will take this sixty-dollar one," she said.

The saleswoman and her customer disappeared into a dressing room to try on the purchase. The proprietor of the establishment looked after them good-humoredly.

"You see," he said, "it's good business to have some of those expensive creations in stock even if we do have to take thirty cents on the dollar for them at the end of the season. They're regular silent saleswomen."

"But such advertising costs a lot of money," I continued. "Would you not do better if you just carried big assortments of the staple stuff that your customers can afford to buy? If you did that you could probably afford to sell a little cheaper than your competitors. You'd soon have the trade of the town."

The merchant gave me a quick look to see if I was in earnest; when he saw that I was he spoke out of the fullness of his heart.

"That's exactly what I would like to do," he said, "but I can't. I've tried it. You've simply got to jazz things up a little or you don't do any business."

A Real Comfort Gift

Men will appreciate the comfort that comes with Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web Garters. A pair will make a mighty appropriate Christmas gift

Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs banish garter troubles. Perfect comfort is assured because the garter depends for its hold on the soft weave and width of the webbing. There is no tightness, no binding. Pioneer-Brightons will stay comfortable because they are adjustable.

"For comfort's sake" ask for Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs at the men's wear counter. You will find them in the smart blue and orange box.

Pioneer Suspender Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 43 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up

Conducted Especially for YOU

Every Authorized Hoover Dealer in America joins us in cordially inviting you to his store, during Hoover Week, where you will see a most interesting public demonstration of [illegible]. Watch your local newspaper for announcements telling where these exhibits are being conducted in your locality

HOOVER WEEK

December 8th to 15th

THERE will be demonstrations of the rapid, easy and *health prolonging* manner in which The Hoover so thoroughly and dustlessly cleans by electricity.

You will see this efficient cleaner gently beat out all nap-wearing, germ-laden, buried grit from rugs, as it electrically sweeps up the stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and air-cleans.

It will be explained how this *exclusive* Hoover process, endorsed by leading authorities on the preservation of floor coverings, imparts added years of use and beauty to all rugs and carpets—as we guarantee.

Visitors will be welcome whether they attend merely out of general interest or with the thought *of buying a Hoover during this week*, as a practical, helpful gift for someone.

An opportunity will be afforded everyone to join the Hoover Christmas Club by depositing a small fee, delivery to be made in time for Christmas giving. The remaining payments will be conveniently extended through next year.

Early decision is suggested. Never yet have there been enough Hoovers for all who wanted them for Christmas.

The HOOVER

It *Beats... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and names of Authorized Dealers licensed to sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee. Authorized Hoover Dealers will be found to be the prominent merchants of their localities. Extreme care has been exercised in their selection and rigid standards of merchandising practice have been required. Our action in this respect has been taken as a protection to Hoover purchasers. In spite of every precaution, however, some dealers have secured Hoovers which we did not sell them. We can, therefore, assume no responsibility for the operation of such cleaners. Consequently we caution the public to purchase our cleaners only from Authorized Hoover Dealers, as they alone sell Hoovers on which we can issue our Guarantee Bond.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, FACTORIES AT NORTH CANTON, OHIO, AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from Page 5)

The school approved of the vision—decidedly.

Miss Volitska proceeded to explain how it could be brought from the ceiling into every home. Economic independence, she clearly proved, meant absolute freedom, absolute power. What was to be done then? The answer was simple. A job for every woman, however lowly it might be—a job.

"Go into the marts and become self-supporting," she told them. "No matter what your social position may be. You may feel entrenched behind a rampart of riches, but those riches are not yours. You touch them on sufferance as the price of surrender. We must take over an equal share of the world's property. Little by little we must wrest financial supremacy from man. Then, and not till then, we become not only his equal but his superior. In our relationship with him we will no longer be at the best an employe, at the worst a slave. We will become senior partners—captains of our souls, our bodies and our homes."

It would be hard at first, Miss Volitska admitted. They must expect jeers and insults, but keeping the glorious vision before their eyes they must struggle on. On and on, until at last, supported by a proper bank balance, they forced the trousered tyrant to his knees.

"Make no marriage on the old degrading basis!" cried Miss Volitska. "Before you form an alliance with man fortify your position. Take a step toward equality. I say to the young women of America, of all creeds and classes, strike off the golden shackles!

"Go into the offices, the shops of the business world and take your places! The future is always uncertain. Let no man persuade you to form the marriage tie until you can secure your freedom and self-respect through economic independence."

Above is the substance only—not the sum—of Miss Volitska's message to the Jencks School. During the half hour or more of its delivery the head of the school tap-tapped at the knuckles of a blue-veined hand with the rim of her lorgnette. Modern methods or no, this person did not belong in her assembly room! Miss Jencks consoled herself with the thought that the school would chatter over Miss Volitska for a day and then forget her.

It is fair to assume that so far as the majority of the pupils were concerned the supposition was true. In observing at least one exception it is necessary to enter the offices of the United Silk Products Company two weeks later.

The chairman of the board of directors of that corporation was on the high seas, steaming for Japan. In his absence his secretary was, as he modestly put it, doing what he could.

On the particular day with which we are concerned this consisted in securing some memoranda from the desk of his chief to be placed at the disposal of the board of directors the following morning. So devoted was he to his task that he did not look up when an office boy knocked and entered.

"Miss Patricia Beldon," said the office boy.

The effect of these words was electrical. The secretary was lifted from his chair by a sudden, unseen force.

"Where?" he asked.

"Out here," said the office boy.

The secretary was again the victim of the same mysterious force. This time he was hurled to a mirror in a corner, where he had only an instant for a jerk at his necktie ere he was propelled across the room and set down again before his chief's impressive mahogany desk.

"I will see her," he told the office boy with surprising dignity.

In thus agreeing to subject his optic nerves to the task of conveying the impression of Miss Beldon to his brain the secretary was not submitting them to a noticeable hardship. As a matter of fact he was only one among many who felt that the thing could be done for hours and hours without apparent eyestrain.

On this occasion, however, he had swiftly planned a slight delay before even the beginning of such a feat. At her entrance he would remain deeply concentrated until the combination of himself, knitted brows and the mahogany desk did their deadly work. Startled by a timid cough he would become aware of her presence. Apologizing for his preoccupation he would rise and - -

"Billy?"

"Pat!"

He found himself across the room and became aware that he was holding both her hands. So apparently did she. At any rate she withdrew them.

"How did you get here?" His expression as he asked the question indicated that her reply should have been "Wings," but "Taxi" was what she said; and then: "School closed to-day. I'm supposed to be on my way to Aunt Harriet's."

A great hope dawned in his face.

"Then you haven't got a chaperon?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"Pat, can you lunch with me?"

She considered it while he hung on the brink of a black chasm.

"I might, but first we must talk."

"Certainly we must."

He spun a huge leather chair into confidential relationship with another of the same sort, and was presently more than making good his promise to the office boy. As he did so he grew conscious of something unfamiliar in her face. It was lighted by a strange, white fire. As he wondered at this she spoke:

"Billy, I've come here on business. Can you—will you lend me a thousand dollars?"

For an instant he gave way to bewilderment.

"Why—why—certainly." He rose to seek a check book. "Will a thousand be enough?"

She thought for a moment.

"I hope it will," she told him finally. "I'm only going to use it for necessities."

"For what?"

"Necessities," she repeated patiently. "Just the things I must have until I find work."

The chair he had just quitted being nearest, he sat down rather heavily in it.

"Do—do you mind if I smoke?"

She nodded a dreamy assent.

He lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"Now shoot," he said. "What's up?"

She lifted her chin and met his inquiring glance with a look of a second Joan of Arc.

"I'm throwing off the shackles," she told him simply.

"Shackles?"

"Shackles of gold," she explained. "Man-made shackles. I'm going to be free."

"Free." He found himself helplessly repeating the last word of her sentence, nodding his head as he did so.

"I have been—I mean I will be—I mean I will not become a chattel."

"Chattel," said he, with the inevitable nod.

"It will be hard at first. I shall have to put up with jeers and insults. But that is the cross of womanhood. I must bear it and go on—on to economic independence."

"Econom——" He conquered his habit by a tremendous effort. "How long have you been this way?"

"What do you mean?" she asked coldly.

His hold on her was slight, he felt. Once he had nearly lost it forever. During a week-end at the Beldon country place he had kept her by main strength from canoeing on dangerous water. At that time he had witnessed what her father referred to as a tantrum. Whatever happened he must guard against one of them now; but facts were facts.

"Pat, you're talking like a nut."

Her smile was gentle and resigned.

"Jeers and insults," she repeated softly.

Prepared to feel the heavens rock, her patient resignation left him helpless. He got up and took a turn about the office before facing her.

"I'm not jeering at you, I'm not insulting you. That kind of thing is absolutely nutty. There's a bunch of he-women and she-men spilling it around this town. They do it to get into the limelight; but everybody laughs at it that isn't weak-minded."

"Go on," she murmured; "I can stand it."

"I'm not asking you to stand anything," he said with a shade of irritation. "I'm simply telling you the truth. Where did you get hold of this drivel?"

"My views or where I get them," she said sadly, "can never concern you. I see that now. I had hoped it would be different. I had reached a—a—crisis in my life. I needed a friend. I came to you. I shall

Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles
fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's

Brenlin *outwears two or three ordinary window shades because—* Brenlin *has no* "filling"

Ordinary window shades have *this* great weakness—they are made with "filling."

This "filling," usually chalk or clay, is used to give weight and body to loosely woven, flimsy material.

It is brittle, like school chalk. It crumbles, loosens and falls out, causing pinholes and cracks. The shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined—because no "filled" shade can long stand the little strains of everyday wear.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

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You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

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Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

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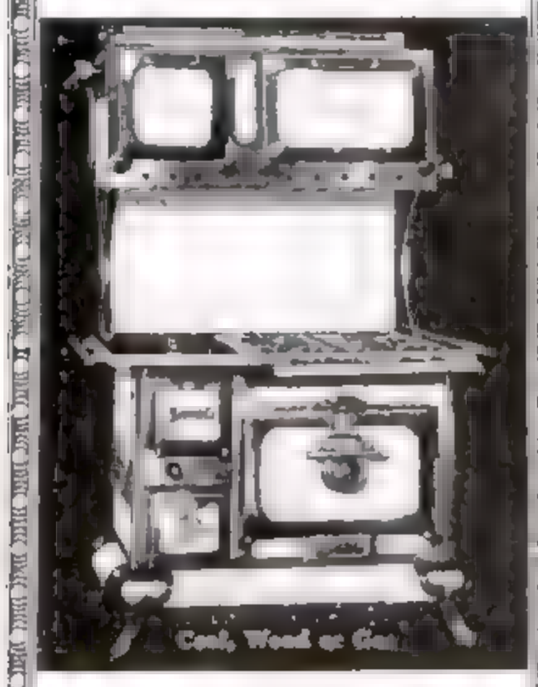

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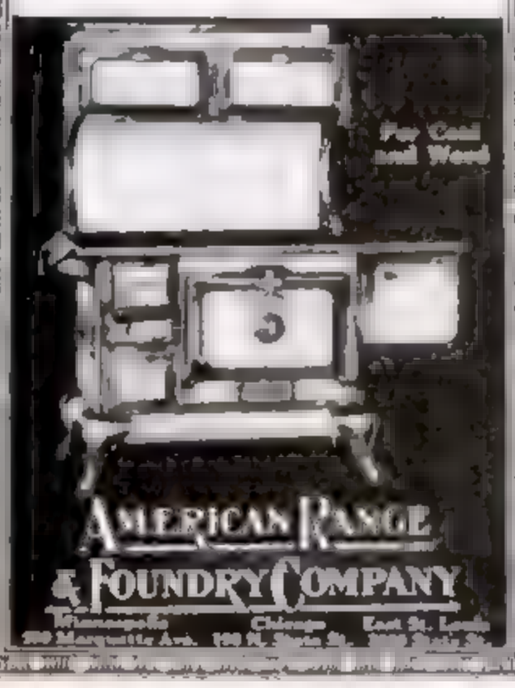

never come again." She rose and held out her hand. "This" her voice shook slightly "is the end. Good-by—Billy"

He reached her in a stride and seized her hand.

"Pat," he implored, "don't talk that way! Of course I'm your friend. I want to be your—friend more than anything else in the world. You know that."

She smiled at him mistily, her hand remaining in his.

"Then—then—you'll lend me the thousand dollars?"

He gulped, but a sudden inspiration came to him.

"Of course I will," he said. "You won't want it all at once. I'll make it payable to your Aunt Harriet and she can give it to you as you need it. Suppose," he suggested craftily, "we call her up about it now?"

She snatched her hand from his.

"If you say one word to Aunt Harriet about me I'll never speak to you—I'll never look at you as long as I live!"

He paled at this fearful threat, and the blaze in her eyes which went with it.

"Why shouldn't I speak to her?" he ventured. "You can't go to work without her permission."

"Her permission! Do you think she'd ever give me permission? Do you think she'd let you loan me a thousand dollars? And you called me a nut!"

"I didn't, Pat. I said you were talking like one. But I don't get you. If she won't give you permission you can't pull off this non—business."

"Why not?"

"She'll prevent it."

"How can she prevent something she doesn't know about?"

"She doesn't know?" he repeated in bewilderment. "But you're staying with her until your father gets back."

"I'm not. I intend to stay in New York."

"At home?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"The Ritz, I think."

"Alone?"

"Of course"

"And you think she'll stand for that?"

"She won't know it. She thinks I'm with father."

His jaw began to drop.

"Why does she think that?"

"Well," she explained calmly, "father asked me to telephone her the night he left. I did. I said he was leaving suddenly for Japan and that I'd called her up to say good-by for him. I was just going to tell her I was coming to The Elms when school was out when she said she hoped we'd have a pleasant trip. I just thanked her and rang off."

The secretary again dropped into his chair.

"She's always jumping at conclusions that way," she went on reflectively. "I remember she thought I'd taken a fancy to you. She spoke to father about it."

For a moment he forgot the present situation. "She did?" he said, springing to his feet. "What made her think that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Patricia. "It was after that week-end when you were down. You'd better make it fifteen hundred," she added. "I've almost nothing left of my allowance. It may be several weeks before I'm—absolutely independent."

The look of a cornered animal which had left the face of the secretary for a moment now returned.

"Sit down a moment first, will you, Pat? I want to talk about these—these views of yours"

"What would be the use? You'd only insult me again."

"No, I won't," he assured her. "Of course I think you're wrong, but maybe you can convince me you're right by—by, well, just a calm, friendly argument."

She eyed him thoughtfully.

"I don't believe I could. You're a man, in the first place. Naturally men want women to go right on being slaves and chattels. Then you're the brutal type, like father. You just dote on showing your power. I saw it the time you wouldn't let me get into the canoe."

He had squared his shoulders as he had learned that he was a brutal type, but felt it necessary to defend himself with "It was dangerous."

"That was your opinion. I know I could have paddled to the island."

"Well, I didn't think so, Pat."

"That shows how much you know. I waited until there was even a bigger sea than that day, and did it."

He eyed her for a moment, wiping his brow.

"We won't discuss that," he decided. "Tell me, please, just why do you want to go to work?"

"I want economic independence." She returned to her chair.

"Well, suppose you get it—what would you do with it?"

"For one thing—I'd be free to marry."

"Marry?" He grew slowly pale. "Pat, you're not thinking of ——"

"Of course not—I mean in the future."

"Oh," he said, again mopping his brow.

"I shall never marry," she told him proudly, "on the old degrading basis. I shall be the captain of my soul, my bo—and my home."

He simply blinked at her.

"Do you think I'll accept man-made riches," she wanted to know, "that I touch as the price of surrender? No! I shall go on. On to—to—well, I'll go on—that's all."

There was a pause in which for a time he continued to blink at her. At last he pulled himself together.

"I'm not going to knock this—this bunk you've got hold of somewhere," he said. "We'll pass that. But when you talk about being worried by some man's money you have the thing exactly twisted. The fact is I—that is, any chap who cared more for you than anybody else on earth, would worry himself sick about your having so much. He'd feel that ——"

"Of course he would!" she broke in triumphantly. "He'd want me absolutely dependent on him. Absolutely in his power. At best an employe; at the worst a slave."

"He wouldn't want anything of the sort. He'd—but what's the use of talking such nonsense, when you'll have so much that a fellow doesn't dare think about it? He'd just give up if he did and start wanting to die. I wonder," he speculated gloomily, "if you have any idea how much money your father's got?"

"Father? I know this much: It's ruined my life. That's one reason why I'm taking this step. I've been absolutely at his mercy. I never realized why until Miss Vol—well, until lately. And what has he done? He's ruled me with a rod of iron"

The secretary gave her a startled look.

"He's what?"

She repeated her last sentence.

"Do you think," she was saying, "I want him meddling in my affairs after I marry, telling me not to do this and not to do that? And I don't want—er—somebody else doing the same thing. I'd simply be changing tyrants."

His face suddenly brightened.

"Look here, Pat, you're right about not accepting anything from your father after you're married. Tell him you don't want a cent—won't have it as long as he lives. Tell him to make a will leaving everything he's got to charity. Then don't marry a rich man. Take some chap who will have to work hard for just a decent income all his life."

"I don't know anybody like that," she said drearily.

"Oh, I think you do." His tone was extremely casual. "Take—well, take me, for example."

She observed him speculatively for a moment.

"Suppose I take you ——"

"Pat!"

"—— for example. You're not like that at all. You have remarkable business ability for your age. You're being trained to step into father's place some day. Father said so"

"What?" He was on his feet, staring at her.

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "He said a lot of things about you. He said you were a very strong character. It was the time Aunt Har—— Well, it was one time when your name happened to come up. You're sure to have the power of money behind you. That's another reason why I'm ——"

She stopped in sudden confusion, but found him examining the room in which they sat as though seeing it for the first time. Obviously he was not listening to what she said.

She rose at once.

"We've talked enough," she informed him icily. "I've told you exactly how it is. Now please let me have the fifteen hundred."

Slowly his eyes came back to hers; but that swing about the big office with its deep rugs, mellow pictures and massive furniture had filled them with a new determination.

"Pat," said the secretary, "I'm not going to loan you anything. I'm going to telephone your aunt and then take you out there."

It had been terrible that day when he had held her away from the canoe, but it was nothing to what followed. Only the aloof gray waters of Long Island Sound had been present before. Now when he said "Pat, Pat—they'll hear you all over the office!" her sobs, moans, shrieks, increased in violence. At last she began to speak with some coherence.

"I hate you! I hate you!" She mastered herself for a supreme insult and hurled the dreaded curse of the school squarely in his teeth: "You dirty snitcher!"

"Pat, oh, Pat, please —"

"If I ha-hadn't told you you wouldn't have known. I t-t-told you because I tr-tr-trusted you and now you're going to sn-sn-snitch on me."

"Pat, listen to me a minute."

"I'll never listen to you again the l-l-longest day I live. I loathe you, I despise you! You do it because you want to stand in with d-d-dad. I saw your f-f-face when I told you what he'd said. You got red and your eyes got sh-shiny. That s-s-settled me. You didn't listen to what I was saying any more. You just began to think about yourself. You're a selfish little sneak, trying to please the man you work for by betraying a girl who tr-tr-trusted you."

The secretary, already pale, grew paler. He opened and closed his hands spasmodically, so great was his instinct to spank her.

"Oh—oh—oh, you want to h-h-hit me!"

He rushed to a window and kept his back resolutely toward her, until her wails were only gulping sobs and at last became quivering gasps.

"When you're ready to talk sensibly," he said, without turning, "let me know."

Five minutes passed in silence. Suddenly she spoke with a calmness which was startling.

"Please telephone my aunt to send a motor in for me, Mr. Rann." It was the daughter of a great man speaking to his secretary.

He turned like a flash. "Pat!"

"Miss Beldon, please."

He bowed and made for a desk telephone.

"Just a moment," she said. "I simply want you to know that my plans have not been changed in the slightest. I'll simply come into New York later and disappear."

He seemed unmoved.

"You think I can't do it," she went on with more warmth. "You think I can't get away, and can't get money, after you've told."

This was exactly what he had been thinking; also that he was ruining himself past all redemption

"Well, you're mistaken," she informed him. "You're making me hate you, and not doing a particle of good. I can ask someone else. Bob Travers, for instance. He's the sort of man a girl can rely on—true as steel. Some people think he's too good-looking. I don't—do you?"

He ignored the question and turned to the telephone.

"No, I won't ask Bob," she decided suddenly. "I'd be so terribly obligated. I'll just sell something." Her face became triumphant as she recalled the inevitable collateral of oppressed heroines. "My birthday pearls!" She was beaming now.

He set the telephone down with something of a crash. "You wouldn't do that!"

"Call up Aunt Harriet and see."

He hesitated miserably.

Suddenly she was close to him, with a small appealing hand on his arm.

"Billy, I came to you—you of all people in the world. I trusted you at this crisis in my life. Think what it would mean to me—to us both—to our—our—friendship if you were splendid and loyal to me instead of just remembering father."

He looked into her softened, swimming eyes and saw the ghost of a promise of many things. Her hand tightened on his arm. Her lips parted. Without moving she gave the impression of swaying toward him.

"Pat, will you keep in touch with me? Will you let me know where you are? Will you let me see you every day?"

"Oh, yes, Billy."

He sat down dazedly at a desk and, as though it were a scorpion, drew a check book from a drawer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED

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The cleaner that keeps your rooms free from dust and dirt is powerless to rid your floors of the unseen germ life that is tracked there. Such germ life is often a contributing cause of contagious sickness.

Before using your cleaner, sprinkle the rugs, mats, and floors with a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant diluted with water. That kills the germ life which otherwise would be stirred up and spread throughout the house.

Add a little Lysol Disinfectant to the scrubbing water, too. Being a soapy liquid, Lysol Disinfectant cleans as it disinfects.

Use it in solution according to directions. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

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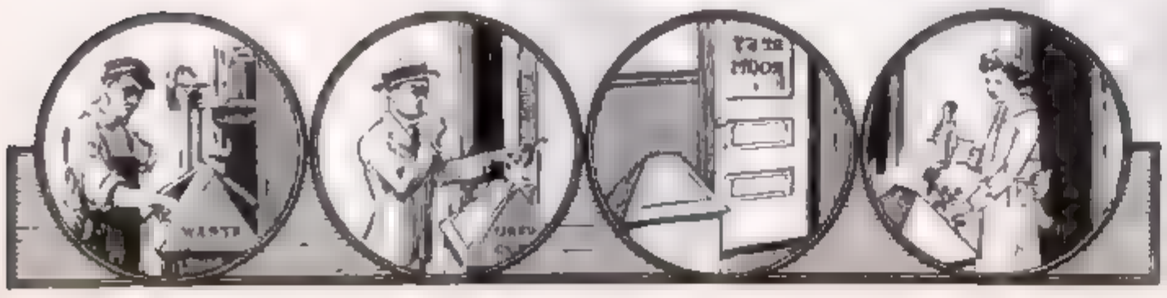

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

query arises: Why should Britain want Germany to pay any more?

In answering this query we must turn to the other side of the picture. While Great Britain has gained so much through the settlement, yet these gains are really small as compared with what she lost in the war. For Britain, like France, Germany and the rest, not only lost the flower of her youth in battle; not only went through the intense suffering caused by the four long years of strife and warfare, and not only poured out blood and treasure to the utmost, but she lost, as a nation, her former preëminent position as the great creditor nation of the world. Before the war practically every nation in the world was paying daily tribute to Great Britain. Her wealth was invested and bringing in revenue from all the ends of the earth; London was the money market and financial center of the world. Every year she drew from the United States hundreds of millions of pounds in interest, dividends and profits; and as America increased in population and wealth from decade to decade British revenue continued to grow.

Britain's credit was so high that she could raise capital for her industries or for governmental purposes at lower rates than any other nation on earth; her available riches were so large that she could loan at will in large sums for any type of undertaking. For years she had been exploiting the natural resources of all her colonial possessions, of Mexico, South America, Africa and Asia. After our own Civil War hers was the one money market in the world where our gigantic debts could be handled and refunded; and when America opened up the Far West and carried on her vast railroad expansion in the '70's it was the British who supplied the bulk of the capital.

British Finances

Now all this is changed. Not only has Great Britain lost her position as the central money market of the world; not only has her credit declined with that of the rest of Europe, but she has become a debtor nation to other countries like America, and instead of receiving annual tribute from the outside world she is herself paying tribute. The many millions of pounds which formerly flowed across the Atlantic from America to England each year in the form of interest, dividends and profits have now ceased to flow. Instead great sums are owed to America, and the stream of wealth has been reversed. Before the war British revenue from German and Russian investments was large and steadily growing. Now there is no such revenue; instead vast claims against these countries have become mere paper claims of no immediate value. British commerce with Germany, Russia, Austria and all the central and eastern sections of Europe formerly mounted into very large totals; since the war this trade has been relatively nominal, and even this year amounts to only a fraction of the prewar totals.

As in the case of all the former belligerents, and for that matter of the neutrals as well, Great Britain has piled up an enormous debt since 1913. Her national public debt, which was about £700,000,000 on August 1, 1914, has increased tenfold since that time; her floating debt at the close of 1920 was twice the national funded debt of 1914. And in the meanwhile she has had to abandon gold payments and allow her standard of value to depreciate to a marked extent. Though currency expansion has not been so disastrous to her as to the Continental nations, nevertheless it has been a distinct handicap, and has crippled her to a decided degree. Consequently her efforts to rebuild her foreign trade, to increase her exports and keep her imports within bounds have been handicapped continuously. The exchange wall between her and America has presented unusual difficulties for the Britisher.

Needing our raw materials, such as cotton and copper, in vast quantities, he has found that as his efforts to increase production have increased the difficulties of equalizing imports and exports have become harder and harder. Before the war an adverse balance with America was usually settled or offset by the revenues from British investments in America. But to-day there is little of such revenue, and on the other hand he must add to his debt to America the steady accruals on obligations which he owes to that country.

A London banker remarked to me this summer that a general cancellation of the interallied war debts would do more towards stabilizing the exchanges and righting the present difficulties of Europe than anything else.

"Not that Great Britain wants to be released," he said, "for we are able and willing to pay. But a cancellation of these debts would immediately restore a large part of the lost dollar value of the pound sterling, the franc and the lira. It would enable the allied peoples to secure credits and buy raw materials and needed goods in large quantities from America, and thus the wheels of industry would start all along the line. Surely," he continued, "such a development would be worth far more to America than the maintenance of claims of about $10,000,000,000, which cannot be paid as a whole for generations, and if paid even in small amounts would act as a constant influence to keep European purchasing power curtailed to the lowest limits."

The view held by so many Britons that it would be a wise policy to cancel these loans is mainly based on the arguments of the banker I have just quoted. There is no wish to escape an obligation on the part of the British. They are confident that they can pay the United States the several billion dollars they owe her, even if they are never able to collect from their allies what is owing to them. But they question the wisdom of such a policy at this time, when the main hope of restoring normal conditions in Europe and stabilizing civilization there is to build up the credit of the several countries and enable them to purchase in large volume in other markets.

Great Britain holds great claims in the shape of advances to her allies during the war. France owes her about $2,500,000,000, Italy over $2,000,000,000, Russia over $2,500,000,000 and the smaller nations about $1,000,000,000. She would like to collect these debts, no doubt; but she does not expect to get much of these great sums in this generation, even under the best conditions. She is far more interested in developments which will place these countries on a sound and permanent basis. And to bring Europe back to a position of sound credit I do not believe the British people would hesitate to cancel these debts if the other allies and America agreed to do the same.

Interallied Debts

It does not follow, however, that these debts need be definitely canceled. They are now all call loans, with no definite dates for payment, and their conversion as a whole into long-term obligations running forty or fifty years, with interest payments funded for a shorter term of years, would, without doubt, have the same relative effect on the world credit situation. And this is the type of compromise that seems practical enough to adopt at this time. That its effect would be salutary hardly admits of doubt. If Italy, for example, were able to fund her war debt to Great Britain of over $2,000,000,000, her debt to the United States of $1,600,000,000, and fund the interest on these amounts for a series of years, the effect on the dollar value of the lira would be marked. In fact, a positive result of such a proceeding would be a prompt increase in the purchasing power for foreign goods of British, French, Italian and Belgian consumers.

The problem of the interallied debts is unquestionably one of the important points of contact in the relations of America to the whole European problem, for America is involved in the European situation just as deeply and vitally as are the European nations themselves. She is really in some ways more deeply involved than Great Britain. A situation is conceivable where Great Britain might get along and restore herself to relative comfort and prosperity independently of the Continent; but not so America. I say this with all due respect to those Americans who hold that we are a self-sufficient people; that we can, if we will, live entirely within ourselves, ignore Europe and the rest of the world and still be prosperous. But Americans who hold this view are thinking in terms of fifty years ago; they do not understand their

(Continued on Page 60)

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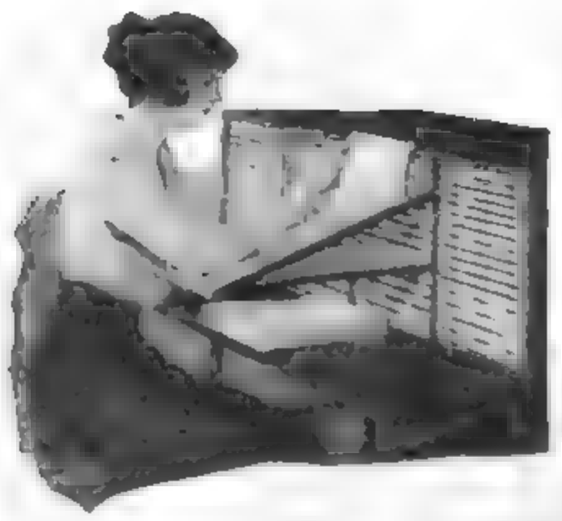

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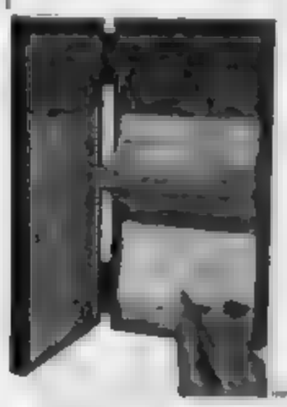

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America of to-day. For the position of America in relation to the rest of the world has enormously changed in recent years. It was slowly changing from the time which immediately followed the Civil War. Quietly but steadily, as this nation grew in population and wealth-producing power, the need of foreign markets and foreign trade became more and more insistent.

With our great industrial and agricultural expansion of the past forty or fifty years it has become less and less possible for our people to consume all that they can produce under conditions of prosperity. Our great cotton industry has been built up to meet foreign as well as domestic demand; our vast development in many lines of manufacturing could never have been carried to the great capacity of recent times without a large and growing foreign consumption. As the years have gone on we have become more and more dependent on foreign markets for our goods, and with America's capacity for production to-day she can never hope to keep her labor fully employed, her people at a high standard of comfort, unless she can sell the goods she produces.

The argument that America can contract her production and still enjoy prosperity is fallacious in the extreme. She cannot do this unless she contracts her population; but this means retrogression, not progress; not even a maintenance of present conditions. It is true that foreign consumption of American products in the past has represented only from 10 to 15 per cent of our total production. But a permanent loss of 10 per cent of markets for our goods means intense stagnation, depression. The politician or man in the street who knows little of the actual facts of production or commerce does not realize what this little 10 per cent means. But the typical manufacturer or business man, the country over, who considers himself lucky at any time if he is able to do business on an 8 to 10 per cent margin, knows that a permanent curtailment of 10 per cent in his possible markets spells anything but prosperity.

American Capital in Europe

I repeat that it is more conceivable that Great Britain could get along without European recovery than America. Great Britain, though a little island in the sea, is the center of a world-wide empire. She has her dependencies all over the globe—Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, Egypt and islands in the seas everywhere—besides which she dominates directly or indirectly large portions of the earth's surface through mandates, treaties, commercial alliances and the like. Under her direct control are more than 450,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants. Her investments in these far corners of the globe, her trade with these many countries of her own, her commercial domination in South America and in Asia are factors which would go far towards offsetting a permanent loss of European markets.

But America has not such advantages. Her foreign trade in the past has been built up mainly with Europe; she is in no position, nor is she likely to be for generations to come, to develop large and profitable commercial relations with other parts of the globe. It is true that commerce with South America and the Far East has grown in recent years, but any examination of the figures will at once divulge its trivial character as compared with normal European trade. Unquestionably the key to a real revival and to future growth of American commerce is bound up with the European problem.

There are other reasons why America is certain to be tied to Europe, whether she wishes to be or not. We may repudiate as many proposed political alliances as we wish; we may wash our hands of Europe and completely forget that in 1918 we sent several million men over there to make the world safe for democracy. And yet we shall be continuously involved in it all just the same. The mere facts that the allied governments owe the United States Government nearly $10,000,000,000 and that our trade balance with Europe is several billions in our favor and will no doubt so continue for years to come are not the most important things. More important is the fact that America to-day is the banker and the capitalist of the world; that she has most of the gold reserve of the world; that America to-day, like Europe of fifty years ago, is the one place where capital is to be secured in large amounts for the restoration or development of foreign lands.

Capital is a thing which naturally flows where it finds the best return. It is controlled by individuals and not by governments or politicians in all free countries. Capital came from Europe to America for many years, even when the political attitude of many European peoples was distinctly hostile to America. To-day capital is flowing from America into Germany, France, Italy and Belgium in moderate amounts and through many channels, and to some extent into Austria and Eastern Europe. Disregarding the American gamblers who have bought francs, lire and marks to the value of billions during the past three years for speculative purposes, a very respectable amount of American money is now invested in European industrial and other enterprises; and this tendency will surely continue as economic conditions improve in Europe and political conditions are stabilized.

The flow of American capital to Europe for permanent investment there will of course increase in direct relation to the progress made in bringing back conditions of stability and prosperity. In fact the two tendencies are interrelated and must to a large extent go hand in hand. It is a case of one hand washing the other. The foreign exchange anomaly between Europe and America can never be fully righted; Europe can never go far towards correcting her adverse trade balances or liquidating her debts to America unless she is able enormously to increase her production and vastly expand her exports. And she cannot greatly increase her production or expand her exports well beyond her imports without the infusion of large and growing amounts of permanent American capital. Consequently the logic of events will surely set these influences at work together. They are working to a degree already.

The typical American is a person of enterprise, push and ambition. For more than a century the American has been the world's best type of pioneer. He has explored and developed his own great country and has made it the wealthiest and most progressive land in the world; and in the century to come these traits of enterprise are certain to be duplicated along the lines of least resistance. Least resistance to-day for American wealth production does not confine him to his old land as in the days when population was sparse and great sections undeveloped. It leads him beyond his borders and across the seas. And as the remaking of Europe during the coming years will be a job ten times bigger that any other he could find and ten times more logical than any other large activity, it is in Europe that the American capitalist will be found becoming more and more dominant as the twentieth century wears on.

Judging the Future by the Past

In suggesting that the restoration of Europe will logically be accomplished by American coöperation and American capital I do not overlook or desire to minimize the complexities of the present situation. As we view Europe to-day, without peering beyond the next few years, there are many things which cause misgiving and doubt. The lack of progress made by the several governments in curtailing their debts, in restoring their production and in deflating their currencies; the continued evidences of military extravagance and military ideas in nearly all parts of Central Europe and to some extent in France; the wastefulness and carelessness in governmental administration, and the grinding taxes—all these things make Europe appear to be a doubtful and risky investment field.

But the difficulty is that we are apt to emphasize too strongly these things and minimize the fact that Western Europe—meaning chiefly France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and the neutrals—is made up of several hundred million wealth producers and consumers of a relatively high standard of intelligence and education, of strong characteristics of industry and frugality, and of human, peace-loving traits. The French people have fought many wars, but the French are distinctly a peace-loving people. The same can be said of most of the others.

These people, in the mass, are not king worshipers or war breeders any more than the English or Americans are. They are more fit for self-government to-day than ever before, and under favored conditions would stand solidly back of any well-matured program for permanent peace in Europe. They occupy one of the richest sections of territory on the earth's surface; and in fifty years' time, with normal and enlightened application of modern methods of production, could easily make this section of Europe far richer than ever before.

Most of us—like a good many Britishers, who are too close to the picture—incline to think that the situation is hopeless because Europe, three years after the end of the war, is seemingly in greater chaos than at the time of the armistice. But we forget that three years is really too short a time in which to expect very much. The teachings of past history are constantly overlooked. After every other great war a situation similar to the present has existed, and such periods were always accompanied by widespread opinion that recovery was hopeless. After the Franco-Prussian War it was declared again and again that France was permanently ruined; that the payment of the indemnity to Germany was as impossible of fulfillment as many economists and other authorities assert that the present reparation payments are impossible. To-day the fact that the British debt is ten times what it was before the war is cited as proof that Great Britain can never again restore her old credit and position in the world. But after the Napoleonic Wars the debt of England was sixteen times as great as at the beginning; yet within a dozen years England again became the nation of greatest power and highest credit in the world.

French Recuperative Power

The fact that not only the Continental countries but England as well have made little progress during the past three years in getting back on a gold basis is constantly cited as conclusive disaster. But it is forgotten that after the Napoleonic Wars it took England seven years to resume gold payments, and after our own Civil War it took us fourteen years. Most Americans have forgotten that more than four years after the close of the Civil War American dollars were worth far less than they were at the end of the war. The American dollar at the time of the great gold speculation in 1869 was, relatively, worth no more than the French franc is to-day, and not nearly so much, relatively to its par value, as the pound sterling now is.

There are many people who insist to-day that France can never again get on her feet; that she is ruined both financially and economically; that she will never be able to realize to any extent on her claims against Germany and that her future points to nothing but chaos. But people who hold these opinions have not been to France this year and seen her with their eyes open, and they certainly have forgotten that several times in past history France has been ruined in the same way. Bonaparte ruined her, Louis Napoleon ruined her; but ten years after the Franco-Prussian War her credit was higher than ever before. And in the same way we are told from day to day that Germany is ruined. Steadily the propaganda is being developed that the reparation payments are utterly impossible; that Germany is being crushed beneath them; that never can her people, even with the aid of the entire world, come anywhere near meeting them. Yet in 1871 France was able to pull through and meet terms which were relatively just as hard and difficult as those of Germany are to-day.

A well-known economist once explained to me that in studying any problem logically he divided his mind into three rooms—a forgetting room, a remembering room and a conclusion room.

"First," he said, "I go into the forgetting room. Here I eliminate all the fiction, false notions and unproved statements regarding my subject; all nonessentials, all effects which have been mistaken for causes; all arguments whatever of a superficial nature. Then I go into the remembering room and gather together all the real, vital data relating to the subject. These data I take to the conclusion room and there reach my final deductions."

And in studying Europe and its future a method of this kind is absolutely essential. If one is going to give weight to hearsay opinions or evidence, rumors, propaganda,

(Continued on Page 63)

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distorted views, he is at once lost in a maze of contradictions. Thus, if he gives attention to the mass of reports that the German people are still as militaristic as they seemed to be under the Kaiser, and are simply planning to start a new European upheaval ten years hence, then he will be mystified by my constantly repeated assertions that this is not true. If he gives attention to the insistent rumors and superficial interviews of many observers who have imbibed propaganda in the European capitals this year to the effect that France is hopelessly ruined, that her people are idle and that the soil in the devastated regions can never be made productive again, then he will be mystified by my frequent statements that these things are not true. Before he reaches an opinion on Europe he should spend plenty of time in his forgetting room.

The really salient facts of the European situation are these which I have tried briefly to outline in the several preceding articles; of this I have no doubt. The fact is incontestable that there has been a great advance in the standard of living of the peoples of the several European countries since 1919; that there has been a considerable reorganization of industry; that transportation conditions have vastly improved; that the fuel supply is fairly adequate; that food conditions have greatly improved; that real progress has been made in Northern France and Belgium in restoring the devastated regions to productivity; and that the people of Germany, of France, of Belgium, of parts of Italy and to some extent of Central Europe have gone back to work and are laboring hard to maintain themselves in some sort of comfort.

It is a further fact that Bolshevism is practically dead in Europe, and that steadily the people are more and more getting away from the war feeling and that the war sores are healing. People are still writing books about the intense nationalistic feeling of the peoples and the hopelessness of ever making Europe a land of relative peace; and they will continue to write views of this kind for many years to come. But so did people write books after the American War of Independence, before the American nation had become stabilized and the several original states were quarreling and bickering and building up embargoes against each other. American writers in 1785 were describing conditions almost exactly similar to those existing to-day between some of the European allies. While this analogy is not exactly accurate, yet it teaches its lesson just the same; and I personally believe that if Europe can be placed on her feet in the course of the coming years the outcome will be much nearer what it was in America after the adoption of the Constitution than many people imagine. In a word, if the intelligent population of Europe are given a real chance to choose they will almost certainly choose the path of peace.

Our Interest in Europe

The whole European problem hinges on the developments of the next few years, and in that development America as well as Great Britain is certain to have a hand. America is in Europe to-day; it is inevitable that she stay in Europe. When she brought back her armies in 1919 she did not abandon the Continent to its fate. Many Americans may have thought this was done; they may now think that we are pulling farther and farther away. But as a matter of fact we are getting deeper and deeper in, and there is nothing that can stop us from becoming more and more closely tied to Europe as the years roll on. In 1919 and early 1920, when we were straddling the peak of the inflation boom, when business men and bankers lost their heads and when everybody was employed and seemed to be making more money and enjoying more luxuries than ever before, Europe seemed far away to most of us. Our captains of industry were intoxicated with the notion that it would take four or five years for American production to catch up to American consumption; that we as a nation had become so absolutely self-sufficient that we could hereafter prosper and grow rich at our own expense and could let the rest of the world shift for itself.

But the American, at the end of the inflation debauch, had his morning after, and all through the past year this morning after has continued. We have had our deflation; prices of many raw materials have dropped below the cost of production; thousands of industries have been going through the mill for a year, have liquidated their debts, reduced their inventories, cut down labor and other costs and developed efficiency. And yet, though the public purchasing power should still be great and the consuming power of the people large, business does not revive. All over this country one will find factories shut down or working on part time; in every town and city business men are complaining at the dullness of the times; millions are unemployed and other millions only partly employed. What is the answer?

The answer more than anything else is Europe. The man who eighteen months ago was prone to view Europe from afar and regard it as a place with which he had no practical concern is getting intensely interested to-day. He is beginning to realize, whether he lives in Kansas, Louisiana or in New England, that the declining exports to Europe and the poor credit of the Continent are in some way, directly or indirectly, affecting him. The practical business man, merchant and banker in America sees more and more that the European problem is closely allied to his own problems. Two years ago the superficial commentator was inclined to say, "We will build up a big export trade with South America and the Far East, and let Europe go hang." But now, after having had his fingers burned in South America, and realizing that, after all, if he had all the South American trade it would not amount to one-twentieth part of a normal trade with Europe, his view is changing. Any study of American business sentiment to-day will divulge a far greater interest and understanding of European affairs than the average politician, with his ear to the ground, has any idea of.

American Leadership

I regard this growing attitude of interest in things across the water as one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The remaking of Europe is really America's job, not for sentimental but for intensely practical reasons. The America of the twentieth century, if she has any vision at all, must see that to make the world safe for civilization she is bound to take the lead. And she is the only nation in the world that possibly can take the lead or set the pace. America's position to-day as the world's banker, as the world's chief source for capital, as the one large nation where currency inflation is not a menace, where government and private credit are of the best, puts her in a relation to the rest of the civilized world which is far superior to that of Great Britain, regardless of the latter's world-wide empire and 450,000,000 subjects. America is the banker and producer who can, if she will, insist on policies in Europe which will cause the radical reduction of armaments, the curtailment of government expenditures, the balancing of budgets and the starting of Europe as a whole along the road of fundamental recovery. In fact there has been no time since the end of the war when America could not have done all these things. She could have done great things at the peace conference which she failed to do; she could have made the Versailles Treaty far less of a hodgepodge if she had gone about it all in a different way. But to-day the opportunity of America to influence the course of events in Europe is even greater than it then was; because now, after three years of peace, the European governmental problems of finance are far more difficult of solution than they then seemed.

It has been truly said that a dozen able and representative men from the important nations of the world could get together at a round table and adjust all of Europe's important problems at one sitting, provided they would eliminate prejudice, fear, political plotting and suspicion and simply act and reason as men of practical common sense. Such a development cannot be hoped for, of course, but a big step can be made in this direction of common-sense adjustment, provided America insists upon it. And America can insist, simply because without American coöperation and American credits practically no government in Europe can work its way through the next two or three years without suffering disastrous consequences. America should insist, because the rapid restoration of European

(Continued on Page 65)

For your own Holiday Trip or for a Gift to Another—

BELBER
Fine Luggage

HERE are three of the reasons why Belber Luggage is in such demand with *value-seeking* people who are planning holiday trips or making up their gift lists—

Three pieces of luggage—built with typical Belber thoroughness for a *lifetime* of service—at prices that make them the greatest *values* in the stores today.

And your Belber dealer has others—and Belber Wardrobe Trunks as well—to meet every traveling need.

All of them identified by the Belber trade-name—your assurance of *highest, practical money's worth* at whatever price you pay.

Be sure the luggage you buy is made by the HOUSE of BELBER—*the world's largest makers of fine traveling equipment.*

If there is no Belber dealer in your town, send your check or money order to us. We will arrange to have the Bag delivered to you.

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BELBER BAG
Model 333
Genuine Seal $25
(On the Pacific Coast, $27.50)
16 inch. Genuine Black seal—the ideal material for a ladies' bag. Serviceable and light in weight. Reinforced frame. Lined with rich silk moire.

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Genuine Walrus $25
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18 inch. Genuine walrus. Three-piece construction on hand-sewed frame. Lined with leather. Massive hardware. A bag for a lifetime of service.

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Model 666
Extra Heavy Cowhide $25
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TRAVELING GOODS

Practical wardrobe trunks for travel, vacation or business trips, or for steady year in and year out service in the home.

$50 to $250

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A Word About the Room-Clerks

in the Statler-Operated Hotels

By E. M. STATLER

ABOUT nine-tenths of any traveler's first opinion of a hotel is made at the room desk. The reception he gets there, the way he's handled, the way he's taken care of, go far toward establishing what he will think of that hotel.

The room-clerk's job isn't an easy one, as you may have observed. He has to be a diplomat and a gentleman, he has to have tact and patience and an easy-working smile—if he is to be *a good room-clerk*. And I am going to undertake the job of seeing that you meet no other kind in these hotels. I won't have people, when they come to us to buy something, handled brusquely or listlessly or uninterestedly, if I can help it—and I think I can.

You may be interested in seeing some of the instructions we give to our room-clerks, by way of defining what we require of those men who represent us to you. I don't in the least mind having the room-clerks know that you have seen these paragraphs.

Instructions to Room-Clerks

"IN THE FIRST place, you have to take seriously and literally every word of instructions in The Statler Service Codes.

"You have to remember that you are never doing a man a favor in selling him a room. I have seen room-clerks who looked bored, or superior, or patronizing—grunting acknowledgments, dictating terms, working grudgingly. But I want to say that nobody can do that in our hotels and stay on the job.

"You won't always have just what a man asks for at just the moment he asks for it, of course. Those are the very times when it is easy for *the wrong kind of room-clerk* to give a customer the idea that he has what's wanted, but won't sell it because he prefers to sell something else. Watch, particularly and especially, the way you handle people who want the kind of rooms on which you are oversold. I know, and you know, that the traveling public gets a square deal at our room desks; but it is quite easy—*dead easy*—for you to give the customer an idea that he isn't getting a square deal. All he has to judge by, you see, is *your interest in his request*. Watch yourself.

"If people find it difficult or unpleasant to do business at the room desk, that's a sure sign of a poor room-clerk.

"Think of the men and women who come to you as being *your* guests, in *your* house. They're invited to come here, you know, and they have *every right* to expect a courteous and cordial interest in their wants.

"If you can't meet and care for people in this spirit, if you can't or won't be courteous and helpful and gracious and pleasant at every step of your work—and with your fellow employees as well as with our guests—don't try to be a room-clerk here."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

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production, the stabilizing of the foreign exchanges and the expansion of European markets are as important to us as they are to France, Germany, Italy or any of the rest.

What Europe needs to-day above all else is long-term credits to restore her purchasing power of American and foreign products. Long-term credits are the one type of loan which countries situated as France and Italy are can afford to take from other countries. A short-term loan to France or to French business interests is only a makeshift, and a poor one at that. If foreign capital goes into a country like France to-day it must naturally be based on the faith that the future of France is secure; otherwise it would be simply throwing money into a rat hole. But if the belief in French recovery is commonly accepted, then a long-term credit is bound to become more assured of payment than a shorter one.

Long-Term Credits

To-day the exchange is strongly against France; when she borrows $1,000,000,000 it is equal to about 14,000,000,000 francs. If the loan is for only a year or two it may be that at maturity the value of the franc will be no greater than to-day; therefore she must repay 14,000,000,000 francs. But assume that the loan runs twenty or thirty years; by that time francs may be back to par, in which case the settlement of the loan would involve the payment of only a little over 5,000,000,000 francs. So it would be all along the line. Italy, after recovery, would find it a simple matter to meet a heavy external debt contracted at this time; Germany, with her currency stabilized, would go through the same experience. And this fact is also the important one in connection with the idea of funding the interallied debts into long-term loans, running forty or fifty years. If France attempted to pay America the several billion dollars she owes, with French exchange depreciated 60 per cent, it would break her. But when French exchange gets back to normal it will be comparatively easy for her to take care of such a debt.

Long-term credits to European countries and permanent investment of large and growing amounts of American capital in European industrial and business enterprises for many years to come are what Europe must secure in one form or another. The enormous adverse foreign-trade balance against Europe can never be offset in any other way. Before the war immense amounts of British, French and German and considerable amounts of Austrian and Russian capital were invested in America and other foreign lands, and the income from these investments went far to offset adverse trade balances; the differences were small and were easily settled by the shipment of gold. But to-day the Continental countries have few foreign investments, and their stocks of gold are depleted and in many countries have crumbled away. Further, where they formerly received interest, they now must pay it out in ever-increasing amounts. Consequently capital from somewhere must sooner or later find permanent lodgment in these countries. Otherwise the adverse trade balances will continue progressively from bad to worse, and an unsettled exchange market will always hamper trade.

European Deflation

But this whole idea of American capital flowing into Europe must necessarily remain largely academic unless American capitalists and investors are first convinced of Europe's governmental stability. This involves the adoption of policies by every Continental nation for cutting down expenditures, contracting redundant currencies and balancing budgets. France and Italy have been doing something during the past year in the matter of contracting their currencies; but their floating debts are still enormous, their budgets are unbalanced, and they both have long roads to travel before American capitalists and investors will feel that they have safely turned the corner.

Under present conditions it cannot be expected that any American will care to put much money permanently in these countries even when offered the most favorable opportunities for profit. When France sees her way to accept that which seems inevitable—that is, the necessity for the revival of Germany as a great unhampered producer of wealth—and conforms to the growing view in England, Italy and America that Europe can only be made sound again as Germany progresses, then capital from America may pour into France even faster than she needs it. For such a change of French policy would mean a certain reduction of armaments and of other high costs, and a real restoration of French credit.

Nor can it be expected that much American capital will go permanently into Germany until she has cleaned her financial house. The suggestion that Germany can never use the sponge on her currency and floating debt without a complete wreckage of the country is naïve. The truth is just the reverse. She cannot avoid a wreck unless she uses the sponge. After the French Revolution, Napoleon used the sponge on about 45,500,000,000 French assignats, but it did not wreck the country; it saved it.

Heroic treatment of currencies is sometimes the only remedy for an impossible situation.

Germany can take a lesson from America. After the American War of Independence most of the states of the new American union were flooded with paper issues which had become of nominal value only. When the American Constitution was adopted all of this worthless currency was repudiated; but this act did not wreck the country. At this writing there is still some small value to the mark; but as it depreciates further the problem of repudiating it or reducing it permanently to a really nominal value will become a simpler matter.

Wiping out worthless paper is not wiping out property values; it is making property values more secure. And in Germany's case she has sold such enormous quantities of her depreciated paper to people in foreign lands that the whole weight of the paper loss will not be on her own shoulders at all.

The Turn of the Tide

Naturally Germany is unlikely to make any radical move in the direction of currency or financial reform until her future status in the new Europe is more clearly defined, and this is where the problem comes quite directly up to America. When France has definitely reached an accord with Germany on the question of Germany's future status and the dangerous friction of to-day between the two peoples is removed, then the whole problem can be made simple enough. But until that point is reached it cannot be expected that Americans will look with enthusiasm on either France or Germany—or on any of Europe, for that matter—as attractive fields for investment.

Finally it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the problem of remaking Europe is an American problem, and that so long as European unsettlements continue in acute form America will feel the adverse effects. Production in America, developed to the vast capacity of to-day, is certain to be permanently crippled if Europe is permanently crippled. We have more than 100,000,000 people in this country who both produce and consume; but their capacity for consuming the kind of things we can produce is not great enough to maintain us in a state of prosperity and a condition of progress.

Europe is starving for our surplus production, but cannot pay for it. Her population is four or five times ours, and her consuming power under normal conditions is enormous. We need her products also, and the international trade which can under normal conditions be built up between America and Europe during the coming years will be far more important than ever before to us.

This is particularly true when it is realized that, under the changed conditions of to-day, European production, if it is to be developed on a very extensive scale, must necessarily be connected with permanent investment of American capital. Though during the nineteenth century a large part of the profits of American industry and enterprise flowed steadily to Europe as a result of the foreign capital invested here, during the coming century this flow of income will be reversed and will add to the wealth of America as the former process added to the wealth of Europe.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of six articles by Mr. Moody

Biflex His Car for Christmas!

Biflex Spring Bumper

Give him a Biflex; then watch his face beam as he surveys his car and observes the new beauty Biflex adds.

You'll know in a twinkling your judgment was well placed. As time goes on his appreciation of the Biflex will become even more pronounced.

Owners of Biflex take pride in its striking beauty. Coupled with their admiration is a feeling of profound respect, growing out of its protection which they so completely rely on. And well they may, for Biflex is scientifically built to block bumpers of all heights; to stop damaging blows; to cushion the shock.

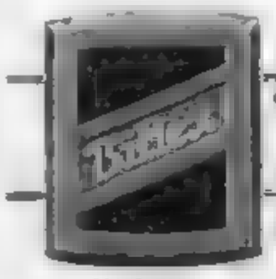
The ideals embodied in Biflex made dependable protection a reality. Makers of Biflex saw the need of a broad buffing area and created the double-barred bumper. They recognized, too, that proper bumper-strength is automatically determined by car-weight. So for heavier cars they built stronger bumpers.

The greater protection, beauty and prestige of Biflex all add to its appreciation as a gift. Get him a genuine Biflex. When he sees the Biflex trade-mark he will know the bumper's true worth. *Priced from $21 to $28.*

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Biflex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are Guaranteed Against Breakage for One Year.



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"Protection with Distinction"

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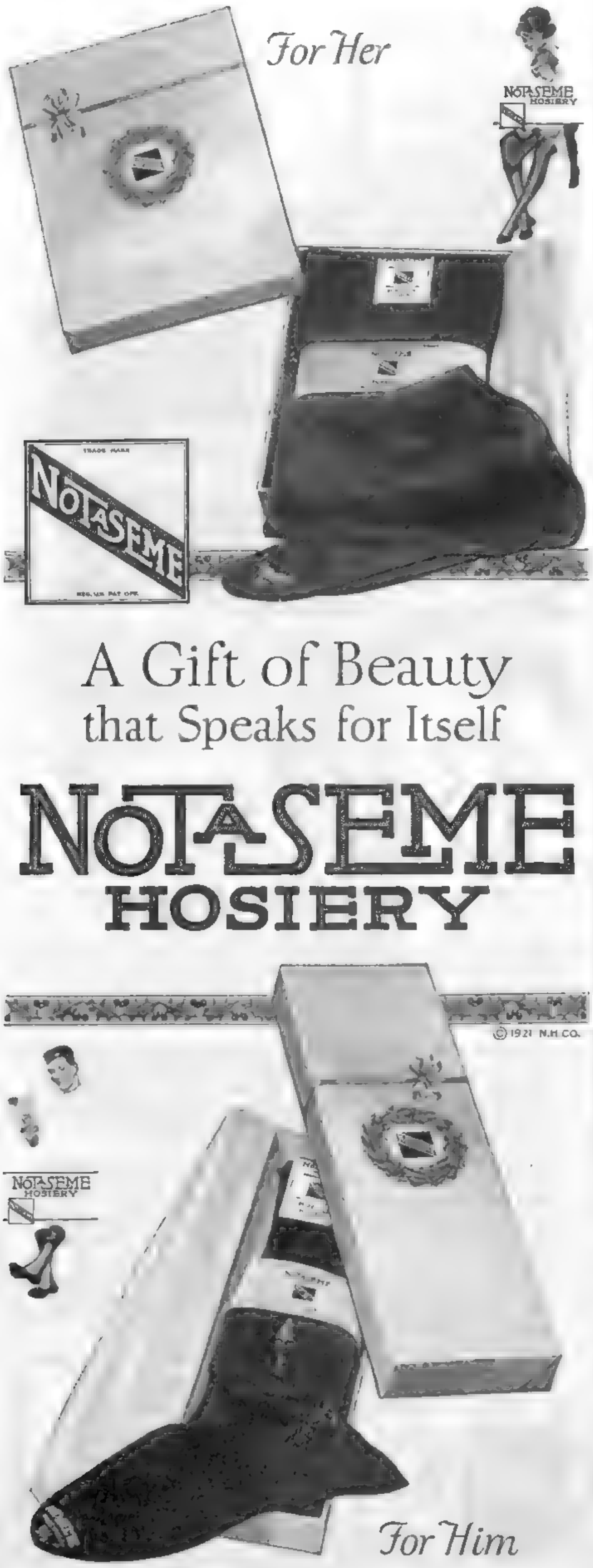

THUMBS DOWN

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travel, and 671 set out at a run for the other end of the stretch under repair. There the road was torn up, rendering passage impossible.

Darkness had fallen when he reached the spot, and overhanging trees at this point added to the gloom. Flames were licking upward above the rim of the mountain just below its crest. He leaned against a tree and waited for his first victims.

A short husky toot far up the highway announced their coming. The car was making excellent time, but as it flashed into view its lights picked up the broken road and the driver slackened speed, bringing the machine to a standstill, with shudder of brakes, almost opposite the convict. In the flivver sat a man, two women and a small child; the running board was piled with camping gear and suitcases.

"What the Sam Hill do you know about that?" exclaimed the driver in amazement, surveying the mess ahead, and then 671 stepped out.

"Stick 'em up, Jack," he commanded, pointing his finger.

It looked like a gun to the driver, and he obeyed with alacrity; the women screamed, the child started to cry.

"Cut out that noise and turn out them lights," ordered 671. It was done and the women grew silent, but the child in the tonneau continued to bawl.

"Make that brat stop yelling," said 671 querulously, and one of the women stifled its outcries against her breast.

"You needn't get scared," continued the bandit. "I won't hurt you if you keep your mouths shut. But I got to have some clothes and some money. Everybody out! And don't forget to keep your hands up—understand?"

They were meek enough. Most persons are, under such circumstances, and they were awed by the stories of the desperate courage of the escaped prisoners which had been circulated around the tourist camp the previous night. 671 sensed their fear and grew easy in mind.

"Just keep quiet and you'll be O. K.," he assured them, approaching the driver.

Even in the dark, a glance convinced him that the driver's suit would never fit; the man was barely a half portion. But one of the women wore khaki breeches, as so many of the sagebrushers do, and she was very large—quite as tall as 671, and of a noble girth. The child clung to one stout leg, and after one scream of fright hid its eyes so as not to see the monster.

He went through all three for money. The driver's pockets yielded two bills, seven silver dollars and some small change a poor haul, but 671 was not discouraged. He hadn't been married for nothing.

"Come on, you," he said peremptorily. "Tap the First National Bank."

"Then don't look," the smaller woman quavered foolishly, and presently surrendered a fat wad of bills in a homemade cotton wallet, which had been pinned and doubly pinned to her stocking, and further secured by a ribbon.

"You next," he announced.

Without protest the larger woman extracted a clammy wallet from inside her corset.

"Do you want these too?" they asked tremulously, offering their rings.

"No," he said brusquely. For some reason the offer angered him, and he swore.

"What size shoes do you wear?" he demanded abruptly.

The driver replied "Eights."

"Pity you ain't as big as your feet," was 671's comment. "Take 'em off."

While the driver was complying the bandit turned briskly to the woman in khaki.

"I'll have to trouble you for that shirt and them pants and leggin's, sister," he informed her in a businesslike tone.

At this juncture the fat one's fears got the better of her and she started to cry. "That's no way to do a lady," she sobbed. "I won't; so there! You can kill me first."

"Oh, hush up!" he answered impatiently. "I ain't going to harm you. But I need those clothes—and if you don't take 'em off yourself I'll do it for you. You got plenty more in the car, ain't you?"

"Go on, dearie," urged the other woman. "Give them to him and let's get it over with before anything happens."

"I told you all along you were a fool to wear 'em," piped up the driver, to which the fat lady responded, "Aw, you shut up! Why don't you fight him, like a man?"

This was a poser, but 671 prevented a wrangle by ordering her to hurry. She turned her back for the operation, and the fugitive utilized the interim to try on the driver's hat. It was much too small, but it would suffice, and he told the driver so.

"Well, there they are," cried the stout woman, flinging the garments toward him. He seized them eagerly.

"O. K., folks. Much obliged. You can go now," he said, and the darkness swallowed him.

The sagebrushers climbed back into the car, the child resumed its crying on the precise note it had left off, the mother hurriedly put on a waist and skirt she got from her suitcase, and they headed back, arguing and upbraiding one another bitterly. Why hadn't he stopped at the last good place to camp, like she wanted him to? Why couldn't they hide their money somewheres else than places that every boob in the U. S. knowed about? Oh, he made them tired! Why didn't he show some spunk and fight that robber? Hey?

In a field of stubble 671 changed from the blue-and-white-striped uniform into the khaki shirt and breeches and leggings. They were a ludicrous fit, but they would have to do until he could secure better. Then he headed for a clump of willows on the bank of a stream he had spotted in the afternoon, carrying the uniform in a roll under his arm. He planned to destroy it when opportunity came, but he dared not light a fire now, and he was in desperate need of sleep.

The sun was high when he woke, and for a minute he stared dazedly through the leaves of the trees at the sky, wondering where he was. Memory returning with a rush, he got up and washed in the stream. Afterwards he gathered some chips, being minded to burn the uniform.

While scouring the bank in search of dead limbs he was arrested by the sight of a man asleep under a bush, his arms thrown wide and his mouth open. The sun's rays were shining full into his eyes, but the sleeper did not appear to be disturbed thereby. After a long scrutiny 671 hid the uniform under the bank and advanced toward the sleeper.

"Hi, you!" But the man did not stir. He spoke to him again, raising his voice, but the sleeper continued to snore. Suspecting at last what the trouble was, the convict chuckled and shook him by the arm. No result; when he let go, the arm flopped to the ground, but without disturbing that placid slumber in the least.

"Soused," remarked 671. "Gee, he's got a bird." He surveyed the deeply lined, flushed face attentively, in his heart a great scorn, for 671 never drank, and entertained a profound contempt for those who allowed their wits to be muddled with booze.

Where had the fellow come from? And what did he happen to be doing there?

The answer was supplied by further search. Under a log not ten feet from where the owner slept lay a gunny sack, which tinkled when 671 lifted it. He counted eight quart bottles of hooch.

"Bootlegger, huh?"

The discovery gave him an idea. Convinced by a test in the form of a sharp kick that the bootlegger was dead to the world, he wasted no time, but undressed the sleeper and put the uniform on him. During the operation the stewed one roused once sufficiently to murmur, "Wha'—wha's matter?" but instantly relapsed into his comatose condition.

"Poor boob—you're awful tired, ain't you?" 671 asked good-humoredly as he finished the job. "Just all worked down!"

Instead of the prison uniform the bootlegger's clothes fed the bonfire he built on the rocks beside the stream, and when he departed he had fattened his pocket with a hundred and eighty dollars in currency and carried the bootlegger's automatic inside his shirt. The latter was still snoring heartily, with every promise of keeping it up until noon. 671 had thoughtfully crossed his hands on his breast and placed the sack of hooch, like a monument, at his head.

Before the news of the highway holdup had spread beyond the camps, garages and

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Today's interpretation of a favorite old-fashioned dish

MANY a woman's complete dower —in the old days of good things to eat—was her ability to concoct flavorous, savory dishes for the delectation of her household. Nor was it a dower to be despised by one who had tasted of those homely delicacies!

A favorite that was almost a staple was the combination of dried beans simmered for hours with generous pieces of home-cured pork and flavored lightly with spices and salt and sugar. A stroke of culinary genius discovered that pork and beans were natural complements and gave to the world a delicious and popular dish.

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans have that old-time flavor

The skill which gave you Beech-Nut Bacon now makes it possible for you to enjoy this delicious old-fashioned dish, without all the fuss and trouble your grandmother went through.

For the Beech-Nut people—famous for the excellence of their foods—produce Pork and Beans which have that genuine old-time goodness.

To get the exact blending of natural flavors, which is the secret of old-fashioned cookery, the Beech-Nut Packing Company chooses first-grade, hand-picked beans and combines with them the right quantities of Beech-Nut cured pork and delicious tomato sauce. Unstinted time and money have been spent on perfecting Beech-Nut Pork and Beans so that they would take their place with the other famous "foods of finest flavor."

15 cents for a full pound puts them at everyone's disposal

Order some from your grocer and learn for yourself the delicious old-time flavor of Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. The price is 15 cents east of the Mississippi.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
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Bacon
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For Every Floor

THE first mission of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is to clean and dust.

It saves getting down on the hands and knees to dust, clean and polish the floor.

Then as it cleans and dusts it imparts a high, dry, lasting polish. It beautifies.

All of these things at one time. Six new improvements or betterments to make it bigger, stronger and better than ever before.

For Every Nook and Corner

The O-Cedar Mop collects and holds the dust from every nook and corner.

Sold On Trial

Every O-Cedar Mop is sold under a positive guarantee to give absolute satisfaction, or your money refunded without a question.

All Dealers' Everywhere

Now at Pre-War Prices

Large Size
$1.50

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$1.00

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O-Cedar Mop
Polish

Channell Chemical Company, Chicago - Toronto - London - Paris

(Continued from Page 66)

eating places of the countryside, 671 sauntered into a men's-furnishings store in a town eleven miles to the north and bought a decent gray suit; also a couple of soft shirts with collars, a tie, some underwear, socks, a hat and shoes. Deeming him one of the scores of tourists who daily passed through, the storekeeper did not look at him twice, and an hour later could not have described what the customer looked like, except that he wore khaki and leggings. 671 went behind a strawstack a mile from town to change and buried the stolen things deep in the straw.

Now he was prepared to face the light of day and rub elbows with his fellow men. He had more than six hundred dollars, ample to take him anywhere he desired to go. And with the feel of the money in his pocket surged up an almost overpowering temptation to strike out for a city and mingle with his kind again, but he beat it down. Those joys must wait. He had planned to the last detail what he ought to do, and he would do it. Any deviation meant risk, and only fools took risks that could be avoided.

A full meal at a Jap restaurant added to his confidence and his nerves were perfectly steady when he entered the local post office and registered a letter to his wife. In it he sent four hundred dollars in bills for the kid. Of what he had been doing, whither he was bound and when he meant to return, not a word—just "For the Kid," scrawled in lead pencil on plain paper. He did not sign it.

"She could go chase herself only for him," had been his decision. "But I want to square myself so there'll be no trouble when I walk in on her."

His next visit was to a sporting-goods establishment, where he bought a rod and tackle and a reasonably complete angler's outfit; then to a dry-goods place for some blankets; and he was ready. He planned to work across into the Rogue River country and remain there until he had grown a beard and mustache. They would never dream of searching for him in such a region, but would probably comb the towns and watch the railroads and highways. 671 always figured on what the other fellow would expect him to do, and then did the opposite.

At a lunch counter where he ate supper—he could keep his hat on there—the proprietor retailed the latest news as he served the food. They had caught both convicts; yes, sir, one bird came in of his own accord the very next morning with a bad wound where a guard had shot him in the brush, and he'd just heard from a truck driver that they captured the other guy, too, drunk and sound asleep, about twenty miles back along the road.

"Had on prison clothes 'n' everything, but up and swore he wasn't the man they wanted. Can you beat it? Couldn't remember what'd happened or where he'd been, but said he'd never been in jail in his life. And there he was with them stripes on! Ain't he a bear?" demanded the café man.

"What does the warden say?" inquired 671, his speech impeded by a mouthful of beans.

"Who? Him? Says he's the identical one they was after, of course. What else would he say? I bet this is the same bird who held up them tourists last night."

"Tourists? What was that? I didn't hear about no holdup."

Gratified at having a fresh auditor the restaurant man recounted the tale of the trio who had lost their all where they was tearin' up the road near Willows Bend.

"Took every dog-gone thing they had in the world; yes, sir. They was bound for Rainier Park, but had to turn around and hit for home. He didn't leave 'em more'n a little loose change for breakfast, and only for a bunch of tourists takin' up a collection in camp yesterday those people'd be here yet, they tell me. That's what I hear."

"Huh," grunted 671 indifferently, taking a long drink of coffee.

As soon as he was in the street 671 made straight for the nearest drug store and bought a newspaper. It was a morning edition, therefore it contained nothing about the capture of the bootlegger, but Beansey's face stared at him from the front page—Beansey standing manacled to two guards. It was true then!

He was afraid to read more there in town lest he betray his agitation to some passer-by, but waited until he had reached a haystack half a mile from any house, where he decided to spend the night. Then he spread out the paper.

"Huh!" he exclaimed in disgust, after going over the various stories to the last line and period. "Of all the bunk! They never got a thing straight in their lives. Beansey planned it, did he?"

He wished he could write to that fool reporter who composed the piece and tell him where he got off, and give him the real dope. He'd show up the warden and the whole bunch! Why, it was all nothing but lies; here, where he says the guard grappled with 671 until overpowered by 303 from behind! And here again, about Flaherty wounding him as he fled through the brush in the dark. Flaherty couldn't hit the Pacific Ocean at high tide, and 671 was willing to bet he stayed indoors that night. And as for Beansey doing all them things—the unfairness of it drove 671 into a rage despite his predicament.

Not a line, of course, about the way he fooled the bloodhounds—oh, no, they wouldn't print that! And the fire he had set to hold up the pursuit—no mention of that either, except a paragraph in another part of the paper, unrelated to their story, which reported that a forest fire of unknown origin was blazing on Hokum Mountain; already it had wiped out a logging camp and burned many miles of standing timber, and a large force of volunteers was engaged in fighting it. And he had started all that! Yet they gave Beansey the credit of being the brains and backbone of the business. For two pins ——

After a while he calmed down and began to weigh the probable effect of the news that the second fugitive had also been caught. Not for a moment did he doubt that the warden had made the announcement. "Just like him," he sneered. "Wants to save his face, or ——"

And he grew thoughtful. Could it be that the warden was pretending they had captured 671 in the person of the bootlegger in order to lull him into security, to make him careless?

"Shucks! He ain't got sense enough for that," he decided. "All he wants is to satisfy people and keep 'em from roaring about the escape." He added thoughtfully, stroking his chin, "Just the same, I don't intend to take chances."

Keeping this resolve ever in mind he set out on foot for the Rogue River country, determined to keep off the main highways with their streams of tourists and trucks, even though it meant legging the weary miles. He bought another newspaper next morning from a boy who was delivering them to subscribers in a small town, and in it learned that he had been captured and would lose all the privileges previously enjoyed in prison. To his astonishment the announcement appeared on an inside page, and the cut of him was so small that he could not determine whether it was an old picture of himself or a new one of the unhappy bootlegger. A fresh murder mystery now gripped public interest, crowding the escape completely off the front page; and as he scanned column after column about the veiled woman of mystery in black, and the mysterious death car, and the mysterious telephone call, and the mysterious millionaire clubman who had been seen buying a hot dog at one A.M., and the mysterious society leader whose declaration that "You would of did the same" was to be probed by every agency at the district attorney's command—as he skimmed through these monumental efforts 671 experienced a curious reaction. His first feeling was naturally one of relief that the hue and cry for him had ceased and he need no longer fear chance detection by any of those he would have to contact daily, but mingled with it was chagrin and resentment against the manner in which the newspapers were deliberately belittling his doings. Just like them—they were in a conspiracy against him, and the warden was a cheap skate, trying to cover up.

It took him a week to reach the Rogue. At first he walked, keeping to the byways; but growing bolder the farther he went, he struck into the main highway and bummed rides from truck drivers and an occasional tourist. Many of the latter declined his request for a lift, some because they had no room in their baggage-heaped cars, others from suspicion. The year 1921 witnessed the death of the old good-humored attitude of motorists toward chance pedestrians. So many holdups had been perpetrated by men begging a ride or pretending

At supply houses everywhere——

IN the principal cities of trade and industry; in towns of modest population and importance; and even in remote districts—everywhere, there are mill and plumbing supply houses that sell Jenkins Valves. This wide distribution, built on demand which has ever increased for over fifty-seven years, is pertinently significant of the merit and prestige of Jenkins Valves.

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SINCE 1864

after Christmas— then what?

SILK socks for Christmas—what more welcome gift? But after Christmas—then what? With ordinary socks, plop! out plunges Mr. Big Toe and all his retinue.

Holes! Holes! Holes! Darn! Darn! Darn! And all without need, for

True Shape

SOCKS

KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

The tough, long fibre Japanese silk resists wear wonderfully—almost eliminates darning and yet withal is soft and comfortable to the foot.

Make it an extra merry Christmas for all the men by asking at the store for

TRUE SHAPE No. 152

And for the ladies, don't forget that True Shape Hosiery stops the garter runs. The cross-stitch keeps them harmless and out of sight. Be sure by insisting upon *True Shape No. 564.*

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

injuries, that the majority of tourists merely stepped on the gas when hailed by a wayfarer, and if one lay in the ditch and yelled piteously for help, all speed records were smashed in their hurry to get by.

671 spent nearly a month along the beautiful river and its tributary streams, forgetting troubles and peril in pursuit of the gallant steelhead and rainbow. And his hair and beard grew luxuriously; his own mother would not have recognized him at the end of the third week.

Another angler, whose acquaintance he made while whipping a mountain stream, offered him a ride back to civilization, and 671 went with him. They parted in Eugene and he boarded a train. His ultimate destination was a small town in Northeastern Wyoming, but he dropped off at Twin Falls with the idea of obtaining some advance information about his wife from her brother. As the brother knew nothing about 671, or what he had been doing all these years, there would be no danger.

He could not find him, and fearful of allowing his finances to run too low he broke into a gasoline station at midnight, securing close to three hundred seventy dollars. His wants being thus assured for some time, he resumed his journey, but found fellow travelers on the train too curious. They asked altogether too many idle questions and 671 did not like the manner in which the conductor stared at him; so he got off before reaching the Idaho-Wyoming line. There he bought a secondhand flivver for a hundred and twenty dollars, and resolved to finish the trip under his own power.

Fear of capture was almost lulled in him. The public had forgotten his case, the wonder of a day, and the only risk of identification lay in a chance encounter with some prison official. That chance was exceedingly remote, so far from the prison, and none of the bulls who might have seen pictures of him would ever recognize 671 with his beard. As for the people in the town to which he was going, not one of them had ever seen him or knew anything; they would hear that Mrs. Webb's husband had returned to her, and let it go at that.

Then he happened upon a story in the syndicated magazine section of a Sunday newspaper which roiled him. It appeared under the name of the warden of the prison, and in it that official undertook to explain the psychology of criminals. As an illustration of his argument that kindness was a mistaken policy toward a certain type, whose cowardice led them to respect nothing but force, he cited the case of 671, who had repaid leniency with treachery and violence, but who since his recapture, and under firm discipline, was proving himself a model prisoner.

671's rage knew no bounds. The story lashed him like a whip, and after struggling against the impulse all one day and night, he sat down and wrote a letter to the newspaper, telling the editor just how many kinds of a liar the warden was. Once he had given his resentment rein, 671 could not stop. He began to gloat, to brag about what he had achieved in fooling the entire bunch, and he signed the missive with the name by which he was known at the prison, adding thereto in a fit of bravado—"At large." This letter he dropped into a mail box, and continued on his way.

He limped into a small town six nights later about nine o'clock, tired and hungry and disgusted. The flivver had given him lots of trouble; the tires were old and kept going flat, one of the cylinders had a habit of missing, and the water boiled on every grade. So slow had been his progress that 671 was tempted to ditch the machine.

He parked the battered veteran beside the curb and walked down the street a short distance to a restaurant. During supper he became vaguely conscious of the tooting of a horn that sounded familiar, but paid no particular attention, flivver horns being much alike, anyway. On emerging, however, he instantly grasped the significance of the tooting. A broad-hatted man sat in his machine, with several curious passers-by standing around to see the fun.

"Are you the owner of this car?" demanded the occupant as 671 stepped up.

The latter eyed him swiftly, in his eyes the suddenly hard glacial look which marks men constantly on their guard. "I sure am. Why?"

"Then I'll have to ask you to appear at nine o'clock in the morning for parking your car at the side of the street, friend," said the officer crisply.

671 was stupefied, but considerably relieved, also. "But what for?" he exclaimed. "I wasn't in there half an hour."

"Don't you see those signs? And don't you see that boulevard?" cried the constable, encouraged to a display of heat by the presence of spectators. "It's plenty wide enough. All the others are parked there, you'll notice."

671 gazed blankly at the broad boulevard down the center of the street, filled with automobiles, and cursed his luck. Whoever would have thought of such a thing in a little place like this? Why hadn't he noticed?

"Dog-gone it, I never saw that sign."

"It's there just the same."

The fugitive rolled a cigarette and lighted it. Then he said confidentially, lowering his voice so the bystanders could not hear, "I want to move along before nine o'clock, old-timer. Couldn't we fix this thing up right now? How much is it?"

"I guess it'll be five dollars. But I can't receive any money—that isn't my business," was the brisk reply. "Maybe, though, I can get hold of the judge. He's at a picture show. I hate to do this, but these here tourists've run me near crazy lately, and it's got to stop."

671 thanked him and the constable crossed the street to find the judge, but returned in about five minutes to say that he couldn't find hide or hair of him.

"Then what'll we do?"

"You'll just have to stop over a few hours and answer when your case is called. That's all."

"All right," replied 671, accepting the situation; "I'll see you in the morning."

"Here—hold on a minute. Where're you stopping?"

671 named a hotel whose electric sign he saw down the street.

"Right enough," assented the officer, watching his face; "but I'll just go along to make sure."

About the hour when the majority of the town's inhabitants were turning over for another forty winks before rising, 671 roused a sleepy night clerk in order to check out; a hurried breakfast at a lunch counter, and then to the garage for his car.

"Fill her up with gas," he ordered, "I got a hard day ahead."

He had also a hard night behind him. The summons to appear before the judge at nine o'clock had scared the fugitive. In vain he assured himself as he lay in bed that the incident was trivial, nothing more than what might happen to any tourist any time. All he had to do was ask the amount of the fine, pay it and go on his way. Reason dictated that course, but fear prompted flight. Why should he wait? There might be more in this business than appeared on the surface; if not, more might come out. You could never tell what fool thing would upset the most carefully laid plans.

If ever a man had schemed to cover his tracks he had. Yet after all he had gone through, after risking his life and beating off his pursuers, he was nailed for parking his car where everybody in the world usually parked them. It was foolish—silly—as though a jinx had it in for him. The longer he reviewed events, the uglier the situation appeared to 671. You couldn't buck your luck—no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't. Like all his kind he was intensely superstitious, and he discerned in this affair the hand of Fate.

So he determined to make his get-away. They would never bother to chase him for such a small matter, and he was so near home now. Home, and the kid—he simply had to see that boy, if he swung for it.

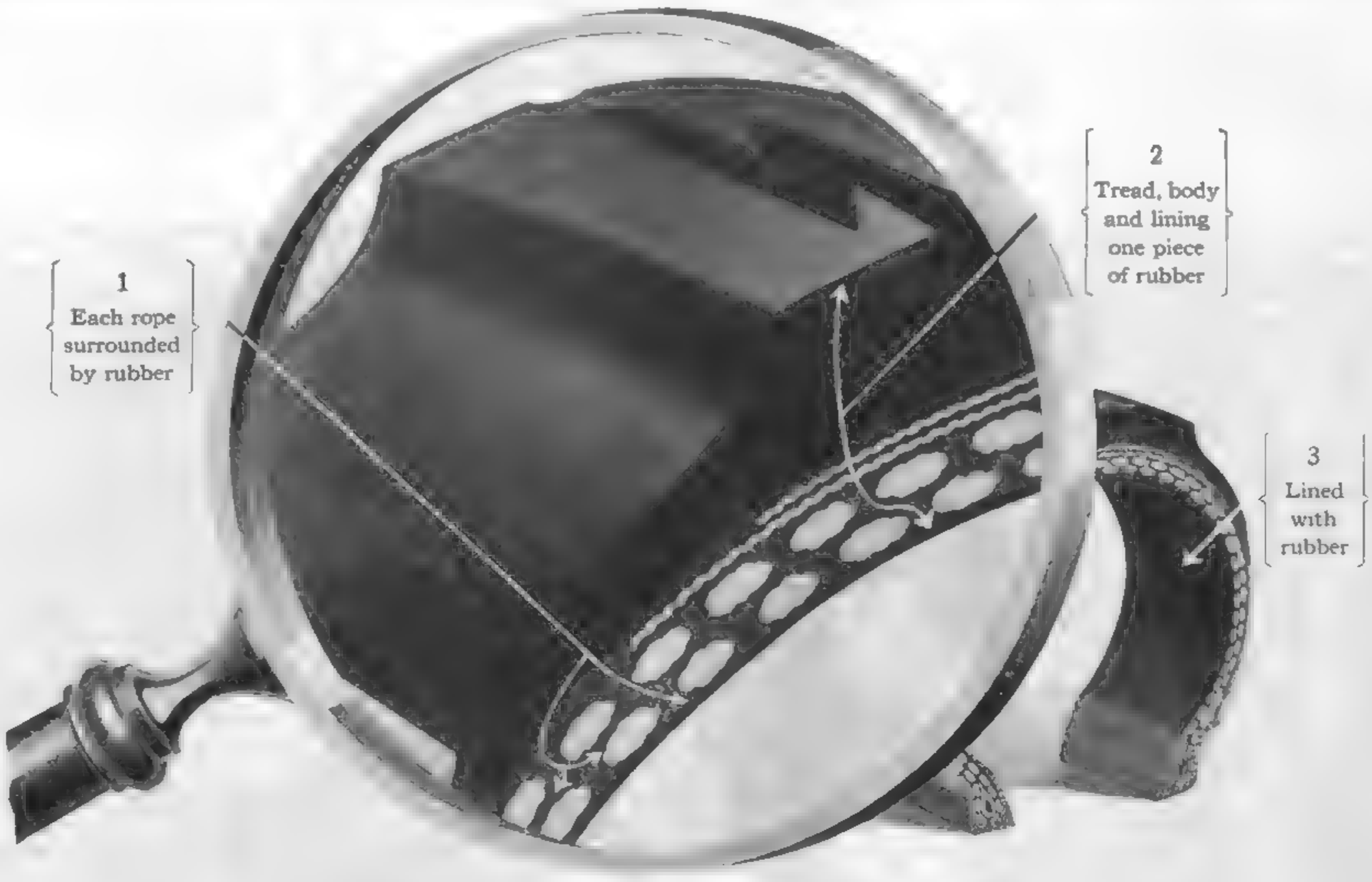
The flivver coughed and sputtered as he drove out of town and he went slowly to give it a chance to warm up. After a while he became conscious of another car behind him, but when he drew to one side and waved it ahead the driver did not take advantage of the invitation.

"All right," said 671. "If you like my dust help yourself."

He opened the throttle and speeded up. The car behind him followed some distance in the rear for a mile or two, then quickly closed the gap, its siren waking the echoes in warning. Angry because they would not turn out when they had the chance 671 stubbornly refused to give them the road. Somebody was bellowing at him in a voice of authority, but he paid no heed.

Came a wider stretch that permitted them to run up close to his left rear wheel. Taking a chance the driver spurted, forcing

(Continued on Page 73)



This illustration is 40% enlarged. Note the size of the ropes. They are four times the size of "cord." Each rope has a breaking resistance of about 200 pounds, which means about 30% more breaking strength per square inch of carcass.

Why a *Cool* tire is a *Better* tire

DO you know what causes a blow-out? Do you know that your tires really wear *themselves* out from the inside more than from road contact?

At some slightly defective spot in the carcass a cord rubs against its neighboring cord, or a layer of cords against another layer. This rubbing produces frictional heat.

Gradually at that particular spot the structure of the tire is weakened by friction. All of the seven or eight layers of cord, or fabric, are separated one by one because heat burns out the vitality of the rubber. And then one day—the blow-out.

Carlisle *ropes* are surrounded by a thick cushion of rubber; they *cannot* rub against each other and generate frictional heat. Note in the illustration above the amount of rubber around each rope. Thus the principal *cause* of disintegration and the *blow-out* has been abolished.

Convincing *proof* that Carlisle tires *keep* COOL lies in the rubber lining. If this tire became hot in road service, the inner tube would *stick* to this rubber lining.

Carlisle *rope* is the greatest single step forward since the first pneumatic was built. Carlisle *Rope* Tires are built on an entirely *new* principle of construction thoroughly protected by patents.

You don't know of any other tire that is lined with rubber successfully, do you? Ask for Booklet K-5.

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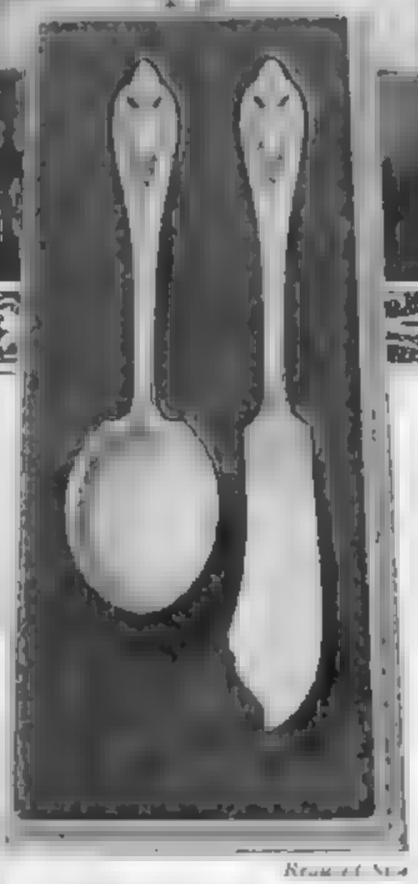
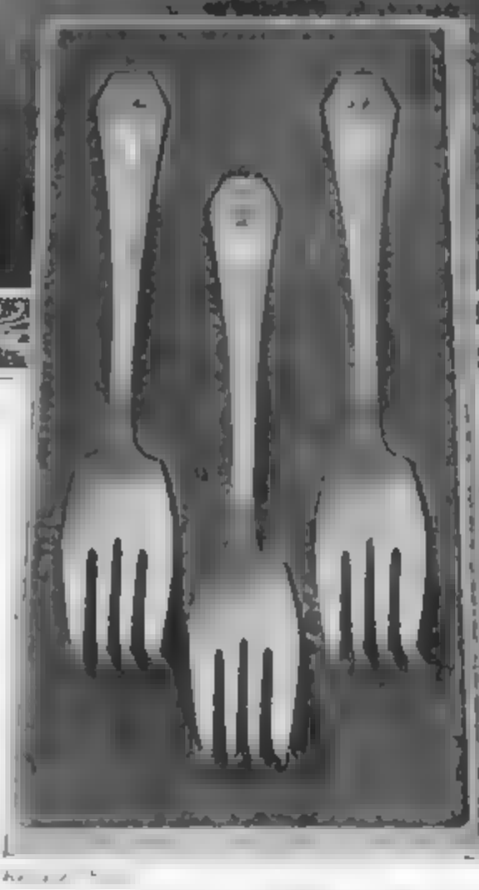
CARLISLE *Rope* TIRES

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE





In Velvet-lined GIFT BOXES

Each like a gem in its proper setting are these gift pieces and sets of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate in the special blue velvet-lined Gift Boxes now ready for your holiday choosing. Berry spoons, butter spreaders, pickle forks, salad forks, orange spoons and many others are in distinctive designs and of quality proved fine and dependable. No extra charge for the Gift Box, though it adds much to the attractiveness of the gift. See them at your dealer's.

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Our Grosvenor Pattern Knife and Sugar Shell in lined Gift Box, $4.25 ... Combination and other sets of different pieces described in our booklet 1847 Rogers Bros. Treasure Chest, sent free.

Ivy, Rose and the other larger pieces are made in the same exclusive patterns as teaspoons, forks, knives, etc.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

Ambassador Cold Meat Fork, Reduced Size, in Rose Design Lined Gift Box, $2.25

Sterling Silver Flatware ... Silver Chests ... Silver Spoons ... Pyrex Glass ... Silver Polish ... Gift Boxes ... Leaflet of Patterns ... Rogers Bros. Silverplate ... Blue Velvet

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 70)

671 to choose between ditching both cars or turning out. He turned out and, as the cars slowed down, found himself gazing into the muzzle of an automatic.

"So here we are!" cried the constable cheerfully. "I made sure you'd try to pull something like this. Stop right there."

The convict decided in a flash to offer no resistance. The other had the drop on him, and there were two men with him; he had everything to lose by putting up a fight, and nothing to gain. Therefore he stopped his car and grinned at them with a sheepish expression.

"What'd you try to beat it for?" demanded the constable, advancing on him.

"Oh, I was in a hurry, like I told you. And I didn't figure it would make that much difference," answered 671 with frank good nature.

"Well, it does—and you'll find it out. I suspicioned all along you had some reason for not wanting to see the judge, and now I'm sure of it. So you come along back. Get in the back here with me, Charley, to keep an eye on this bird. Fred, you follow behind."

A glance at Fred, and 671 instantly divined the pit he had fallen into—Fred was the garage man.

They took him back to town, and there, later in the morning, he was closely questioned. The grilling developed nothing, 671 being an old hand at the game and an adept at avoiding contradiction, but for some reason or other the officers were not satisfied.

"That ain't the only reason he had for trying to get away," asserted the constable stoutly. "No, sir. He's got plenty of money on him, so what does he care about a five-dollar fine? He's got a gun, too, and we can hold him on that. I tell you, judge, the thing don't look right to me. I never did like the looks of this guy, from the minute I set eyes on him."

"Well, lock him up, and we'll see," said the justice of the peace.

When his cell door opened next day to admit a barber, 671 backed up against the wall, glaring around like a trapped tiger. For a moment he entertained the wild idea of smashing through his guards, and his muscles grew taut for the spring, but quickly perceiving that it would be of no avail he affected to scoff at the proceedings.

"I like this beard," he told them smilingly. "And it gave me a lot of trouble to grow it. If you guys cut it off I'll sue."

"Sue away," retorted the constable cheerfully; "we don't stand for long grass and weeds in this town. Fly at it, Al. Me and Charley will keep him quiet."

Perceiving they were determined, 671 tried to argue. Argument failing, he threatened, but they were deaf to every appeal. Finally they handcuffed him, and Al went ahead with the job.

"It's him," declared the constable, regarding 671 critically as the latter sulked on the stool.

Charley was not so sure, but agreed that there was a resemblance and a wire to the prison would soon straighten things out.

Prison? 671 pricked up his ears, his face paling. What was this talk about the prison? How did it happen they were looking for him when the warden had announced he was back in his cell, and a model prisoner?

A few days later he found out when Morrison was ushered into his cell by the constable.

"Hello, Alf," was his greeting. "How's the boy?"

The jig was up, and 671 made the best of it. "Hello, yourself. Where did you come from, anyhow, Joe?" he answered with a surly smile.

"The old homestead. They're fixing up a reunion for you there, Alf—the warden's just crazy to see you."

"He always was crazy," retorted 671, and they laughed.

It softened the blow that Morrison had come to take him back, instead of Flaherty or some other. Joe was a good old scout; he had always liked Joe.

"Alf," said Morrison, sitting down in a comradely way, "there's one thing I just can't get through my head. How did a clever guy like you ever come to write that letter to the newspaper? The hunt had been pretty near called off until that arrived."

"How? Arrived?"

"They turned it in to us, of course. What'd you go and make a break like that for, after all the stunts you pulled to get away? Why, it was like a kid, Alf. I'm surprised at you."

"Aw, shut up, and let's not talk about it," replied 671 sulkily. "I been trying to figure out ever since I got in here what I did that for."

After a while he asked Morrison if he would do him a favor.

"All depends. What is it?"

"Before we go back take me to see my wife and kid. I ain't ever set eyes on that boy, Joe. That's why I made the break."

Morrison's eyes lighted with eagerness. "Wife and kid, hey? Sure I will. So we're going to find out a thing or two now? Fine!"

"Might as well," replied 671 glumly. "What's the use, anyhow? It's thumbs down for me. Yes, sir; there's a jinx sittin' right on my shoulder."

When he and his guard got out of their car at the door of Mrs. Daniel Webb's home and dressmaking establishment they found the house locked and the blinds drawn. 671 was not handcuffed; he had given his word to Morrison, who accepted it, inwardly resolving to shoot his prisoner at the first break.

From a neighbor to whom they applied they learned that Mrs. Webb had gone off on a motoring trip to the Yosemite with Mr. and Mrs. Sanders.

"It's right funny too," she said garrulously, glad of the chance to talk. "They started to go to Rainier in the summer, the Sanderses and Mrs. Webb and little Dan did, but a robber held 'em up and took all their money and her clothes and everything, and they had to borrow enough to get home. Only for something Cora's folks sent her a few weeks ago they couldn't of made the trip. Four hundred dollars, it was, because she showed it to me. Ain't some people born lucky?"

MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 26)

"You've had a shave, that's all, but, bless you, that don't deceive me."

"Look here ——" he began.

"You don't want to be recognized, my dear. I can easily forget, you know, if I'm encouraged." She stretched out a filthy clawlike hand.

There was something queer in her manner—a difference from the rank and file of Van Diest's regiment.

Clearly, too, her poverty was genuine. With a little tact her allegiance might be diverted. He pulled a note case from his pocket and detached a fiver.

"Take that," he said, "and if you want more ——" He rattled off Lord Almont's address in Park Lane.

"Save my soul!" gasped the old woman. "Are you crazy? Didn't expect more'n a florin. Bless your pretty heart. You must be badly frightened of something."

But Barraclough waited for no more. He jumped into the taxi with the words "Westminster Bridge" and drove away, swearing to himself.

"Of all rotten luck! Yet I can't help feeling she didn't belong to that gang after all. Wonder if I've made an almighty fool of myself."

For the first time in his life his nerves were beginning to fray. His fingers drummed a tattoo on the leather seat of the cab, and despite the chill of early morning his brow was hot and clammy.

"Likely enough it was just a begging stunt."

He put his head out of the window and said "Waterloo Station." A sudden memory persuaded him to glance above his head and reassure himself no other passenger was concealed upon the roof. The action in itself was fresh evidence of nerves.

"Must pull myself together," he said. "Those infernal hours in the wine cupboard have shaken me up."

To a man of action nothing is so wearing as inactivity. It had been intolerable sitting in the darkness while the new proxy had borne the enemy's assault unaided. He had heard the rumble of talk which had followed the first stifled cry from Doran when the sponge of chloroform was thrust into his face, and every now and again he had heard Frencham Altar's voice ring out

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Purposely Made for Every Purpose

A wonderful Christmas Gift

Makes any sewing machine an electric

There is no secret of dressing well at little cost. It's really ridiculously simple, as every woman knows. She merely does the sewing herself, and has many more pretty things to wear than another who spends much more.

But sewing on the old-fashioned foot-pumping machine is a wearisome drudgery, and to most women a positive danger. Now this is all changed. One motion of the hand places the Hamilton Beach Home Motor next to the hand wheel of your ordinary sewing machine and makes it a speedy electric.

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The Hamilton Beach Home Motor is only about as big as your clenched fist, yet is so vigorous and sturdy, you just can't heap too much work on it. Heavy material, thick seams, many piles—it's all one to you—just as easy to sew as the sheerest silks. And the very first dress you make saves you its small first cost.

Besides, as these illustrations show, [illegible] the hot weather, sharpens knives, polishes silver, and whips cream. Change from one use to any other in a moment.

Nearly 2,000,000 homes now use it to save time, labor, and health. Absolutely guaranteed by Hamilton Beach.

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At all good Electrical, Hardware, Sewing Machine, and Department Stores

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It adds a gale of 219 cubic feet of air per minute to the motor-driven brush

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HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

high and mocking and exasperatingly like his own. Finally the front door had slammed but he remained concealed for over an hour in case of misadventure.

Doran was lying in the hall when he stepped from his hiding place. Barraclough knew a little of the rough science of medicine and very heartily cursed the man who had doped his servant. A little more of the anæsthetic would have put a period to Doran's career. There was an hour's hard work with ammonia and respiratory exercises before the good fellow blinked an eyelid and made the wry faces of recovery. After that Barraclough stewed himself a cup of coffee, broke a couple of eggs into it and made ready for departure. Altogether it had been a trying night, as his nerves were beginning to testify.

It was encouraging to find no suspicious watcher at booking office or barrier. He passed through unobserved and entered an empty first-class compartment in the 7:30 to Southampton. There were ten minutes to wait before they were due to start—minutes which dragged interminably. But at last the green flag dropped, the couplings tightened and the train began to move.

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, and relaxed against the cushions of the seat.

But his relief was short-lived. A large man, running at full speed, came abreast the carriage window, which was lowered, a suitcase came flying through and landed on the opposite seat, while the man himself leaped to the running board, threw open the door and sprang into the carriage.

"Jing! but that was a near squeak!" he exclaimed. "Another half minute and you'd have beaten me."

Barraclough's muscles tightened and his mouth went hard and straight. So the bluff had failed after all. He was spotted. That idiot from the benches had given them away.

The man opposite did not appear to have lost his breath through the race and was looking at Barraclough with an expression of good-natured humor in a pair of twinkly blue eyes. He was of very powerful physique, broad-shouldered and bull-necked. Also he had the appearance of being uncommonly fit. In any other circumstance Barraclough would have taken him for a pleasant, likable fellow, who might have helped to pass the tedium of a long journey. But his actual feelings were far removed from any such consideration. The smug affability of the man, coupled with his obvious strength, aroused such indignation in Barraclough that he was scarcely able to remain seated. The difference in their weight and stature precluded all chances of a successful frontal attack. It would be sheer waste of energy to seize this intruder and try to chuck him on the line. But, on the other hand, something drastic would have to be done. At such a stage of the game it was intolerable to contemplate defeat.

He thought of his words to Mr. Torrington the evening before, and of the assurance he had given to Isabel. Then there was the immense prize that success would award him. Was everything to be lost because of one piece of infernal bad luck? If he could reach Southampton unobserved he was confident that the arrangements he had prepared would baffle observation. Besides, the presumption was that the watchers had been called off and this infernal smiling idiot on the seat opposite had failed to receive new instructions and was acting upon the old.

On Barraclough's right hip was an automatic pistol, but between its butt and his hand was a thick, buttoned-up ulster. Any attempt to reach the weapon would surely result in an immediate counteroffensive, with himself at a disadvantage. No, he must think of something subtler than that.

On the seat beside him lay a packet of Gold Flake cigarettes, bought from a trolley on the platform. It gave him an idea. He put one in his mouth and began to slap his pockets as though searching for matches. He might have saved himself the pains, for the man opposite produced a lighter and offered it with a friendly word.

"Always keep one handy."

Barraclough, silently swearing, thanked him and lit up.

Clearly his companion was a person of some geniality. He spread out his legs, cleared his throat, and observed, "All's well as ends well. Still, I didn't expect to catch you."

Barraclough assumed an air of indifference.

"Did you not?" he said.

"It's a fact, I didn't. Lying in bed I was, twelve minutes ago. Used some words, too, when they called me up on the phone. But, all said, it was worth the rush. Means a good deal of money to me."

This final remark did little to improve Barraclough's temper. However, he preserved an outward calm and said he supposed so.

"I'm tenacious," said the man. "That's what I am—tenacious."

"A fine quality."

"And pretty useful in my trade."

"Must be."

Barraclough's mind was concentrated on finding a weak spot at which to attack, and already a delicate idea was maturing. In the rack above his companion's head was his suitcase, the handle projecting outward. Apparently it was unusually heavy, for Barraclough had noticed with what a resonant whack it hit the carriage cushions when thrown in through the window, and also that it was lifted to its present position only with an effort. If that suitcase could be persuaded to fall on its owner's head it was reasonable to suppose the result would be anæsthetic. And in Barraclough's hand was a crooked stick. The association of ideas is obvious.

"Going far?" came the pleasant inquiry.

In common with all South-Western Railway carriages, the wooden partitioning above the upholstery was decorated with choicely colored views of cities and countryside.

"Since there would appear to be no point in hiding anything from you," Barraclough replied, "there is a picture of my destination behind your head."

"That's funny," said the man, and responding to natural curiosity he turned to examine the picture, while Barraclough embraced the opportunity to slip the crook of his stick through the handle of the bag and tug hard. But the bag was heavier than he had imagined. It scarcely moved, and only by bracing his foot on the seat opposite was he able to upset its balance. Just a fraction of a second too soon the man turned. Conceivably he saw murder in Barraclough's eyes or else he was unusually quick at grasping a situation. He flashed his eyes upward at the moment the bag was toppling, realized it was too late to save himself, and dropped his head forward. He caught the weight of the bag on his massive shoulders and, as though it were a pillow, slued sideways and heaved it straight onto Barraclough's chest.

And Barraclough's lungs emptied like a burst balloon.

Next instant he felt himself lifted into midair as though he were a child.

"I've a damn good mind to pitch you through the window!" said the man. "I would, too, if I didn't reckon you were mad. As it is, I guess I'll stick you up in the luggage rack out of harm's way."

And this he did without apparent effort.

"Damn me!" he went on. "What's the game?"

"The game," replied Barraclough, "isn't played out yet."

Which was true, for in the tussle his overcoat had rolled up under his arms, the pistol pocket was clear, and a blue-black automatic flashed fully in the man's face.

"If either of us leaves this carriage I fancy it's going to be you."

To do the man justice he betrayed more amazement than alarm. He backed away a pace and his hand traveled upward to the communicator.

"If you touch that cable I'll put a bullet through your wrist," said Barraclough. "Sit down and attend to me."

He obeyed, shaking his head perplexedly.

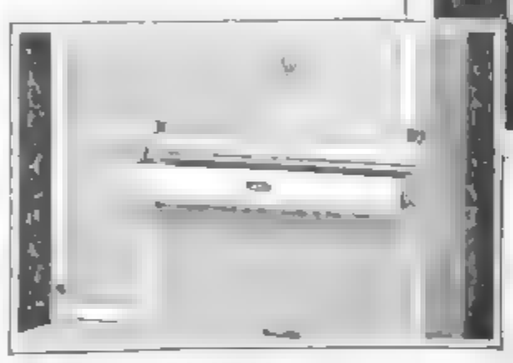
"Damn me, if I can get the straight of it."

"Then listen," said Barraclough, steadying his aim along the ash rail of the luggage rack, "and keep your hands in your lap. I'm going to carry my scheme through, even if I have to shoot you and lots like you. My patience has run out—understand? I've been fooled and badgered and headed off and shot at for as long as I can stand. The boot's on the other leg now, and whoever tries to stop me or follow me or get in my way will find all the trouble he's looking for."

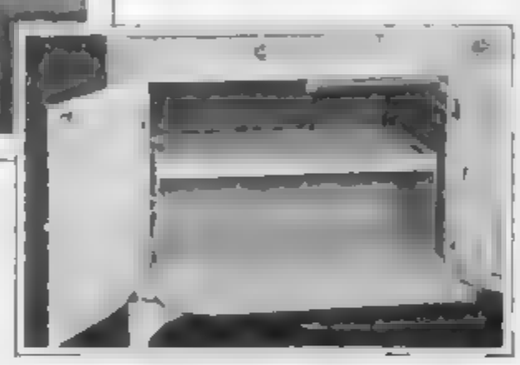
"Yes, but it seems to me," said the big man plaintively, "that it's you who's looking for trouble. Been a nice thing if that bag had caught me on the lid. There were two fifty-pound bells inside, and a coil of wire for my trapeze act."

"Your what?" said Barraclough.

(Continued on Page 77)



A 3" overhead offset drawer has been added without cutting down cupboard and shelf space.



The exclusive patented Automatic Extender for Both Base Shelves. When the door is opened, both base shelves come out; pots and pans are within easy reach without stooping.

The Sellers Mastercraft
On the new Sellers models the Improved Porceliron Table Top when drawn out brings the cutlery drawers forward with it. Contents are accessible without reaching under.

See the New Improved SELLERS *Prices Remain Reduced*

Here are shown some of the striking features which in addition to fineness of quality, accuracy of workmanship and beauty of finish mark the Sellers line as the highest achievement yet attained in kitchen cabinet manufacture. At the same time that these vital improvements have been added, the prices remain reduced. The *new patented* Sellers Cabinet is now by far the greatest value we have ever offered American women.

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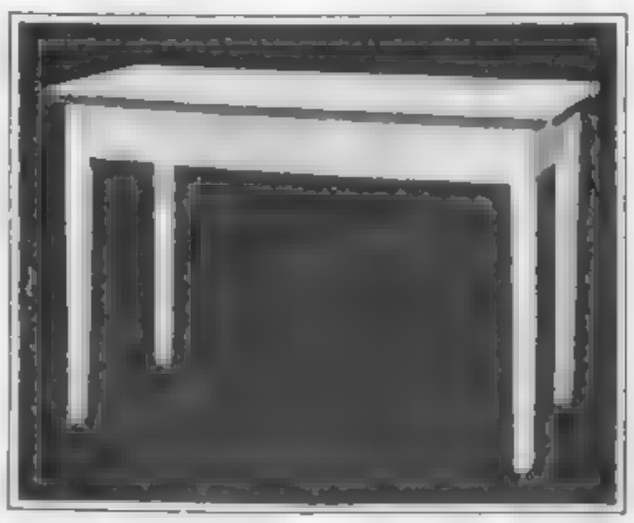

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Limited space need no longer prevent having the number of bathrooms your home requires.

A complete individual bathroom with all the facilities of a larger room can now be built into a space as small as five feet square, inside.

Such a bathroom is not a miniature. In it can be placed a full size five foot built-in bath with shower and shower curtain, the space-saving lavatory illustrated and regular closet.

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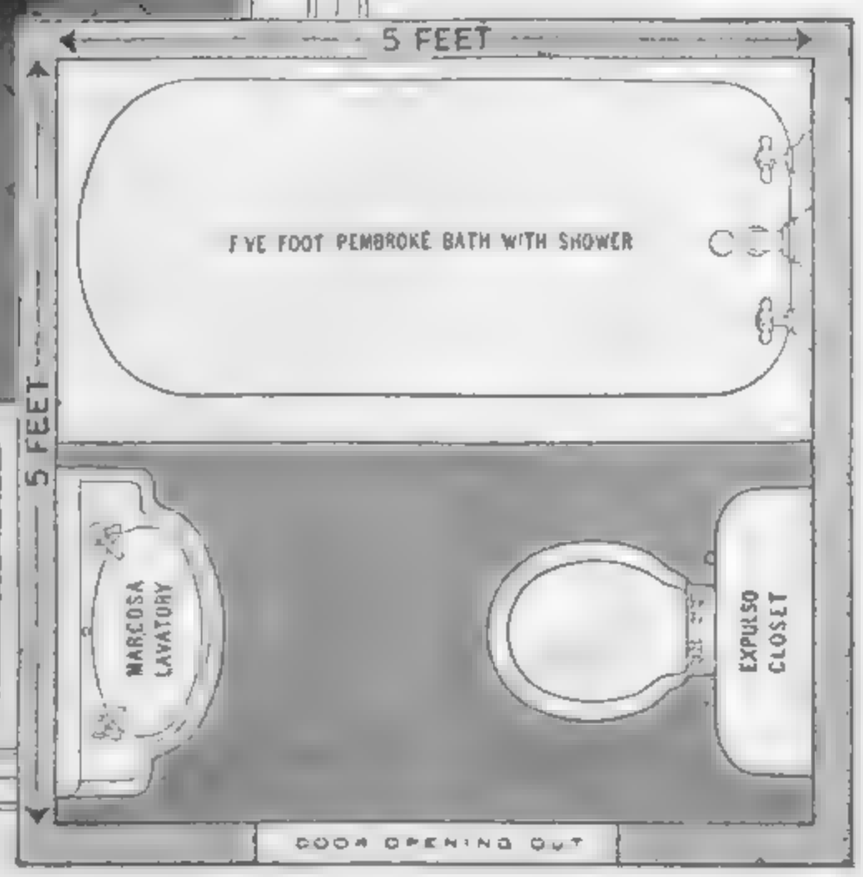

From a Photograph of an actual Bathroom

A complete, individual "Standard" Bathroom in a space Five Feet Square

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 74)

"Trapeze act. Done in my tour nicely, that would."

Barraclough's eyes narrowed and he looked at the man closely.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What's your name?"

"My real name's John Lever," he replied, "but I'm better known to the music-hall public as Madrooba, the Muscular Muscovite."

"Madrooba—the chap who lets eight men stand on his chest?"

"That's me."

"Then what in blazes were you following me for?"

"Following you?" repeated Mr. Madrooba. "Never set eyes on you before. Run after the train 'cause I got a contract to appear in Paris to-night."

Barraclough lowered the point of his pistol slowly.

"And you've never heard of Van Diest?"

"Never. Van Biene I know, and Van Hoven, but ——"

"Then it looks to me," said Barraclough regretfully, "it looks to me as if I've made a pretty substantial fool of myself. If you're big enough to accept an apology, Mr. Madrooba, I'd be glad to come off this perch and offer it."

"I reckon if I can stand eight men on my chest," came the reply, "I don't need to take a lot of notice of this little misunderstanding. Let yourself drop and I'll catch you."

And from sheer relief Barraclough began to laugh; and he laughed solidly for ten miles of the journey.

XI

RICHARD FRENCHAM ALTAR was exceedingly affable in the car. It was a big, comfortable limousine, and he sat between Van Diest and the American. Laurence occupied the seat next to the driver.

He had tried to say a few words to Auriole before taking his place in the car, but she had merely shrugged her shoulders and entered a waiting taxi. The two vehicles drove in opposite directions, from which it would appear that her task in the affair was accomplished.

"I hope I shall see some more of that young lady," he remarked.

Van Diest nodded gloomily and Hipps jerked out, "Probably will."

After that they drove in silence.

"Forgive me for criticizing your methods," said Richard at last, "but shouldn't I be blindfolded or something? I'm familiar with all these roads and could walk back without even asking the way."

"There might be difficulties."

"Oh, quite. It was only a suggestion. I want to keep up the spirit of the thing. If I have to be shanghaied I'd like it to be done properly."

"You wass very high-spirited, Mr. Barraclough."

"Why not? Comfortable car—pleasant company."

"Yes. With us this was a very serious business."

"That's all to the good, but let's keep in humor. By the way, since everything's open and aboveboard, where are you taking me?"

"Laurence's house."

"Wanted to know 'cause of getting my letters forwarded."

"There won't be a whole lot of communication with the outer world," said Hipps.

"I see. And how long are you proposing to keep me there?"

"My dear old fellow," Laurence spoke over his shoulder, "that depends entirely on yourself."

There was deeper significance in the tone than in the words.

"That's cordial," said Richard; "downright hostly."

"But paste this in your hat," said Hipps ominously: "Conditions won't improve by outstaying your welcome. It'll be sweet if you make it short; if not ——"

He did not complete the sentence.

"A declining stock."

Richard smiled, then shook his head reproachfully. "You know, gentlemen, yours is an extremely heterodox way of doing business. You must be feeling pretty hopeless to have resorted to measures of this kind."

"I guess the market'll improve," said Hipps and relapsed into silence.

It seemed ages before the car slowed down and entered the gates of a solid mid-Victorian house, isolated from similar houses by two or three acres of treeful grounds. The front door was opened by two menservants of none too prepossessing appearance, who came down the steps as the car pulled up. It was significant of precaution that they tacitly formed up one on each side of Richard and escorted him within.

"The only thing lacking," he remarked, "is a red carpet and an awning."

But his disposition toward gayety was unshared by his companions. The two servants conducted him mutely into the dining room, where a meal was awaiting them. Van Diest beckoned him to a place at the table and, tucking a napkin under his left ear, seated himself and began to attack the victuals without comment. Ezra P. Hipps turned the key in the lock and dropped it in his pocket before occupying the chair facing Richard. As the ostensible host Laurence sat at the head of the table and instructed the servants to open the wine. The change of courses was effected by means of a small service lift inset in one of the walls.

Not the smallest effort was made at conversation; dishes came and went, glasses were filled and emptied in absolute silence. There was something distinctly ominous in this freedom from talk and the quiet broken only by the tinkle of table implements and the rather noisy character of Van Diest's feeding. Richard was struck by the old man's prodigious capacity for devouring food. He ate with a calculated energy, as though the safety of nations depended upon his sustenance. Apart from the ordinary fare, he demolished about eighteen inches of a long French loaf at his side, tearing pieces from it with his short, stubby fingers and filling his mouth with great wads of crust and dough. Richard afterwards learned that this voracity of appetite was nerve begotten. In moments of acute agitation it was Van Diest's custom to eat enormously, on the theory that a full belly begets a placid mind. His little piglike eyes darted to and fro among the cates before him, assuring themselves that he was missing nothing.

In direct antithesis to this wolfish feeding were the manners of Oliver Laurence. He toyed with his victuals, cutting them into the littlest pieces and almost flirting with his glass of wine.

Ezra P. Hipps ate and drank, as he did everything else in life, thoroughly and with conviction. The meal finished, he pushed back his chair, unlocked the door, tilted his head to indicate to the servants that they could get out, locked the door again and crossed to the mantelpiece.

"Cigar," he said.

Laurence provided one and offered a light. Hipps shook his head, and sticking the cigar in his mouth he proceeded to eat it with a curious rotary motion.

"Now!" he said, and it sounded like a blow upon a gong.

"Curtain up," said Richard, and steeled himself for any eventuality.

"You're caught, Mr. Barraclough."

"But not caught out," came the instant reply.

"Ever handled a check for a million pounds?"

"I have not."

"Van!"

Mr. Van Diest felt in his pockets and produced a banker's draft which he laid on the table before Richard. It was payable to the order of Anthony Barraclough.

Richard flicked it aside.

"Old ground," he said. "No good to me, gentlemen."

"Let's talk."

"Fire away."

"I needn't repeat what you have to do to earn that trifle, Anthony, but here's a point worth considering: Doubtless you got the idea the price we're willing to pay'll rise. You're wrong; it'll fall. If you speak to-night that draft's yours and an interest besides, but every day you keep us waiting'll cost you fifty thousand pounds."

"Thank God I can afford it," said Richard.

"Roughly speaking, it'll pan out over a period of three weeks, at the end of which time you get just nothing, savvy?"

"I savvy that you and I will be in the same position at the end as we are at the beginning."

Ezra P. Hipps shook his head gravely, but his metallic blue eyes never shifted their gaze for an instant.

"Tony, boy," he said, "the price isn't solely financial. There's a little physical program in the skyline. Get me?"

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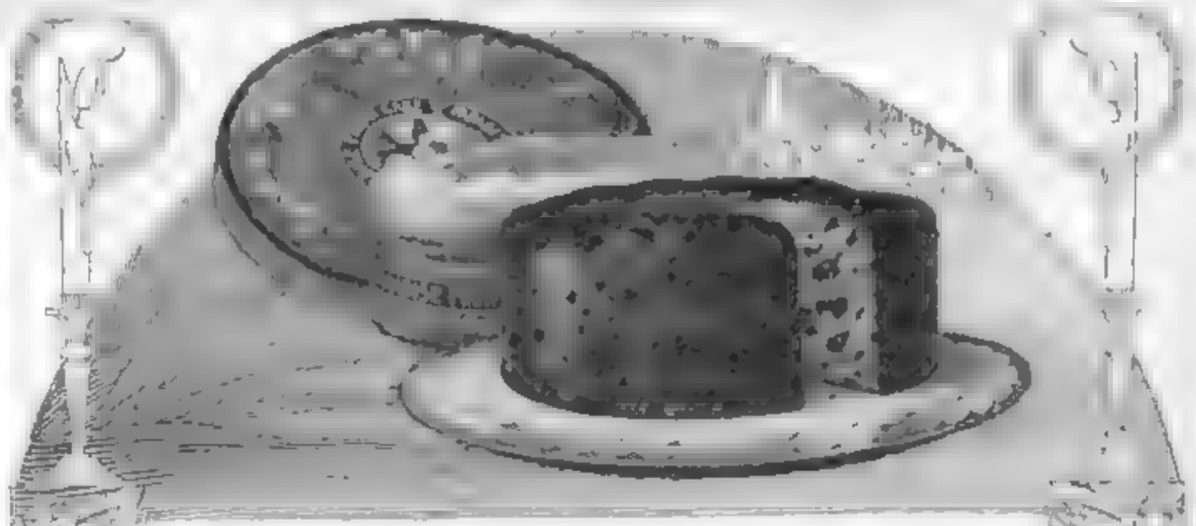

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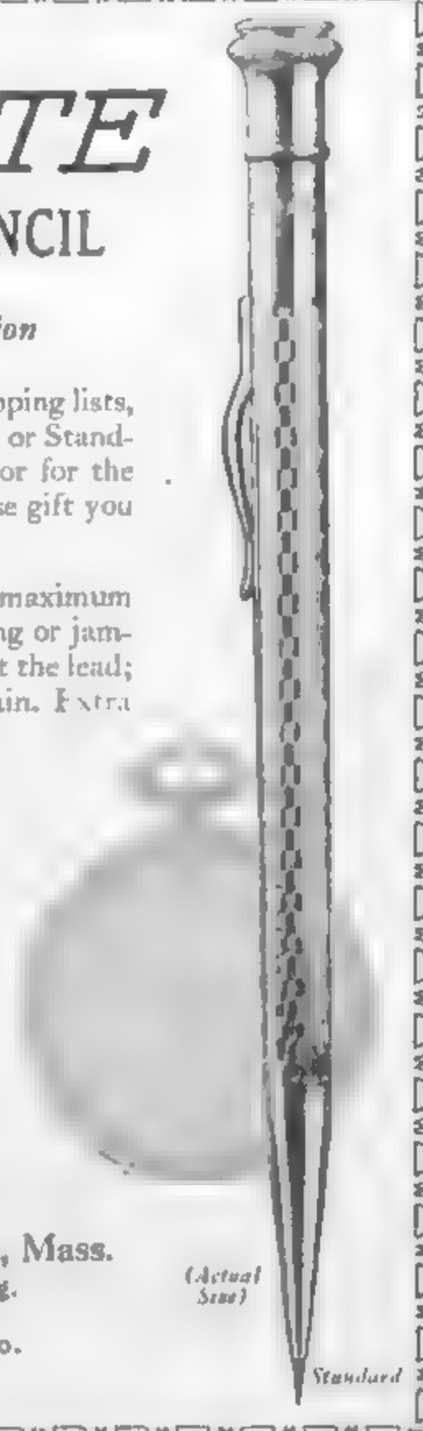

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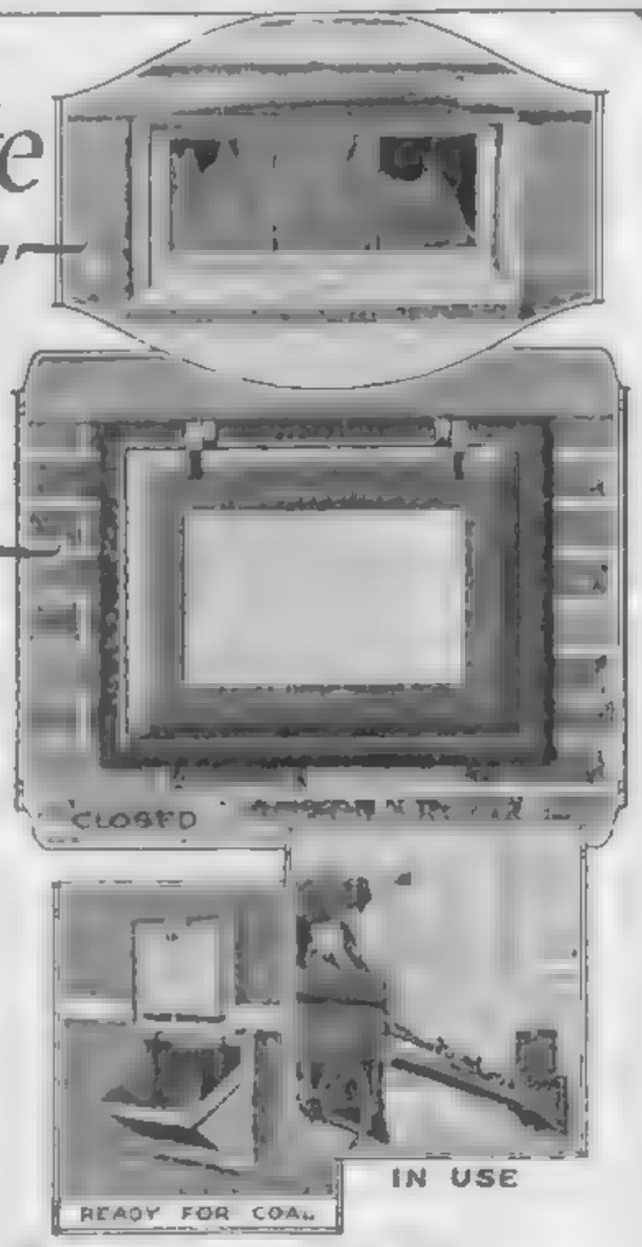

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Majestic Coal Window

"Sounds like a threat."

"And is," came the rejoinder.

"Interesting."

The American took three steps forward and leaned across the table.

"For example," he said, "you smoke too much, and smoking'll be curtailed."

With a quick movement he plucked the cigarette from Richard's mouth and threw it into the grate.

A dull red surged over Richard's face as he sprang to his feet.

"I warn you ——" he began, then checked himself at the sudden memory of Cranbourne's words. He was not allowed to put up a fight.

"Well, what?"

"Oh, nothing. I've neither the mood nor the patience to teach you manners."

His hand went out to select another cigarette from a silver box at his side.

"No smoking," repeated Hippe in a level voice.

"Don't be asinine, my good fool."

His extended hand trembled, yearning to knot itself into a fist. The silver box was just beyond the American's reach, but seizing a small glass jug he threw the contents over Richard's hand, drenching the cigarette he had picked up and half filling the box with water. The quickness and effrontery of the action, its insolent disregard of all the laws of courtesy, acted on Richard's temper as a spark on guncotton.

"I'm damned if I'll stand for that!" he shouted, and kicking his chair out of the way made a dash round the table toward Hipps. It was Laurence who shot out the leg that tripped him and before he could scramble to his feet both the American and the Englishman were sitting on his back.

"Steady, steady, old chap," Laurence besought him. "It's a mighty pity to start this way."

Hipps' long fingers had closed scientifically on the back of Richard's neck and were paralyzing the movements of his head. His nose was pressed good and hard into the pile of the carpet. It was all very painful.

"Are you going to quit fighting, Anthony?"

After all there was no particular value in adding to one's discomfort. They were three to one and in a locked room with reenforcements waiting outside. Moreover, had there been a chance of requitals or escape, he was under orders to accept neither. But in his existing state of indignation Richard could not induce himself to acknowledge defeat. The fighting strain in his nature could be satisfied only by getting in at least one substantial return for the indignity put upon him.

He was lying near to the grate, his head having narrowly missed the fender rail in the fall. His right hand, which was free, lay across Dutch tiling within easy reach of the open fire, from which was projecting conveniently a blazing log. The end nearest him was as yet untouched by the flames and without considering consequences Richard dragged it out of the fire and viciously thrust it upward. More by luck than judgment the burning brand scorched across the side of Hipps' face.

"Hell!" came the cry, and instantaneously the weight on his back was gone and he was free to rise.

Oliver Laurence, to avoid danger, had thrown himself backward and was now under the table, looking very like a child playing hide and seek. The American had backed against the buffet but his general dignity suffered a reverse from the fact that his first thought was of remedy rather than revenge. He had picked up a piece of butter and was rubbing it vigorously on his burned cheek. In the shadows, Mr. Van Diest was shaking his head in sorrowful disapproval of the whole proceedings. For the life of him Richard could not help laughing.

"I'm extremely sorry, gentlemen," he said, "but you did ask for trouble." He raised the corner of the tablecloth and addressed Laurence: "If you've quite done amusing yourself under there you might come out and give me a cigarette."

Laurence, looking painfully ridiculous, emerged and handed his case to Richard, who selected one and lit it slowly from the glowing brand which he still retained.

"I think we had better come to an immediate understanding," he said. "I am perfectly prepared to treat you all with civility as long as I receive the same treatment from you, but please understand that I will not tolerate any funny business." An idea flashed suddenly into his brain. "Just one thing more—there was some talk earlier this evening of trying to poison the mind of my—my fiancée in regard to a question of my morals. That was a particularly offensive idea and I want your assurance that you'll drop it. Otherwise," he took a few paces toward the window, "I shall set fire to your curtains and keep you gentlemen busy until the woodwork has caught. I imagine you aren't wanting the fire brigade or the intrusion of any other respectable force at the moment."

"Seems to me, my son ——" began Hipps

But Van Diest interrupted him.

"Let us agree to this suggestion," he said. "For my part I wass very sorry to make enemey of our goot guest. 'Sno troubles about that."

"Thank you," said Richard. "Then if you've nothing further to ask me I'd be glad to turn in."

Hipps walked across the room and unlocked the door. The two servants came in.

"Show this gentleman to his apartment."

"Good night, everyone," said Richard.

He was passing out when Hipps laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Say," he said, touching his cheek, "you fired me with some ambition to see your flag at half mast. Admire your spirit and all that, but it kind o' gets my goat being branded by a youngster. Ain't used to it. We want that inf. o' yours and want it quick. My advice to you is, don't monkey with our patience. It won't pay."

"If you count this as a day," Richard replied with a grin, "it's cost me fifty thousand already."

For a moment Hipps made no reply and when at last he spoke his remark appeared to have no bearing on the matter in hand.

"In France during the war?" he asked.

"I was."

"Awkward stuff, that poison gas."

"Very awkward."

"Beastly smell."

"Horrid."

"Makes me cry to think of it."

"But you're a born sentimentalist."

"Ah. Good night. Shan't be meeting again for a few days. But Laurence here'll bring any messages."

"I shan't trouble him," said Richard.

"No? Well, that's your concern." Once again he relapsed into silence, then very suddenly flashed out the word "Pineapple."

Richard was accompanied up the stairs by the two silent servants. They ushered him into a room on the top landing, bowed and retired. The door closed with a metallic ring. He heard the sliding of a bolt, the jingle of a chain and the sound of footsteps descending. And all of a sudden he felt very lonely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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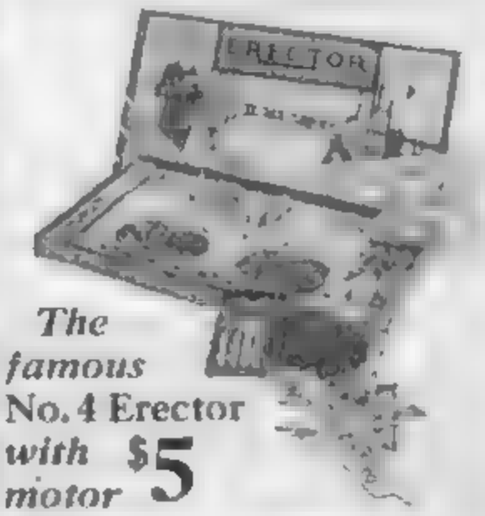

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Mail this coupon and ten cents to The A. C. GILBERT CO., 320 BLATCHLEY AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN., for copy of the Gilbert Boy Engineering Book for 1922, and copy of Gilbert Toy Tips.

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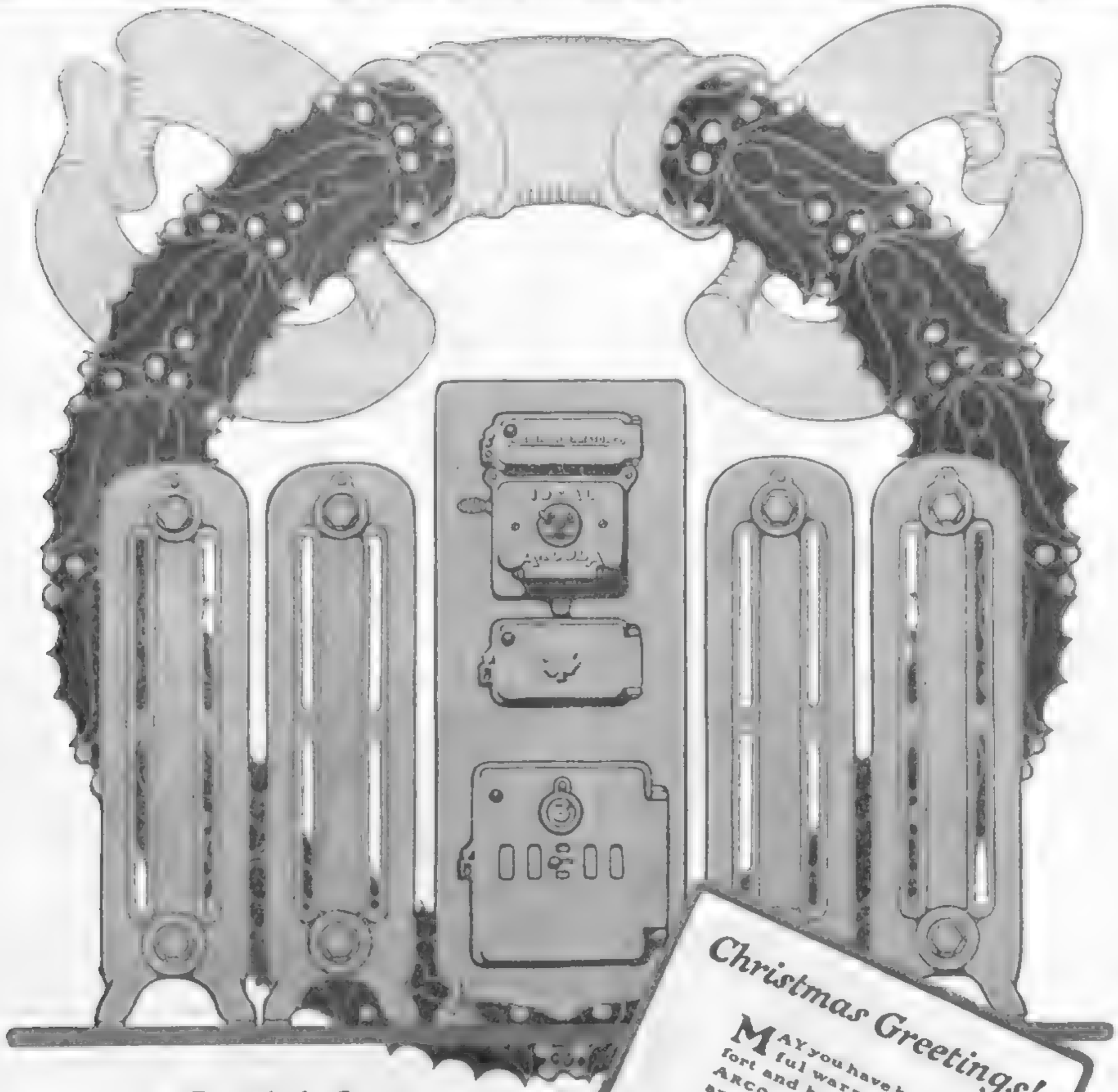
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MAY you have health-ful warmth, comfort and happiness with ARCOLA on Christmas and every day thereafter
Your Heating Engineer

A Gift!

WE mean it. ARCOLA the wonderful new hot water heating outfit for small homes, IS a gift in a very real sense. It pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

ASK your Heating Engineer to explain his gift and how quickly it can be installed.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

104 West 42nd St., New York City — Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators — 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

MORE ABOUT J. D.

(Continued from Page 11)

precision than in the Wall Street district. It was our custom to put coupons up in bundles of fifty with a rubber band around them, and these bundles again into packages of five hundred—that is, ten bundles of fifty—and sometimes these again into bundles of five thousand, representing coupons from five million dollars' worth of bonds, which at three per cent would call for a check of one hundred fifty thousand dollars. On the first business day after Christmas, for instance, an assistant cashier and messengers would deliver bundles of coupons to the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. and elsewhere. No receipt was ever given or asked for or even expected. On the first business day after the New Year the assistant cashier would make the rounds and gather in checks ranging from hundreds to tens of thousands of dollars. In all those years there was never any attempt on the part of any clerk in any office to claim an error or try to take advantage of the fact that we had no receipt. It was an everyday occurrence then for messenger boys to deliver stocks, bonds and collateral loans running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. All the stock-exchange houses used these messengers freely, with no question as to name, address or honesty.

It was frequently necessary to take to or bring from the vaults large quantities of stocks and bonds. These were usually packed in canvas bags reënforced on the inside with steel netting. The handles were leather-covered steel chains which fastened around the wrist. Usually two men carried a bag between them. Sometimes there were three bags and six men. I followed with my hand on a loaded revolver in my pocket. Yet in all those twenty-five years no attempt was ever made at robbery. Neither was there ever an attempt to forge a check or to obtain money on a fictitious draft. Because of Mr. Rockefeller's prominence and known wealth it seems remarkable that something of this sort was not tried, but these personal experiences which I have briefly sketched show most conclusively the accuracy, fidelity and integrity of the men and women who carry on the tremendous daily routine of the financial institutions of the Street.

For one man who goes crooked there are ten thousand who go straight, and who have a high sense of their duties and obligations. I was forcibly reminded of this by an incident which occurred a few years ago at a prominent club in Southern California. During the evening I remarked to the president of one of the big banking institutions of the state that he was not playing poker, as most of the others were doing.

Wall Street and Monte Carlo

"No," he said slowly; "I feel this way about it: Occupying the position before the public which I do, as the head of a savings bank where people are placing their earnings and savings with us, running into millions, and knowing that many people look upon poker as a purely gambling game, I prefer to keep out. I don't want anyone to be able to say that he saw me playing poker."

Some may think that this was carrying prudence too far, but all his business dealings were characterized by this same appreciation of his duty to his depositors. Character, as the elder Mr. Morgan so plainly pointed out, plays an important place in securing and keeping the confidence of the public. It was common gossip in the Street at the time—and I have never seen it denied—that the powers that be asked for and obtained the resignation of the head of one of our big industrial concerns merely because he played the game while visiting Monte Carlo.

Not long after I, as a young man, had entered Mr. Rockefeller's employ, he came in one morning and called for me, apparently in a great hurry. When I answered his summons he placed a sheet of paper on the slide of his desk covered with figures in columns of seven wide and about twenty deep. Then he took out his stop watch with which he used to time his famous pacers on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

"Mr. Rogers," he said—he was always formal in his appellations—"I want to see how quickly you can add this sum. I am going to time you. Go ahead."

I realized immediately that this was one of the tests that he enjoyed, and that his manner was intended to hurry me and make me nervous. It failed of its effect, however, and without undue haste I went rapidly up one row and down another, making for accuracy rather than speed, sure of my ground all the time.

When I put down the final figure he said, "Well, you have completed it in the required time. That's very good."

He used to get a lot of fun out of various bicycle stunts at Forest Hill, making all sorts of contests for his house guests. When the bicycle first became popular he purchased several for the use of his visitors. The prize was never for the speediest, but for that person who, after crossing the starting line, could stay on his wheel without touching his foot to the ground or running outside the side lines, which were about four or five feet apart, or who took the longest time to reach the goal, some five hundred feet away.

During the terrible panic of 1893 Mr. Rockefeller was financing, among many other things, the Duluth, Missabe and Northern Railway, which was taking a mint of money. He was also heavily interested in the development of the Northwest and in the Northern Pacific Railway. At the time of the panic a desperate effort was being made by the treasurer of the latter company, George S. Baxter, to save his company from bankruptcy.

A Day of High Tension

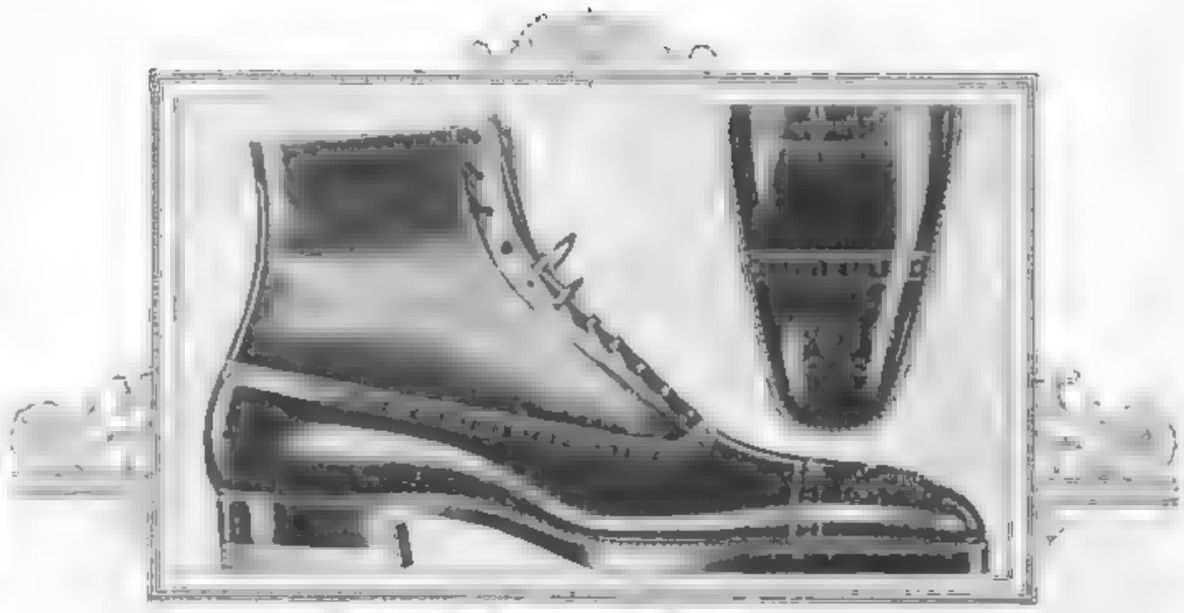
Mr. Rockefeller was at Forest Hill, and we had private wires from our New York office through the Oil Regions to his Cleveland home. Day after day messages were sent in great detail explaining every phase of the situation in New York, and suggestions and instructions were received in return. So strenuous were those days, so short was the time, so rapid the changes, that the messages were dictated to the stenographer and telegraphed by him direct from his notes. Answers were received in shorthand and read aloud, and were not written out for weeks afterward.

On the final critical day Mr. Baxter sat with me in Mr. Rockefeller's office receiving messages from St. Paul and other points along the line showing the day's receipts. These were being tabulated as quickly as received, to ascertain if, with the money Mr. Rockefeller could spare without jeopardizing other interests to which he was committed, there would be sufficient to meet the coupons due on the Northern Pacific bonds the following day. Papers had been prepared by the attorneys for the railroad for a receivership, but it was hoped that this might be averted. It was really a tragic time. Here was an enormous railway system that it was very desirable to save from a receivership because of its effect upon the whole general situation. Everyone concerned was watching the outcome with a tenseness that was dramatic.

At seven o'clock that evening we had received the last word from Mr. Rockefeller, the final messages from the railroad agents, and we knew that a receivership was inevitable, despite our efforts. Mr. Baxter and I looked each other in the eyes when the realization came, quietly shook hands, and he said, "It can't be saved," and thereupon gave the order that placed the Northern Pacific in the hands of a receiver. On one occasion when Mr. Rockefeller was called to New York on a business trip we arrived at the Lake Shore depot in Cleveland a few minutes before train time, went into the Pullman, left topcoats, umbrellas and satchels in our sections, and stepped outside again. Mr. Rockefeller sauntered into the waiting room, bought a couple of papers and, returning, stood quietly chatting while the rest of the train—consisting of sleepers from Cincinnati and Chicago—was being attached and the whole train made up, as was the custom at that time. When this was completed and the long train ready, the conductor approached Mr. Rockefeller and, saluting him, said, "If you will step aboard, Mr. Rockefeller, I will give the signal to start." He complied, the conductor called "All aboard!" signaled his engineer, and we were off.

I was curious to know why he had spoken as he did, and later asked him about it. His answer was interesting:

"I was the conductor of the train which met with such a serious accident in which several lives were lost at Conneaut, near



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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.

Manufacturers *Chicago*

For the man Florsheim SHOE *who cares*

ONLY 60c With this Coupon

Get This $1.10 Seven-inch

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Fry Pan

When you see this "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan you will realize that aluminum utensils *are not all the same.*

If a "Wear-Ever" utensil that costs $1.00 were made only slightly less thick and of metal a very little softer—a difference in hardness and thickness you could not tell by looking at the utensil nor by feeling it—that $1.00 "Wear-Ever" utensil could be sold to you for less than 70c—a fact worth remembering if you are tempted to buy aluminum utensils simply because they are cheap.

If you also wish to give a friend a serviceable Christmas present, mail 60c for each pan desired (or 80c for pan and cover).

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.

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The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.,
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For Christmas

There are no finer sweets than these delicious confections. Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole half) pecan meats. Grunewald *Fork-Dipped* Chocolates are famous for their absolute purity and not-too-sweet deliciousness.

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Box of 7 (sample)	$1 00	Assorted Chocolates One pound	$1 50
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Flexible Flyer

The original steering sled that made coasting popular and safe

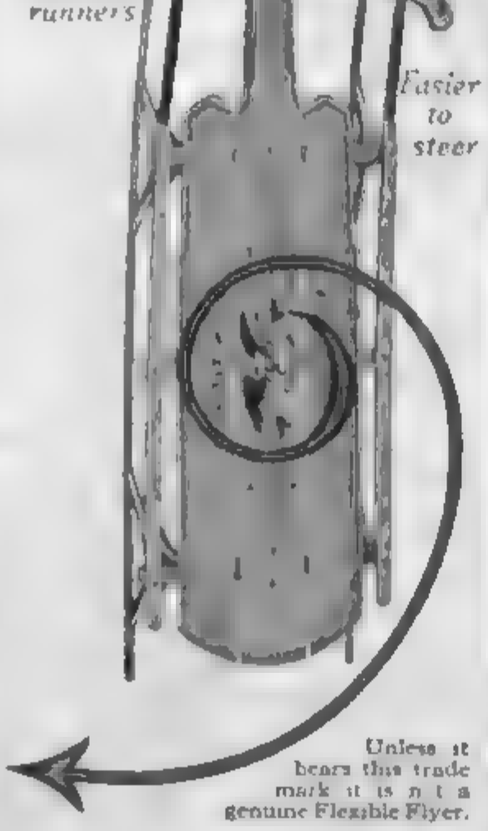
REMEMBER the first sled you got for Christmas? Didn't it thrill you and make you dance with joy, even though it was one of those old-fashioned rigid types?

Imagine how happy you can make your girl or boy this Christmas with a Flexible Flyer—"the sled that steers." It is the safest, speediest sled made. Patented non-skid runners make steering easy and coasting safe, comfortable and swift. Built like an airplane—sturdy, strong yet light in weight. *Remember also that a Flexible Flyer outlasts 3 ordinary sleds.*

Seven sizes, 38 to 63 inches

Be sure you buy the sled every boy and girl wants. Ask for it by name and make certain it bears the Flexible Flyer trade mark.

S. L. Allen & Co., Inc.
Box 1100S 5th & Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia


All steel front acts as shock absorber
Grooved non skid runners
Easier to steer
Unless it bears this trade mark it is not a genuine Flexible Flyer.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

FREE cardboard model showing how the Flexible Flyer steers. Write for it.

Buffalo, some years ago. Mr. Rockefeller came down to the train that day, put his topcoat, umbrella and bag in his section just as he did to-day, walked into the station to buy a paper, and the train went off without him. His coat, umbrella and bag were burned to a crisp in that accident. Now, I am not superstitious; but I would not have given the signal to start to-day before Mr. Rockefeller was on the train—no sir, not on your life!"

Standard Oil men were selected and trained with the greatest care. A delicate constitution almost sent me to my grave before I was thirty, and thanks for my life are equally due Col. Oliver H. Payne, who was Mr. Rockefeller's vis-à-vis in the famous pacing events in their younger days; the noted surgeon, Doctor Weber; and Mr. U. S. Hollister, general agent of the Standard Oil Company for the Rocky Mountain States. Colonel Payne was always most friendly to me, and when my health failed in the early '80's he insisted upon my consulting Doctor Weber, who ordered me to Marquette, Michigan. After living in the pure air of Lake Superior for some weeks my health and strength began to improve sufficiently to permit light exercise.

My first walk was a slow saunter with my wife down the one main street of the town. About halfway down a sign reading Standard Oil Company intrigued me. We crossed over, climbed a narrow stairway on the outside of the building, and found at the top a small room containing a deal table, a stove, a chair, a box, and a long, lanky individual about six-feet-two. He admitted that he was the agent and that his name was Hollister. I told him my name and added that I was private secretary to Mr. Rockefeller.

From his manner I knew that he thought I was lying to him. However, he gave my wife the chair, offered me the box, and he sat on the table, dangling his long legs. He soon found that I knew people and prices, and finally he asked, "Do you happen to know Leonard Morrison down there?"

"Len Morrison was my roommate at Aunty Cowan's on Lake Street for two years before I got married," I replied. In passing, it is interesting to note that Aunty Cowan's son recently died, leaving an estate of several million dollars.

A Good Samaritan

With that he jumped to his feet. "Why the dickens didn't you say so before? Len is my wife's brother. Come on up to the house!"

Then followed an outdoor life for me, for this strapping fellow, with a heart as big as his body, toted me along when he went on his trips to the various mines of the region to sell lubricating oils, lending me his strength, fairly carrying me over hard places, and having the patience of a saint with my slow progress. In order to give me an interest he suggested a collection of minerals, and we would return from our trips with arms and pockets full.

Now to the sequel: I wrote to the general sales manager of the company at Cleveland and told him that I did not believe that he knew what a clever salesman he had at Marquette, and that I had watched his dealings with engineers and purchasing agents in his territory. Hollister did not know that I had done this, and I was greatly interested when shortly thereafter he came to me with suppressed excitement in his voice:

"I have a telegram from Mr. Hutchins, asking me to meet him in Chicago."

There had been a defalcation in an adjoining territory, and Mr. Hutchins wanted him to look after both agencies. From this position Mr. Hollister was transferred to the Waters-Pierce territory in the South, where there was severe competition at the time, and where he proved his remarkable salesmanship and ability; thence to the New York office for headquarters training, and finally he was made general agent of all the Rocky Mountain States with his headquarters at Denver.

Coming through Denver on a vacation trip some years ago I called on him, and he laughingly said that the old habit of collecting something which we started at Marquette clung to him still. It had turned him to a study of the Indians, who knew him and trusted him, and they had given or sold him blankets, charms, amulets, baskets and trinkets until he believed that except for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington he had the best and largest collection in the United States.

It was some years before the Marquette episode that Mr. Rockefeller called me into the executive committee room one day to tell me that they had learned that the young man whose desk was opposite mine had been selling information to the Oil Regions for some months.

"We are going to dismiss him," he said, "and we will do it this way: We desire information as to the present status of the oil business in Spain, and as he speaks Spanish fluently we shall send him on a special trip abroad. You are to say nothing about this, but I wish you to be at the steamer and to make sure that he sails. Nobody else will know about this, but the moment he is gone you will change every lock and key, every combination on safes, and get out an entirely new cipher code. When he returns we will see him and get the information we want, and thereafter he is to be denied all access and all information."

The plan undoubtedly worked out perfectly, for after seeing that he went aboard ship I never saw him again.

At 26 Broadway Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., was designated as young John, just as the office force referred to Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., as J. D. When young John graduated from Brown University and came into his father's office we all recognized the fact that by virtue of his relation he was the rightful head of the office, and must in the course of time assume more and more the responsibilities of his father's financial affairs. He was always fair-minded, ready to listen to suggestions, weighed questions carefully, and was clear and just in his decisions.

The Question of Office Hours

I well recall an order that he gave in those early days, and the arguments and decision that resulted therefrom.

"Mr. Rogers," he said, "I wish you would issue an order that everybody in father's office shall be here at nine o'clock and shall not go away before five." Then ensued the following conversation:

"Of course, any request you may make will be obeyed by the office force, but I have had an experience of many years and we have a peculiar situation here. Let us consider it a moment: Does this order apply to Mr. Gates, who must of necessity have interviews and negotiations late in evenings, early in mornings, in and out of the office—indeed, at any and all times and places?"

"No, it could not apply to him."

"Should it apply to the attorney?"

"No, it could not apply to him."

"Should it apply to Mr. Lovatt, who has private telephones to several stock-exchange houses and who receives and executes all stock transactions?"

He thought that it should be applied to him, but I differed.

"Many a day," I said, "have I seen Lovatt at twenty minutes past three, after the markets have closed, a wilted, drooping rag from the orders and excitement of the day, with no lunch but a sandwich and mug of coffee at his desk. Maybe he has bought and sold forty, fifty or sixty thousand shares of all kinds of stocks, at all kinds of prices, through half a dozen stock-exchange houses. I have never cared what he did after he turned in his report to the cashier. He can go swimming, take the boat to the seashore or take a long drive. He will show up to-morrow morning in time to advise with your father on the London markets. Are you going to insist that he shall loaf around here until the clock strikes five? Think of his work when McKinley was shot, when together we held the only long-distance wire for two hours while we got your father's instructions and authority to spend millions to protect the market. Are you going to make a time-server of a loyal man like that?"

So I went down the list, down to the colored messengers.

"Hours mean nothing to them," I urged. "They are here early and late. They stay without question when need arises. They would, I think, give their lives to protect your father. Please, John, don't spoil this fine spirit of loyalty which has been built up over years!"

He gave the question careful consideration, and the order was never issued. This has been true of all the decisions I have ever known young John to make, and in his more mature years he has shown the same willingness to weigh carefully all sides of a question as he has been confronted with the complex problems of the day which have reached him for consideration.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

A Complete Set of Attachments With Every Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Purchased Before December 24th

This is the first time that a complete set of attachments has ever been given away absolutely free by a manufacturer of vacuum cleaners. We are making this liberal offer because no vacuum cleaner is really complete or 100% useful if used without attachments—because *only with attachments can you obtain the fullest possible benefit from this indispensable household appliance.*

The cleaner itself is designed only to remove dust, lint, ravelings, etc., from the rugs and carpets. The attachments are highly essential if you wish to use the cleaner all over the house on portières, upholstered furniture, radiators, pillows, bookcases, etc. And this is your opportunity to obtain a complete set absolutely free!

FREE—A complete set of attachments to clean portières, hangings, etc

Easy to Connect

An unusually large number of vacuum cleaners are sold without attachments because of the difficulty of connecting the various tools for use. But more attachments have been sold with Eureka than any other cleaner in the world, simply because they are so easily connected and so remarkably efficient. Connecting Eureka attachments is only a matter of seconds—turn the small lever on the cleaner, slip on the hose, and you are ready to clean without delay.

This Offer Lasts Until Dec. 24th

Since we announced this offer a short time ago, thousands of women have obtained a complete set of attachments absolutely without cost. Many of our 3000 dealers are writing us for additional shipments. Our large factory is working at high pressure to meet the demand created by this wonderful offer. So if you wish to obtain a complete cleaning outfit for the price of the cleaner alone, you must not delay. For this offer expires sharply at midnight, December 24th.

Send in the Coupon at Once

To obtain a complete set of attachments for a Eureka cleaner absolutely without cost, simply sign the coupon and mail it to Detroit. In a few days the nearest dealer will call to show you how surprisingly easy and convenient it is to use the Eureka and its attachments—show you how immaculate it keeps the rugs and carpets, how easily it cleans portières, mouldings, radiators and bookcases, and how it can be used to keep mattresses, pillows, bedding and upholstered furniture fresh and always renovated. Remember, by signing the coupon you do not obligate yourself in any way. The demonstration will not cost you a penny. We pay all charges. We bear all expense. It is absolutely free.

FREE—A complete set to renovate upholstered furniture, mattresses, etc

Then you get the Attachments Free

If the demonstration convinces you that using the Eureka is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most inexpensive way to keep the whole house bright and clean, and if you wish to keep the Eureka, our dealer has been instructed to leave both cleaner and attachments, charging you only for the cleaner alone. In other words, you get a complete set of attachments absolutely without cost. And if you prefer to pay for the cleaner on easy terms, a payment of only $5 will be sufficient. The balance can be paid in small installments thirty days apart.

Don't forget—you are getting the complete set of attachments without a penny's cost—a complete cleaning outfit for the price of the cleaner itself. But to do so you must act quickly. Our offer is withdrawn on December 24th. So do not delay!

FREE—A complete set to clean radiators, bookcases, mouldings, etc.

An Ideal Christmas Gift

No gift can bring more Christmas joy and more happiness for years than a fully guaranteed Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner with its complete set of attachments. It saves hours of sweeping and dusting. It keeps the whole house immaculate. This is your opportunity to purchase the same Eureka now used in more than 490,000 homes and get a full set of attachments absolutely without cost. But do not put it off another day! Do not wait until the Christmas crush begins! Send us the coupon now.

10 Days' FREE Trial

If you wish to try the Eureka more thoroughly and put it to an actual cleaning-day test in your own home, the Eureka dealer will gladly loan you a cleaner absolutely without cost and without obligation on your part. Keep it 10 days. Test it every way you can. Then if you wish to keep it, it can be paid for on our easy monthly payment plan—and you get the complete set of attachments free. Remember—this offer expires December 24th. So act at once. Your time is limited.

Eureka World Prestige

Grand Prize Panama-Pacific Exposition; Grand Prix and Gold Medal at Brussels, February 1920, at Milan, Italy, July 1920; at Paris, France May 1921; also the highest Award Diploma and Gold Medal at Amsterdam, Holland, July 1920.

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(20)

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

FREE COUPON OFFER

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.
Dewey and Greenwood Aves.

Gentlemen: I am interested in your Free Attachment offer. Have your nearest dealer demonstrate the Eureka without any obligation whatever to me.

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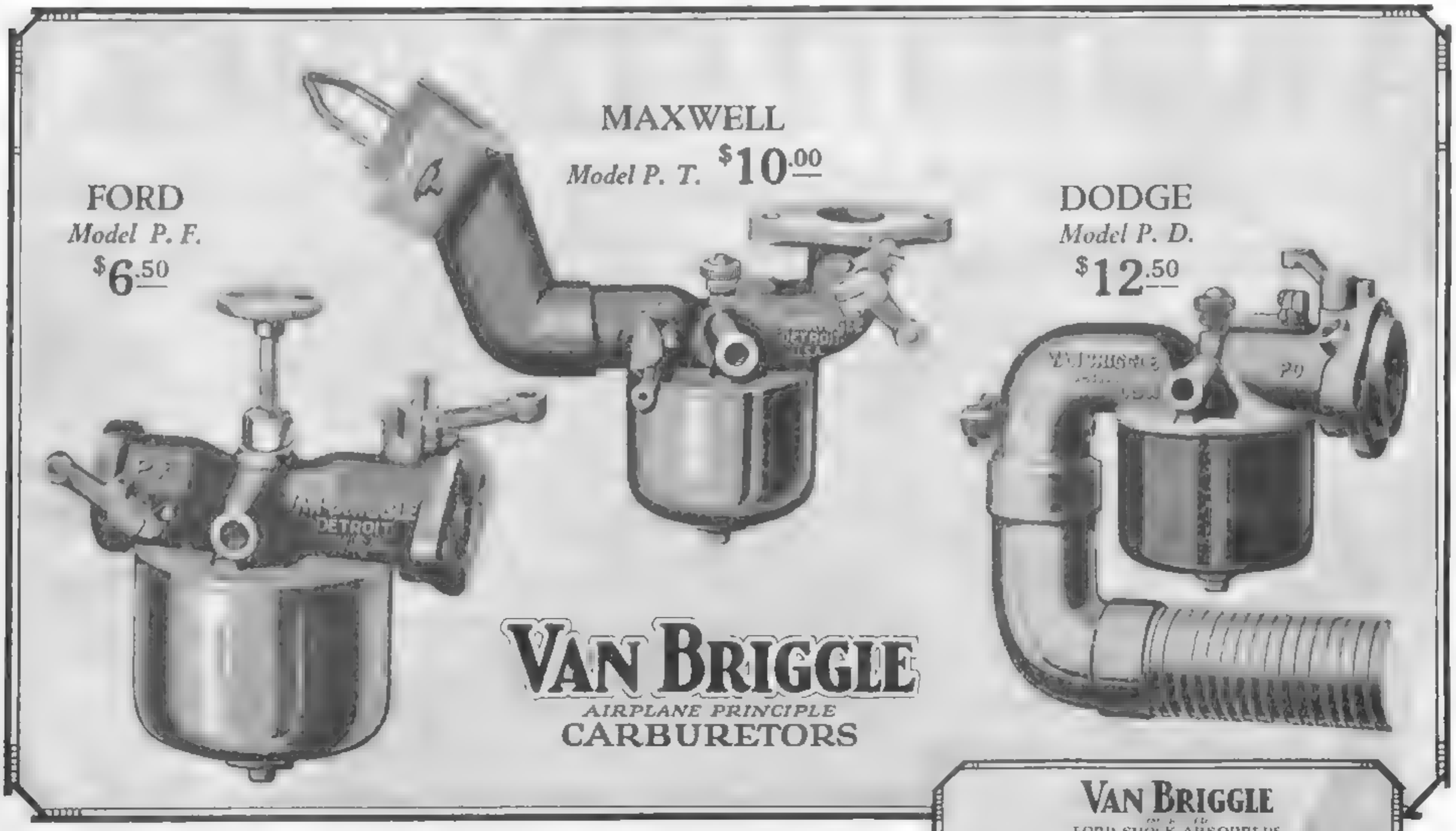
Street _____

City _____ (S)



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AIRPLANE PRINCIPLE
CARBURETORS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRIME a motor equipped with a VanBriggle Carburetor, even in the coldest weather—because of the *VanBriggle Airplane Principle of Carburation.* This is but one advantage of a VanBriggle Carburetor. Simplicity is another big factor which makes a VanBriggle Carburetor *unlike* any other. No auxiliary air-valves. No cams, weights or by-passes. No venturi tube—and *only one adjustment.* Practically nothing to get out of order. Velocity of air automatically regulates fuel supply, which makes for economy. For quick starting, instant acceleration and fuel economy, equip your Ford, Maxwell or Dodge with a VanBriggle Carburetor.

In addition to cushioning every shock, VanBriggle Shock Absorbers act as a *snubber,* catching and absorbing the *rebounds.* They minimize sidesway—increase tire mileage—lessen wear and strain throughout the chassis and motor. Reduce upkeep costs and increase the resale value of your Ford. Quickly and easily installed on any Ford without removing wheels or changing perches.

Detroit Storage Batteries as they are *Built Today* have, we believe, no equal for power, activity and durability—because of the way they are made and the quality and fitness of all materials used. Detroit Batteries are *hand-built*—and are unit-seal constructed. Every material is specially selected and thoroughly tested. For example—exhaustive tests have proved to us that *no better plates* are made than those we use. Let *your next battery* be a Detroit.

*Tilt*LOK—the tilting, locking steering wheel—locks with Yale lock and protects against theft—tilts out of your way, permitting you to get in and out of your car more easily. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories—reduces your insurance premiums. Equip your car with *Tilt*LOK and have the assurance that your car will be where you left it.

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$20 per set of four

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Locks for Safety
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Tiltlok
Standard Models
$24 to $32
Special Models
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LORD KITCHENER

(Continued from Page 7)

In the complex task which, in the speech I have just quoted, Lord Kitchener declares that he was called upon to discharge, there were few even then, and there are none now, who will dispute that he succeeded in finding the men and in clothing and in organizing them. He might have added, "in feeding them and in providing everything that science and expert skill could devise for surgical and medical care, and for nursing the wounded and the sick." But there was, for a time, a vehement and embittered controversy as to whether he had done all that was needed, or even all that was possible, for arming them.

It is no part of my present purpose to travel again over this familiar ground. I only touch upon it so far as it affects, or ought to affect, men's estimate of Lord Kitchener. Lord French in his book, 1914, in a passage which Lord Esher quotes without comment and apparently adopts as if it were history, charges the government of the day and Lord Kitchener in particular with deliberate and criminal apathy in the supply of munitions. His statement teems with unpardonable inaccuracies. Some of them, which are in flat contradiction to contemporary documents, I felt bound to expose* as soon as they appeared, in justice to Lord Kitchener's memory.

Lord Kitchener, who was assisted in this matter from the first month of the war by a strong cabinet committee, labored night and day to enlarge the area of supply and to multiply the output. What had actually been achieved in the first six months was set out in much detail in a speech in the House of Commons on April 20, 1915, by Mr. Lloyd George, who had become chairman of the munitions committee. The armies in the field had been multiplied between four and five fold; the supply of munitions nineteen fold. Between two and three thousand firms not previously so employed had been brought into the industry. The multiplication of factories, the diversion and dilution of labor, the more extensive employment of women, had been pressed upon all the departments by Lord Kitchener in the spring of 1915 with constant and ever-increasing urgency.

One of our most eminent scientific men, Lord Moulton, had, at his instance, been engaged ever since November, 1914, in the development and fabrication of high explosives. Immense orders had been placed both in America and Canada. By the end of April, 1915, we were, despite heartrending delays in delivery by contractors, producing in three days the amount of ammunition produced before the war in a whole year. Never was there a case in which the charge of apathy or lethargy was worse founded.

Kitchener Addresses the Lords

The prospect, however, in the near future was a very serious one. It was not our business to encourage the enemy by revealing the nature and extent of our disquietudes, which were great and real, and it was for that reason that both Mr. Lloyd George and I were careful to say, on Lord Kitchener's authority, that there was no immediate dearth at the front. But, subject to that condition, it was of the utmost importance to arouse public opinion at home to the gravity of the need. [It was just after the affair of Neuve-Chapelle, where nearly as much artillery ammunition was spent as was spent by our army during the whole two and three-quarter years of the Boer War.] Accordingly on March 15, 1915, Lord Kitchener made one of his rare appearances in the House of Lords. He delivered a solemn and reasoned appeal to employers and workmen, which ought to be read with care by all who have any regard for justice or fair play.† I myself, in the following month—April twentieth—went to Newcastle to urge that in view of these new exigencies, wholly unforeseen by any of the combatants, and the consequent prospect of a serious shortage, the provision of munitions had become even more vitally important than the progress of recruiting. The task had become too great for an already overburdened department, and Lord Kitchener completely approved of the creation of the Ministry of Munitions, which afterwards did such admirable work.* But it is bare justice to him to put it on record that throughout the serious fighting in the autumn and winter of 1915 there was never any want of ammunition, and that until the late spring of 1916 the armies in the field were entirely supplied by War Office deliveries. A singularly competent and impartial historian, Prof. A. F. Pollard, in his Short History of the Great War, thus describes the situation on the western front in the early autumn of 1915 (p. 164):

> The Entente advantage in bayonets on the western front was between three and four to two, and it also had the amplest reserves. Sir John French commanded nearly a million men, and General Joffre more than double that number, while our advantage in guns and machines was not less marked; an almost unlimited supply of shells had been accumulated during the summer.

Meanwhile there was set on foot a violent newspaper campaign, directed mainly against Lord Kitchener and engineered, as we now know from Lord French's avowals, by the commander in chief in France himself, behind the back of his official chief. It is quite possible, and certainly not unnatural, that Lord Kitchener should at or about this time have said or written, "I am deadly sick of this system of intrigue." But he never allowed it to ruffle or rattle him. He ignored with what Matthew Arnold calls patient deep disdain the clamorous catcalls of a section of the press whose rampages Lord Esher, though he mildly deplores some of their excesses, quaintly declares to have been directed by a "choice of the higher expediency." He showed both equanimity and magnanimity.

"I am out," he said, "to fight the Germans, and not to fight Sir John French."

The Coalition Cabinet

For reasons which this is not the place to go into a coalition government was formed in May, 1916. It is sufficient to say that my dominating motive then, as before and after, was to maintain unbroken, in the face of the enemy, our national unity.

To make it perfectly clear that there was going to be no general change of policy, and no concession whatever to the anti-Kitchener crusade, the three principal places in the government, those of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary and Lord Kitchener's own post at the War Office, were kept in the same hands as before.†

There is much in Lord Esher's account of Kitchener's connection with the inception and management of the Dardanelles expedition, and of his mission to the East in the late autumn of 1915, which invites comment and correction, if the time and space at my disposal permitted. In the case of the Dardanelles in particular he seems to have an inadequate acquaintance with the relevant facts, and never to have read the debate in the House of Commons on March 20, 1917. The double evacuation of the Peninsula, which was carried out by Lord Kitchener's advice, against all his prepossessions, after a personal inspection of the local conditions, was, in its freedom from loss or mishap, one of the most skillful and successful operations of the war.

There is, however, one point of greater importance if a just estimate is to be formed of Kitchener's services during the war. From its early stages one of his most urgent preoccupations was to establish between the allies, and more particularly between the French and ourselves, interchange of counsels, coördination of plans and unity of action. There is abundant evidence of this purpose of his scattered throughout Lord Esher's book. It was, for reasons too obvious to need enumeration, very difficult to achieve. But from the holding of the Calais conference early in July, 1915, down to and after the time of Kitchener's death, the liaison between the General Staffs became increasingly intimate; and at the Chantilly conference in November, 1916, the whole plan of campaign for the following year was elaborated

*In a speech delivered at the Connaught Rooms in London June 3, 1919, and republished in a pamphlet entitled The Great Shell Story. Cassell: London, 1919. The real facts are fully stated there

†It is set out at length in Sir G Arthur's Life Vol III, pp. 285, 6. Lord Esher does not think it worthy of mention. It bears few signs of "Cromwellian obscurity and incoherence."

*Compare what he said in his speech at the House of Commons on June 4, 1916—Arthur's Life, Vol. III, p. 334

†It was at this time that Lord Kitchener received the Order of the Garter.

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by their concerted counsels. The evil results of its abandonment and of the substitution for it of a number of improvised expedients are abundantly illustrated in the operations of 1917 and of the early months of 1918.

In the early days of 1916 I asked Lord Kitchener if he could give me—for myself alone—his forecast of the future of the war. We talked it over in all its aspects, and on the fourth of January he gave me a rough outline of his views, which I jotted down on paper in his presence. I have the document before me now. It reads as follows:

4th January, 1916.

K.

We must begin our French push not later than April.

While it goes April and May, the Russians will hold the Germans on the East.

June When we are making way Russians begin their great offensive.

August—Germans will ask our peace terms, which they will reject as impossible.

Sept.-Oct.—Germans pushed in on both sides.

Nov.—Peace on our terms. H. H. A.

Like every forecast of every expert—except, indeed, Lord Kitchener's own prediction that the war might well last over three years—this one was falsified by the events. But I venture to think that, in the circumstances, it shows remarkable military prescience. The Russian offensive under Brussilov was begun in June, and carried on with such effect that between June and August it caused the withdrawal of sixteen German divisions from the Western front, one German division from the Balkans and seven Austrian divisions from Italy. The carefully concerted campaign of the allies on the Somme not only helped to save Verdun but compelled the Germans to contemplate a retreat to the Hindenburg Line. Falkenhayn, who was responsible for the German strategy at Verdun, describes the general position towards the close of 1916 as "revealing little that was inviting, as well as much that was serious." Ludendorff, who superseded him as chief of the staff, declares that in December, 1916, "we"—that is, the Germans—"were completely exhausted on the Western front." And in that month Germany did in fact make overtures for peace.

A Collector's Temptation

Before I come to the final scene I must, without unveiling the intimacies of friendship, gather up one or two impressions which remain vividly with me of Kitchener's personality as revealed in his last two years.

His temperament was singularly well suited to stand the strain even of such exigencies as came upon him in the war. As I have said, I saw him daily and under the most testing conditions. I can only remember a single occasion on which there was any sign that his nerve had even for a moment given way. It was when we were considering the evacuation of the Dardanelles. He told me that he had hardly slept the night before, as he imagined he saw boatload after boatload of our gallant soldiers sunk on their way to the ships by the fire of the Turks. This was remarkable, as he never countenanced the pessimistic forecasts put forward by high authorities, both military and civilian, of the enormous losses which evacuation must necessarily entail.

Kitchener was entirely without personal vanity. He did not pose for posterity, he never laid himself out either for contemporary or posthumous applause.

I was once urging upon him the importance of ignoring the rules of seniority and promoting young officers of promise. He replied that he had been himself—I think—twelve years a subaltern in the Royal Engineers. Two years later he had become a major or lieutenant colonel in the Egyptian Cavalry.

"Every man," he said, "gets his chance."

It is well known that Kitchener was, if not a connoisseur, a diligent and assiduous collector of objects of art. There are all sorts of legends, more or less authentic, of the methods by which in every variety of climate and environment he was supposed to have pursued one of the capital designs of life—the adornment and enrichment of his Kentish home. I will give an illustration which I can personally attest.

On one of my visits to the front in the early days of the war—I think it must have been in June or July, 1915—I accompanied Lord Kitchener from our headquarters at St.-Omer to Ypres. It was a stormy day; the German guns had for a few hours relaxed their activity; and the gutted houses were swaying like fabrics of cardboard in the wind. We found ourselves, with a retinue of generals and staff officers, in the Grande Place confronting the magnificent ruin of the famous Cloth Hall. Large parts of the fine arcades of statues were still intact, and I observed that Kitchener was scanning them with an expert's gaze.

A young staff officer came up to me and, nudging my elbow, said, "Do you see that? Those statues have been bombarded by the Germans for a hundred days, but they have never been in such danger as they are at this moment."

"Do you mean," I replied, "that we may some day hope to see one or more of them at Broom Hall?"

The audacious youth nodded and disappeared quickly into space; nor—to my regret—was I ever able to establish his identity.

As we drove back I repeated the conversation to Lord Kitchener, who—far from showing any sign of resentment—was genuinely and immensely amused.

Lord Kitchener's Religion

There is one other aspect of his personality upon which I am reluctant to touch. Lord Esher, in one of his lamentable lapses from good taste, has allowed himself to speculate on Kitchener's religion.

"Of his religion," he says, "if he had one, nothing was known, although his biographer, who was his friend, has claimed for him a place on the side of the angels *(sic)*, but others, who knew him well, have said that his innermost thoughts were as free as Huxley's"—whatever that may mean. All that can fittingly be said on this score is that he seems to have taken as his watchword throughout life Milton's line—"As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

In May, 1916, he received an urgent invitation from the Czar to go to Russia to examine on the spot, in consultation with the Russian generals and financiers, the whole situation there. There was no man, whether statesman or soldier, whose name was clothed with the same amplitude of authority and prestige in Russian eyes. It was, moreover, one of those critical moments which do not recur in war, and though it is useless to speculate on unrealized possibilities, I have always been and still am of opinion that if Kitchener had arrived at Petrograd in the early days of June and been able then and there to set about the discharge of his mission, the whole course of history might have been changed. After some difficulties and delays the invitation was accepted, with the full approval of myself and, I believe, of all my colleagues.

The last week of his life was a busy one, and to him the happiest he had spent since the first day of the war. It began with the auspicious news of the great sea battle of Jutland. A day or two later his salary came on for discussion in the House of Commons, and after his critics had said their worst, what was in effect a vote of confidence in him was carried by an imposing majority. On June second, at his own suggestion, he attended a large private meeting of members of Parliament, addressed to them the memorable speech, already referred to, in vindication of his administration, and submitted himself to cross-examination. He completely carried his audience with him, and the meeting ended with a unanimous resolution of gratitude and admiration.

On the evening of the same day he came to see me to say good-by. He was in the highest spirits, and described to me with gusto and humor some of his friendly passages of arms with his hecklers at the House. He left the room gay, alert, elastic, sanguine—the strangest contrast that can be conceived to the bewildered, buffeted, desiccated, senile figure of Lord Esher's imaginings.

I never saw him again.

I cannot better sum up my own judgment of him, as I knew him in the war, than in the words of one of its greatest soldiers, Sir William Robertson:

> On the whole I would say that the achievements and foresight of Lord Kitchener place him in a class entirely by himself; and they justify the conclusion that no man in any of the Entente countries accomplished more, if as much, to bring about the final defeat of the enemy."

*From Private to Field Marshal. (P. 289)

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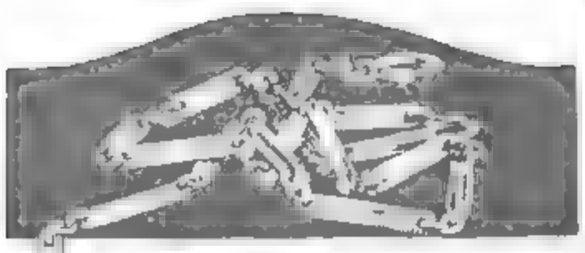

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TERRIBLE EPPS

(Continued from Page 13)

paused expectantly, anticipating that he might come upon a delirious party of art students gamboling about a model. He traversed two blocks without seeing so much as a smock; what he did see was an ancient man of Italian derivation carrying a bag of charcoal on his head, and a stout woman wheeling twins stuffed uncomfortably into a single-seater gocart, and a number of nondescript humans who from their sedate air might well have been Brooklyn funeral directors. He owned, after a bit, to a certain sense of disappointment. Going to the devil was more of a chore than he had fancied.

As he trekked ever westward a sound at length smote his dilated ears and made him catch his breath. It was issuing from a dim-lit basement, and was filtering through batik curtains stenciled with strange, smeary beasts. He had heard the wild, dissipated notes of a mechanical piano. A lurid but somewhat inexpertly lettered sign above the basement door read:

YE AMIABLE OYSTER

REFRESHMINTS AT ALL HRS.

With a newborn boldness Tidbury Epps thrust open the door and entered. No shower of confetti, no popping of corks, no rousing stein song greeted him. Save for the industrious piano the place seemed empty. However, by the feeble beams that came from the lights, bandaged in batik like so many sore thumbs, he discerned a mountainous matron behind a cash register, engaged in tatting.

"Where's everybody?" he asked of her.

"Oh, things will liven up after a bit," she yawned.

Tidbury sat at a small bright blue table and scanned a card affixed to the wall:

Angel's Ambrosia	$0.50
Horse's Neck	60
Devil's Delight	70
Dry Martini	50
Very dry Martini	60
Very, very dry Martini	90
Champagne Sizzle	75

A sleepy waiter with a soup-stained vest came from the inner room presently.

"Gimme a Devil's Delight," ordered Tidbury Epps recklessly.

He had heard that Greenwich Village, the untrammeled, laughs openly in the teeth of the Eighteenth Amendment. He had never in his life tasted an alcoholic drink, but to-night he was stopping at nothing. The Devil's Delight came, and Tidbury as he sipped its pink saccharinity found himself feeling that the devil is rather easily delighted. He had expected the potion to make his head buzz; but it did not. Instead it distinctly suggested rather weak and not very superior strawberry sirup and carbonated water. He crooked a summoning finger at the waiter.

"Horse's Neck," he commanded.

The Horse's Neck made its appearance, an insipid-looking amber fluid with a wan piece of lemon peel floating shamefacedly on its surface.

"Tastes just like ginger ale to me," remarked Mr. Epps.

"Wadjuh expeck in a Horse's Neck?" queried the waiter bellicosely. "Chloride of lime?"

"I can't feel it at all," complained Mr. Epps.

"Feel it?" The waiter raised his brows. "Say, what do you think this joint is? A dump? We ain't bootleggers, mister."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Epps.

He was about to go elsewhere, when a babel of excited voices outside the door made him sink back into his chair; evidently the promise of the tatting matron was to be made good, and Ye Amiable Oyster was about to liven up.

The first thing that entered the door was an animal—a full-size, shaggy anthropoid ape, big as a man. Mr. Epps was too alarmed to bolt. But as the creature careened into the light Mr. Epps observed that his face was human and slightly Hibernian. Behind him came a girl, rather sketchily dressed for autumn in a pair of bead portières, a girdle or two, and a gilt plaster bird, which was bound firmly to her head. Mr. Epps had seen things like her on cigarette boxes. A second couple followed, hilarious. The man wore a tight velvet suit, a sombrero several yards around, black mustaches of prodigious length and bristle that did not match the red of his hair, and earrings the size of cantaloupes. It was not clear whether he was intended to be a pirate or an organ grinder or a compromise between the two; but it was clear that he was in a state where it did not matter to him in the least. His companion wore a precarious garment of dry grass, and her arms were stained brown; at intervals she conveyed the information to the general atmosphere that she was a bimbo from a bamboo isle.

The four, after an impromptu ring-around-a-rosie, collapsed into chairs near the wide-eyed Epps. Fascinated he stared at them—the first authentic natives of Greenwich Village on whom his cloistered eye had ever rested.

"Ginger ale," bawled the ape.

It was brought. The ape dipping into a fold in his anatomy brought to light a capacious flask, kissed it solemnly, and poured its contents into the glasses of the others.

"Jake, that sure is the real old stuff," said the girl in the grass dress.

"Made it m'self," said the ape proudly. "Y'see, I took dozen apricots, and ten pounds sugar, and some yeast and some raisins, and mixed 'em in a jug, and added water and ——"

"That's nine times we heard all about that," interrupted the pirate or organ grinder. "Better be careful, anyhow. Mebbe that guy is a revnoo officer."

They all turned to stare at Mr. Epps.

"Of course he ain't 'nofficer, Ed," protested the ape, surveying Tidbury with care. "He's got too kind a face. You ain't 'nofficer, are you?"

"No," said Tidbury.

"What did I tell yuh?" cried the ape triumphantly to his companions. "Shove up your chair, old sport, and have a drink with us. You look like a live one. I like your face."

Thus bidden, Tidbury, with an air of abandon, joined the group. The ape named Jake tilted his flask over Tidbury's spiritless Horse's Neck with such vehement good-fellowship that a gush of pungent brown fluid spurted from the container. Tidbury downed the mixture at a gulp; it made tears start to his eyes and a conflagration flame up in his brain.

"Howzit?" demanded Jake the ape.

"'Sgoo'," answered Tidbury warmly.

"Have 'nuther. Got plenty," said Jake, producing a second flask from another recess in his shaggy skin. "I like your face."

"Don't care if I do," said Tidbury nonchalantly.

The lights in the near-café were very bright, the voices very high, the conversation exquisitely witty, the mechanical piano a symphonic rhapsody, and the heart of Tidbury Epps was pumping with wild, unwonted pumps; he smiled to himself. He was going to the devil at a great rate. He waxed loquacious; he told them anecdotes; he even sang a little.

He beamed upon Jake, and playfully plucked a tuft of hair from his costume.

"Nice li'l' monkey," he said affably.

"Not a monkey!" denied Jake indignantly.

"Wad are you? S-s-schimpaz-z-ze-e-e?"

"Nope. Not a S-s-schimpaz-z-ze-e-e."

"Ran-tan?"

"Nope. Not a ran-tan."

"Bamboo?"

"Nope. Not a bamboo."

"Well, wad are you?"

Jake thumped his hairy chest proudly.

"I'm a griller," he explained.

"Oh," said Mr. Epps, satisfied. "A griller. Of course! Is it hard work?"

"Work?" cried Jake. "Say, this ain't my real skin. It's a 'sguise."

"Oh," said Mr. Epps. "So you're 'sguised? Wad did you do?"

"Careful, Jake," the organ grinder or pirate warned. "He may be a revnoo officer."

The gorilla turned on him angrily.

"Lookahere, Ed Peterson, how dare you pass remarks like that about my ole friend, Mr. —— What is your name, anyhow? Of course he ain't no revnofficer. Are you?"

"I'll fight anybody who says I am," declared Tidbury Epps, glaring fiercely around at the empty chairs and tables.

"You a fighter?" inquired the gorilla, in a voice in which awe, admiration and alcohol mingled.

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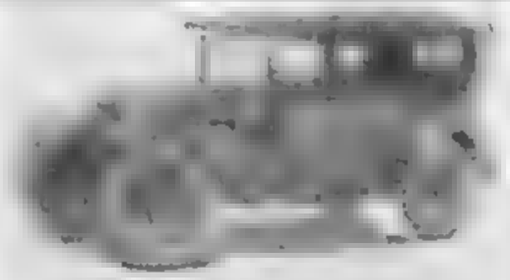

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Mr. Epps contracted his brow and narrowed his eyes

"Yep," he said impressively. "I'm Terrible Battling Epps. I'd rather fight than eat." He turned sternly to the gorilla. "Why are you 'sguised? Wad did you do?"

"Why, you poor nut," put in the girl in the beads, "we're going to the Pagan Rout."

"Sure, that's it," chimed in Jake. "Goin' to the Pagan Row. Come on along, Terrible."

"Aw, I'm tired of Pagan Routs," said Mr. Epps loftily. But the suggestion speeded up the pumpings of his heart.

"Oh, do come!" urged the girl in the beads.

"Ain't got no 'sguise," said Mr. Epps. He was wavering.

"Aw, come on!" cried the gorilla, clapping him on the shoulder till his teeth rattled. "Proud to have you with us, Terrible. I know a live one when I see one. Come on along. You'll see a lot of your friends there."

His friends? Tidbury thought of Martha.

"If I only had a 'sguise ——" he began.

"You can get one round at Steinbock's on Seventh Avenue," promptly informed the organ-grinder pirate. "That is," he added with sudden suspicion, "if you ain't one of these here revnofficers."

"Sh-h-h, Ed!" cautioned Jake, the gorilla. "Do you want Terrible Battling Epps to take a poke at you?"

Tidbury had made up his mind.

"I'll go," he announced.

"Good!" exclaimed the gorilla delightedly. "Atta boy! Glad to have a real N'Yawk sport with us. Meet you at Webber Hall, Terrible."

"Webber Hall? Wherezat?" inquired Tidbury as he sought to negotiate the door.

"Well," confessed the gorilla, "I dunno 'zactly m'sef. Y'see, I'm from Kansas City m'sef. In the lid game, I am. Biggest firm west of the Mizzizzippi. Last year we sold ——"

"Aw, stop selling and tell Terrible how to get to Webber Hall," put in the girl in the beads; she appeared to be the gorilla's wife.

"Well," said Jake, thoughtfully rubbing his fuzzy head, "far as I remember, you go out to the Square and you go straight along till you get to the L and you turn to the right ——"

"Left!" interjected the organ-grinder pirate.

"Right," repeated the gorilla firmly. "And then you turn down another street—no, you don't—you go straight on till you see a dentist's sign, a big gold tooth, with 'Gee, it didn't hurt a bit at Dr. B. Schumck's Parlors,' painted on it, and you turn to your right ——"

"Left," corrected the pirate organ-grinder sternly.

"Waz difference?" went on the gorilla blandly. "Well, as I was saying, you turn to the right or left and then you go along three or four blocks, and then you turn to your left ——"

"Right, I tell you!" roared the man in velvet.

"Oh, well, you go along until you come to a corner and you turn it and go down a little bit, and there you are!"

"Where am I?" Mr. Epps, posing against the door, asked.

"Webber Hall," said Jake. "Pagan Row."

"Oh," said Mr. Epps.

"Didn't you follow me?"

"Of course I followed you."

"Good. See you at the party, Terrible. You're hot stuff."

"I'll be there. G'night."

"G'night, Terrible, old scout."

III

MR. EPPS emerged from Ye Amiable Oyster, walking with elaborate but difficult dignity. He had only a remote idea where he was, but he knew where he wanted to go—Steinbock's on Seventh Avenue. So with a temerity quite foreign to him he stepped up briskly to the first passing pedestrian and asked, "Say, frien', where's Sebble Abloo?"

The man accosted puckered a puzzled brow.

"I don't get you, frien'," he said.

"Sebble Abloo!" repeated Mr. Epps loudly, thinking the stranger's hearing might be defective.

"What?"

"Sebble Abloo!" roared Mr. Epps.

The man shook his head as one giving up a conundrum.

"Sebble Abloo!" repeated Mr. Epps at the top of his voice. "Look." He held up his fingers and counted them off. "One, two, sree, four, fi', sizz, sebble. Sebble Abloo!"

"Oh, Seventh Avenue. Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"I did."

"I'm going that way. I'll show you."

The stranger steered Tidbury through a rabbit warren of streets—the Greenwich Village streets never have made up their minds where they are going—and started him, with a gentle push, up Seventh Avenue.

Presently by some miracle Tidbury stumbled upon Steinbock's, and pushed his way into a jumble of masks, wigs, helmets and assorted junk till he approached a patriarch in a skullcap, in ambush behind a Niagara of white beard.

"'Lo, ole fel'," said Mr. Epps affably. "What are you 'sguised as? Sandy Claus or a cough drop?"

"Did you wish something?" inquired the patriarch coldly.

"Sure," said Tidbury. "Gimme 'sguise for Pagan Row."

"Cash in advance," said the patriarch. "What sort of costume?"

Tidbury considered.

"Wadjuh got?"

The venerable Steinbock enumerated rapidly, "Bear, bandit, policeman, Turk, polliwog, ballet girl, kewpie, pantaloon, Uncle Sam, tramp, diver, Lord Fauntleroy, devil ——"

The ears of Mr. Epps twitched at the last word.

"Devil?"

"Yes," said Mr. Steinbock; "a swell rig. Nice red suit; hasn't been worn a dozen times." He leaned forward toward Tidbury and whispered, "And I'll throw in a brand-new pair of horns and a tail!"

"I'll take it!" cried Tidbury. "Where can I hang my pants?"

After an interval there emerged from the depths of the Steinbock establishment a small uncertain figure muffled in an old raincoat. The coat was short and from beneath it protruded bright red legs and a generous length of red tail, with a spike on the end of it that gave forth sharp metallic sounds as it bumped along the pavement. A derby hat concealed one horn, but the other was visible; the face was Mephistophelian in its general character, but softened and rounded—the countenance of a rather amiable minor devil.

Tidbury Epps paused on a street corner to get his bearings. He had read somewhere that woodsmen, lost in the forest, can find the points of the compass because moss always grows on the north side of trees. He was carefully investigating a lamp-post for a trace of moss when a beady-eyed urchin approached him with outthrust hand.

"Give us one, mister?"

"One what?"

"A sample."

"Sample of what?"

"Ain't you advertising something?"

Tidbury drew himself up.

"No," he said with dignity. "How do I get to Wazzington Square?"

"Aw, chee," the urchin said in disgust, "you're one of them artist guys! Washington Square is two blocks south and three blocks west."

With every corpuscle in his small frame aglow with an excitement he had never before experienced Tidbury Epps started in determined search of the Pagan Rout. A grim purpose had been forming in his brain. So Martha Ritter thought he was quiet, eh? Hydeman had sniggered at him, had he? Just wait till Terrible Battling Epps reached the ball and discovered the well-fed person of Mr. Hydeman in clerical garb. There would be fireworks, he promised himself. No one was going to steal the girl of Terrible Epps and get away with it.

These, and thoughts of a similar trend, reeled through the brain of Tidbury as he hurried with a series of skips and now and then a short sprint along the curbstone.

So busy did he become planning a dramatic descent on Hydeman that he forgot the directions of the urchin, and soon found himself hopelessly astray in an eel tangle of streets as he repeated, "Two blocks wes' and three blocks souse. Or was it three blocks souse and two blocks wes'?"

Gripping his tail firmly in his hand he tried both plans. Passers-by eyed him with the blasé curiosity of New Yorkers as he passed at a dog trot.

(Continued on Page 93)

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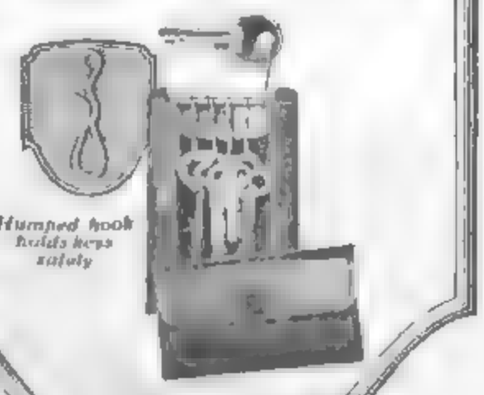

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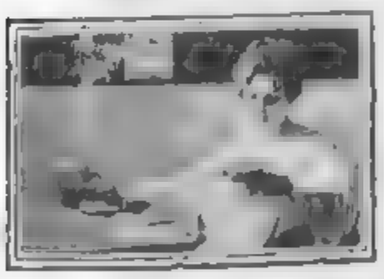

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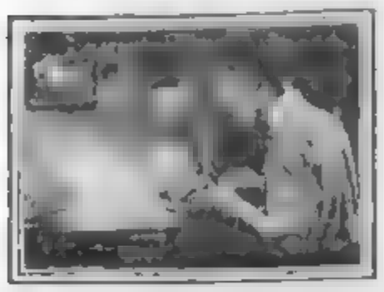

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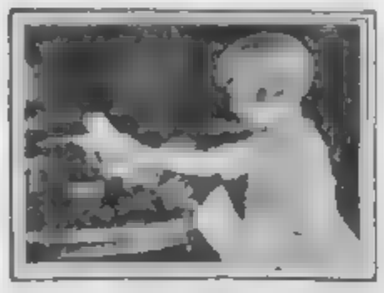

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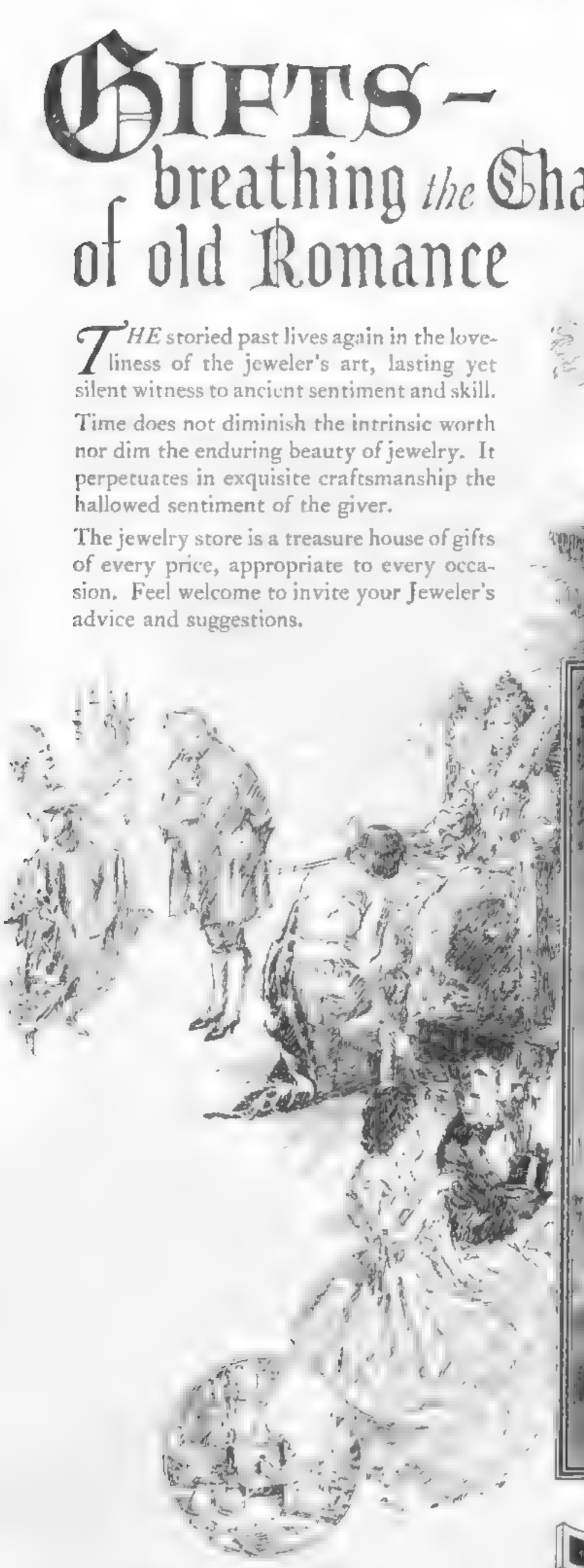

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(Continued from Page 90)

Sometimes they nudged each other and remarked, "Artist. Goin' to this here Pagan Rout. Pretty snootful too. Lucky stiff."

No one ventured to impede his slightly erratic progress; after half an hour of wandering he stopped, mopped his brow and observed, "Ought to be there by now."

As he said this he saw two figures across the street, two ladies of mature mold, picking their way along. It was their garb which made him give a shout of triumph and follow them. For one, who was fat, was dressed as a colonial dame with powdered hair, and the other, who was fatter, was a forty-year-old edition of Little Red Riding Hood; her hair was in pigtails, but she was discreetly skirted to the ankle bones. He followed these masqueraders with the wary steps of an Indian stalking a moose, until they turned into the basement of a towering building of brick, from which issued the melodic scraping of fiddles and the pleasing bleating of horns. His heart skipped a beat. The Pagan Rout! The devil's doorway.

Tidbury Epps shucked off his raincoat and derby hat, tossed them at a fire hydrant, put on his mask, dropped his tail, squared his red shoulders, knotted up his small fists, drew in a deep breath and plunged into the hall. So engrossed was he in these preparations that he failed to note a homemade poster nailed outside the door. It read:

COME ONE, COME ALL
THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY WILL GIVE A
COSTUME PARTY
IN THE
CHURCH BASEMENT TO-NIGHT

With a rolling gait Tidbury Epps entered the hall. Figures eddied about him in a dance, and, somewhat surprised, Tidbury noted that it was very like the old-fashioned waltzes he had seen in Calais, Maine. The waltzers evidently regarded dancing as a business of the utmost seriousness; their lips, beneath their dominoes, were rigid and severe, save when they counted softly but audibly, "One, two, three, turn. One, two, three, turn." In vain Tidbury searched the room for Jake the gorilla, the beaded lady, the organ-grinding pirate and the bimbo from the bamboo isle. He concluded that Jake's flasks had been too much for them. And he saw no gypsy or Hydeman. Indeed, as he watched the restrained and sober waltzers he could not escape the conviction that the Pagan Rout, for an institution so widely known for impropriety, was singularly decent in the matter of costumes. There were Priscillas in ample skirts, farmerettes in baggy overalls, milkmaids in Mother Hubbards, Pilgrim fathers, sailors, and Chinese in voluminous kimonos. Tidbury, a little dazed in a corner, began to think that he had overestimated the glamour of sin.

He perceived that the obese Red Riding Hood was standing at his elbow, gazing at him with some curiosity.

He lurched toward her, and administered a slap of good-fellowship on her plump shoulder.

"'Lo, cutie," he remarked in accents slightly blurred. "Where's Cleopotter?"

The lady gave vent to a squeal of surprise.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know Miss Potter."

She sniffed the atmosphere in the vicinity of Mr. Epps, gave a little cluck of horror, and scurried away like a duck from a hawk.

The eyes of Mr. Epps followed her flight and he saw that she headed straight for a man who sat in a distant corner of the hall. The man was masked, but Tidbury felt every muscle in his five feet three inches of body stiffen as he saw that the man in the corner wore the garb of the clergy. Hydeman!

Red Riding Hood whispered in his ear and pointed an accusing finger toward Tidbury; the man in the corner gazed earnestly at the diminutive red devil teetering on red hoofs. By now Tidbury had spied another figure, sitting next to the masked preacher. She was a gypsy. And as she gazed at her companion she cocked her head to one side.

With tail bouncing along the floor after him Tidbury started briskly in their direction at a lope. Within a yard of them he reined himself down, and stood, with a hand on either hip, glaring at the cleric and the gypsy.

Hydeman stood up. He seemed larger, rounder than the assistant to the sales manager known to Tidbury in business hours, but the fierce fire of jealousy burned within Mr. Epps—and he was not to be daunted by size.

"So it's you, is it?" he remarked with biting emphasis.

"Naturally," said the man. "Who did you expect it to be?"

His voice had a soft sweet note in it, not at all like the sharp staccato of Hydeman's crisp business New Yorkese.

"He's making fun of me," said Tidbury, and the spirit of Terrible Battling Epps wholly possessed him.

"You thought I was a dead one, eh?" remarked Mr. Epps. "Well, I'm going to show you that sometimes the quiet ones come to life and ——"

The other eyed him sternly.

"Young man," he said, "I fear that you are er—a bit—er—under the weather. I fear you are not one of us."

"Not one of you?" roared Tidbury with passion mounting. "You're darn right I'm not one of you—you low, immoral Greenwich Villagers, leading innocent girls astray." He waved a thin red arm toward the gypsy.

The music had stopped in the midst of a bar; the masqueraders were crowding about. The accused ecclesiastic glared down at the small devil before him.

"How dare you say such a thing of me?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

"You know well enough who I am, Milt Hydeman," cried Tidbury, breathing jerkily. "I'm Terrible Battling Epps, and ——"

"Leave our hall at once!" the other returned. "You are plainly under the influence of ——"

He stretched out a hand to grasp Tidbury Epps by the shoulder, and as he did so Tidbury brought a small but angry fist into swift contact with the clerical waistline.

"Oof!" grunted the man.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" screamed the Red Riding Hood. "The devil has struck the Reverend Doctor Bewley. Help! Help!"

But Tidbury, deaf to all things but battle, had buried his other fist so violently in his opponent's soft center that the mask popped from the man's face. It was the round, pink, frightened face of a total stranger.

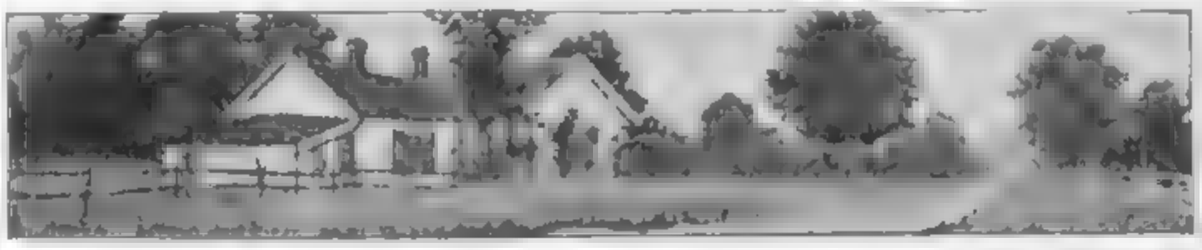
With a yelp of dismay Tidbury turned to flee, but the outraged parishioners had pounced on him, torn off his mask, and were proving, at his expense, that there is still such a thing as militant, muscular Christianity in the world. As they bore him, kicking and struggling, to the door, he saw in all the blur of excited faces one face with staring, unbelieving eyes. The gypsy had removed her mask, and she was Martha Ritter. In all the babble of voices hers was the only one he heard.

"Oh, Mr. Epps! Oh, Mr. Epps!" she was sobbing. "I didn't think it of you! I didn't think it of you!"

From the gutter in front of the church Tidbury after a while picked himself, felt tenderly of his red-clad limbs, found them whole but painful, applied a bit of cold paving brick to his swelling eye, and started slowly and thoughtfully down the street, his tail, broken in the fracas, hanging limply between his legs. Despite all, the potent stimulus of Jake's concoction lingered with him, and there was a comforting buzzing in his head which all but offset the feeling of dank despair that was crowding in upon him.

He had lost Martha. That was sure. He—he was a failure. He couldn't even go to the devil.

How he got back to his own room in Mrs. Kelty's boarding house he never knew, but



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that was where the brazen voice of the alarm clock summoned him sharply from deep slumber. His head felt like a bass drum full of bumble bees. But it was his heart, as he buttoned his pepper-and-salt vest over it, that hurt him most. He tried to drive from him the aching thoughts of the lost Martha, but the only thought he could substitute was the scarcely more cheerful one that he'd probably be cast incontinently from the hat company when news of his brawl reached the alert ears of Messrs. Spingle and Blatter.

Spurning breakfast he hurried to his office, and before Martha or the rest arrived he had climbed wearily to the pinnacle of his high stool, and had hunched himself over his figures.

He was struggling to distinguish between the dancing nines and sixes when he heard a voice—an oddly familiar voice—booming out from the doorway that led to the presidential sanctum.

"Well," said the voice, "it looks to me just now, Spingle, as if we could use about ten thousand dozen of your Number 1A hats out in Kansas City this year. Of course I'll have to shop around a bit to see what the others can offer ——"

"Of course, Jake, of course," replied Mr. Spingle in the satin voice Tidbury knew he reserved for the very largest buyers. "But say, Jake, wouldn't you and your wife like to be our guests at a little party to-night? Dinner and then the Winter Garden? Our Mr. Hydeman will be delighted to take you out."

The person addressed as Jake lowered his voice, but not so low that the avid ears of Tidbury Epps missed a syllable.

"Between you and me, Spingle," said Jake, "I wouldn't care to at all."

"Why, Jake," expostulated Mr. Spingle, "I thought you and the wife always liked to whoop it up a bit when you came to the big town."

"So we do," admitted Jake; "but not with him."

"What's wrong with Hydeman?" demanded the Napoleon of Hatdom, and Tidbury read anxiety in his tone.

"Everything," replied Jake succinctly.

"You know him, then?"

"Yep, ran into him last night at the Pagan Rout," said Jake. "He didn't make much of a hit with me or the missus. Too fresh. Treated us as if we were rubes. Out in Kansas City we know a good fellow when we see one —— Why, what the devil ——"

Jake had chopped his sentence off short, and with a whoop of joy had bounded across the room.

"Well, if it isn't Terrible Epps!" he bellowed heartily. "How's the head, old sport? Say, Terrible, why didn't you join us at the Pagan Rout?"

"I—I couldn't find you there," said Tidbury, trembling.

"Oh, yes," remarked Jake thoughtfully. "You must have got there after they put us out."

"They put me out too," said Tidbury.

Jake's roar of laughter made the straw hats quiver on the heads of the dummies in the show cases. He turned a beaming face to Mr. Spingle.

"Say, Spingle," he cried, "what do you mean by trying to palm off a tin-horn like Hydeman on me when you've got the best little fellow, the warmest little entertainer east of the Mississippi, right here?"

To this Mr. Spingle was totally unable to make any reply. But after a minute his brain functioned sufficiently for him to say, "About that order of yours, Jake ——"

"Oh," said Jake, "I'll talk to Terrible Epps about it at dinner to-night."

"And to think," repeated Mr. Spingle for the third or fourth time to Mr. Blatter, "that Tidbury is a man-about-town who goes to Pagan Routs and everything! You'll give him Hydeman's job, won't you, Otto?"

"I already have," said Mr. Blatter.

"Good!" exclaimed the Napoleon of Hatdom. "Didn't I always say that Tidbury Epps was a live one, underneath?"

The round cheek of Martha Ritter was in immediate contact with the pepper-and-salt shoulder of Tidbury Epps.

"And you tried to make me think," he repeated in a tone of wonder, "that you liked Hydeman and were going to the Pagan Rout with him? Oh, Martha dear, why did you do it?"

She hid her eyes from his.

"I did it," she murmured, "because I wanted to make you jealous."

The clock ticked many ticks.

"But, Tidbury, if I marry you," she said anxiously, "you'll reform, won't you? You'll promise me you'll give up Greenwich Village and drinking, won't you, Tidbury?"

"If you'll help me, dearest," promised Tidbury Epps, "I'll try."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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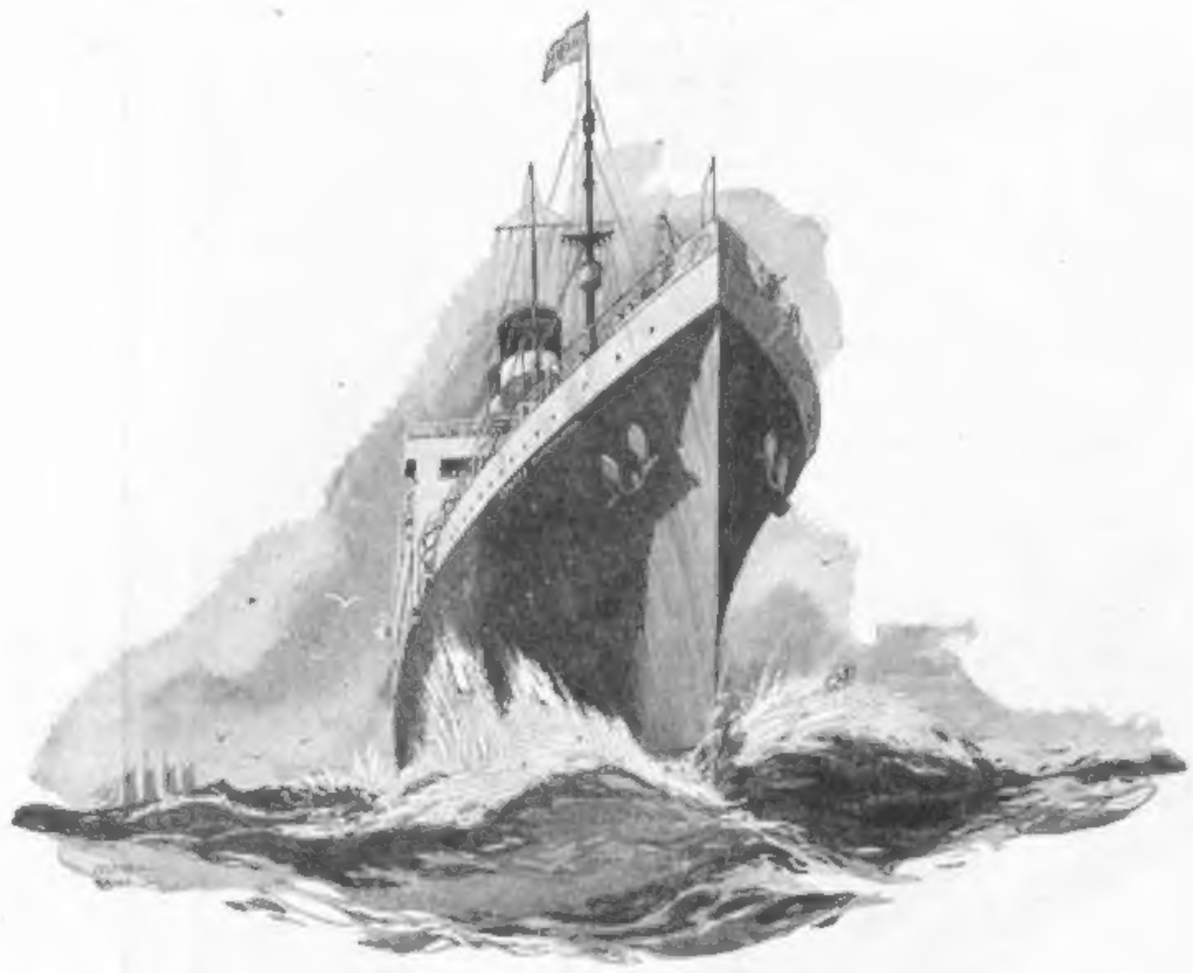

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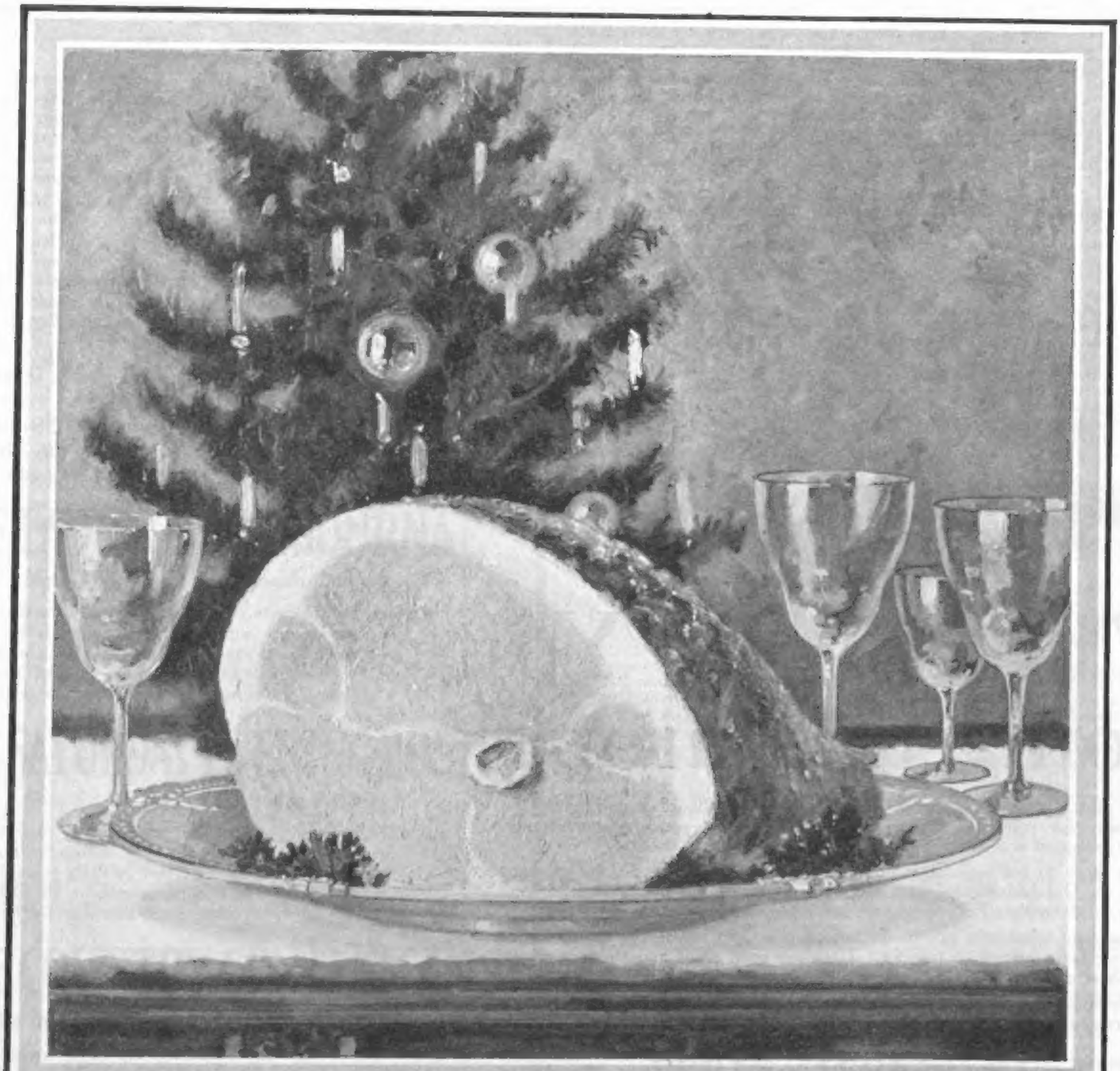

The true Yuletide meat—Premium Ham

Not alone its appetizing savor, but tradition as well, make Premium Ham the meat favored for Christmas. The flesh of the pig has always been chosen for Yuletide feasting, from the old days in Merry England when the boar's head, "bedecked with bays and rosemary" was given the place of honor.

That, however, was before they knew ham could be made as delicious as the Premium cure makes Swift's Premium Ham. So delicate is its tender, pink, lean meat, so succulent its well browned fat, so amply does it fill the platter, that it is just the thing for the joyous, generous hospitality of Christmas time.

Place a Premium Ham in a kettle of cold water, bring to boil, then simmer until tender. Allow one-half hour to the pound. Remove the rind, sprinkle the fat with sugar and fine bread crumbs and roast one-half hour in a covered pan.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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You just know he's pleased!

"A bitter night with hungry wind. Indoors, a grate fire, a faithful pipe, and the comfort of this bright, warm lounging robe!"

WHAT a picture he conjures as he reads your card, "From Nell, with oceans of love." Then, man-like, examines the quality of the material and tailoring. Your choice is heartily approved when he finds it's a Jacobs' Oregon City!

We tailor these Lounging Robes from our finest blanket materials, in picturesque Indian designs, checks and plain tones. Handsomely finished with silk braid, silk cord and tassels. A wonderful gift for husband, father, brother.

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